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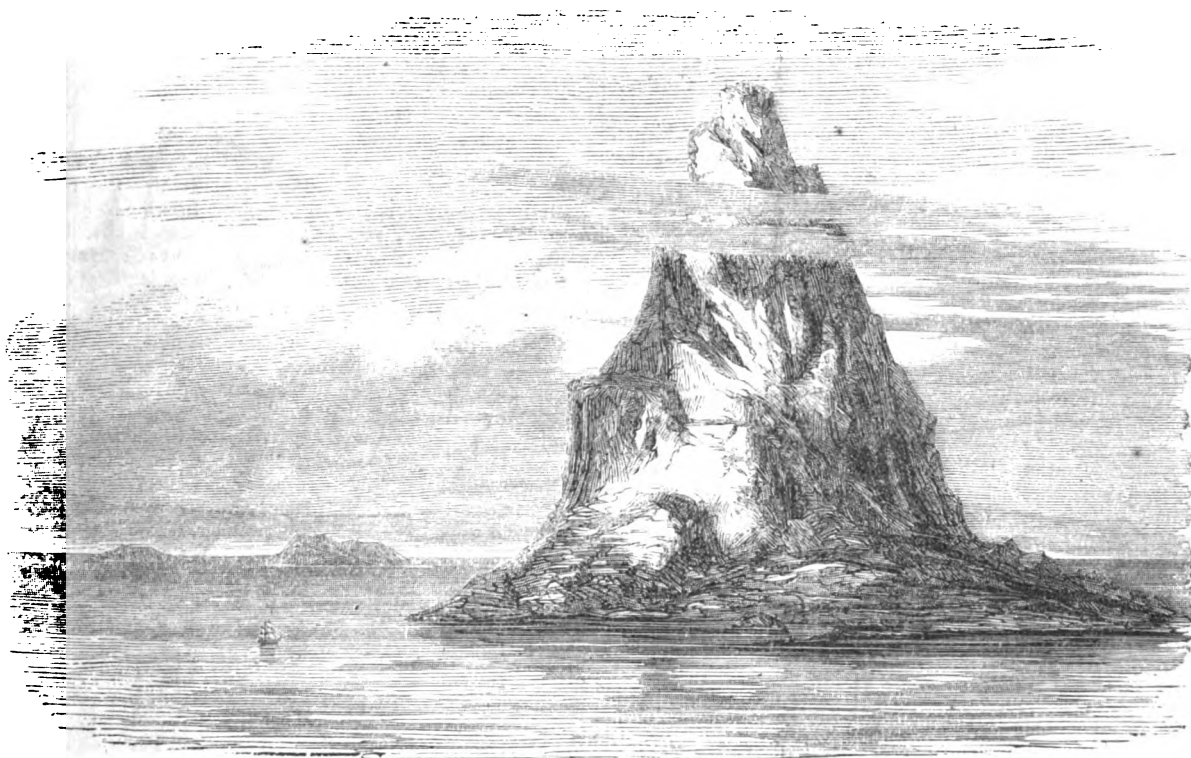
MY TRIP TO AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER I.

DAVID GRAHAM, my college chum, was designed for the law, to which end he had received the usual preparatory instruction in belles lettres and the humanities. David's paternal home lay on the Scottish side of the border, mine was in "merry Carlisle." At the age of twenty he was apprenticed to that eminent Glasgow firm Chizzle & Quirk. Now David had no decided bias for the august and venerable profession. He had adopted it solely out of deference for the paternal and family longings. He was a youth of good parts and made a fair show at Alma Mater. But his chiefest honors were won in these courses and exercises much and voluntarily cultivated by inge-

nuous youth, wherein the physical is more considered than the intellectual development. In favor of this Spartan education something I might say parenthetically, but I will spare the reader; the more so, as it is not set down in my own programme, but belongs to that of my friend. David's natural bent for these exercises was enhanced by the reputation he had won in them. Thus it fell out that while seated on the high stool in Messrs. Chizzle & Quirk's back office, he was prone to entertain his fellow-student and the clerks in that delectable retreat, with accounts of accidents by flood and field, to which on their part they their ears did much incline, to the no small detriment and distraction of general business.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas, says the Roman (im) moralist; and in David's case the "draw" was powerful. The dingiest



ISLANDS OF CRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

recess in Cookson's Wynd was often deserted for more inspiring influences. Fishing, boating, golf, curling, exercised a charm too potent for David; the pen was thrown down and the office coat hung on the peg, if any Mephistopheles whispered that the day was favorable, and that a choice party wanted his presence. His respected employers were not blind to David's late comings and early goings; they warned him that it wouldn't do. David faintly justified himself, pleaded a streak of border blood, and referred to the teaching and example of the immortal Christopher. But Quirk decided against him. The case was not in point. Did not Christopher's pleasures enure to his profit? Besides, that renowned athlete was little better than a corrupter of youth; albeit there were some pleasant passages of eating and drinking in his Noctes, together with sundry sage recipes for grilling salmon, brewing punch, compounding cock-a-leekie, and other items worthy of remembrance embedded in his pages. But warning was useless to David. The thread of his legal existence was paying out, and a small matter was to bring down the decisive snap of the fatal shears.

The great cause of Birdseye & Twitter came on for trial. Chizzle & Quirk had a great stake in it. That Ciceronian advocate Bully Bluster, Esq., was to lead the case. The cause was called, the jury addressed, the case well launched, everything went swimmingly on. A verdict was sure, nothing could be going better. The closing proof was a letter from Chizzle & Quirk to the defendant's lawyer.

"We don't admit the receipt of that document," said Verrey Smart, the opposing leader.

"Not admit it, not admit the letter of one respectable firm to another respectable firm!" exclaimed Mr. Bluster springing to his feet.

Mr. Smart was not, however, to be forced from his position.

"We had thought this case was to be fought on the merits," said Mr. Bluster, with a nod at the jury; "but, of course, we will go through the form of proving the letter. Put up your clerk, Mr. Quirk."

That respectable practitioner looked round for David Graham. He was invisible to Quirk's eyes; an exclamation most uncanonical broke from Quirk's lips:

"David Graham! call David Graham!" said Mr. Bluster. "While the crier is calling him I will take leave to call your lordship's attention to the case of—"

"I must object to this interruption," said Verrey Smart, breaking up his learned friend's device to gain time.

David Graham didn't answer. Mr. Quirk was in a cold perspiration. The office-boy came into the court.

"Run, boy! run and bring David Graham. Where the devil is he off to now?"

"Eh, sirs!" said the boy coolly, in an audible whisper. "He's gaun awa half an hour syne. He tell't me that you were here for all the day and wouldn't want him, and I seen him just now walking down street wi' Tam Rabson, wi' a fishing-rod under his arm."

"A very fishy way of accounting for the absence of a material witness," said Verrey Smart, with a sneer of disbelief. The wretched pun elicited a rebuking smile from the judge, a mild guffaw from juniors, a triumphant glance and much joyous rubbing of hands from Mr. Smart's client. The unhappy Quirk collapsed under its withering influence. A hint from the judge, a brief colloquy between the great Bluster and his miserable client, and the cause was withdrawn from the jury.

Quirk gathered up his papers fiercely and walked home in a state of desperation. "Pressure to death, whipping, hanging," as Lucio says, would be mild penalties. But Graham did not return, and was thus saved an awful outpouring; the overflowing of which fell, however, on the devoted heads of the other clerks. Next morning Chizzle & Quirk held a sederunt with their apprentice, laid bare the inky blackness of his heart, and dismissed him with a feeling expression of regret for his unhappy parents and a strongly worded opinion, joint and several, as men and as lawyers, of his deserts, and of the certainty of his future and unpleasantly conspicuous elevation in the world.

David lingered a few days in Glasgow, in hopes of assuaging the not unfounded wrath of his late employers, but it was in vain. He had to brace his nerves to meet his father's ire and, worse still, his mother's grief. This painful ordeal was, however, got through.

David's mother had a sister in Australia, who with her husband had gone out some eight or ten years before. They had no children, and Mrs. Sinclair had frequently written home for one of her nephews. It was now settled that the "ne'er do weel" was to have a chance of self-redemption in the solitudes of an Australian cattle-run.

Conjointly with this position of David Graham's mundane affairs, an unlucky combination occurred in my own. In the language of astrology, Saturn was in my money-house; in common parlance, a little Sawyer, late Nock'emorf, establishment that I had set up in Penrith, turned out a dead failure. My professional gains just enabling me to pay rent but not feed myself, I sternly resolved to quit the place and leave the benighted inhabitants to the fate impending over their ignorance and fatuity.

It was proposed and arranged that Graham and I should go together. He received his allowance of cash and advice from his father, with many hopes and blessings from his mother. After all, David's faults were but the irrepressible instincts of a yearning after Nature—a hatred of city bondage. Such men are the born pioneers of civilization.

At Liverpool we looked about for a ship. I hoped to get an appointment as ship's doctor, and save my passage. Graham could have taken his passage easily enough, but he was anxious to keep with me. After besieging the merchant's counting-rooms for a fortnight, I had determined, in justice to my friend's finances, to take our passages at the cheapest rate. Just then I saw the advertisement of a government emigrant ship sailing from Belfast. I hurried away to the agent and tendered my services. I had endeavored, not without success, to cultivate the useful art of blowing my own horn, and as on this occasion I rang a handsome flourish, the agents became suitably impressed. It is true that on board emigrant ships they are not hypocritical. A diploma is accepted as satisfactory evidence. Every man is not a Dupuytren or a Carnochan. They could not conclude with me, but they accepted my services provisionally, and gave me a letter to the owners of the John Godfrey, if I thought it worth while to run across the channel. As the expense was slight and the probability of gain great, I accepted the offer. We crossed by the first steamer to Belfast; the owners, to my dismay, were already provided, but under the circumstances I induced them to give Graham and myself a cabin passage at a reduced price.

CHAPTER II.

THE vessel had all her emigrants aboard, and was ready to start. Our delay, therefore, was brief. We had no sooner fairly installed our persons and traps into our berths, than we found ourselves victims of that odious malady against which it is vain to hope either for sympathy or relief.

But there is good in everything. What an antidote is seasickness to home-sickness! How it obliterates the past and annihilates the future! The emigrant, in his first days, has neither regret, hope nor fear. The present is all-absorbing. The Latin grammar tells us of Horace's soul of oak and triple brass, but the Roman poet was not the psychologist of sea-sickness. Byron describes its moral uses:

—How
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

There were nearly four hundred passengers on board, all persons of humble circumstances. The government emigration regulations prescribe careful supervision of the personal cleanliness of the emigrants, and a wholesome system of cleaning the berths and decks, for which purpose it is directed that messes shall be formed to perform this duty in turns. A large proportion of our passengers were young women, whom it was at that time the policy of the British government to send out cost free to the Australian colonies. The duty of enforcing the regulations usually falls on the doctor and the first mate; the captain's dignity rarely permitting him to descend to the steerage or to hold intercourse with the baser sort. The cabin passengers consisted of two families, the Martins and the Langleys, including the parents and eight or ten younger persons of all ages. With the Langleys was a young lady, their niece, now on her way to join her parents in South Australia, who had left her with her aunt for the sake of her education. Graham, myself and the doctor, completed the number in the cuddy.

We had touched at the Cape de Verds, and were but a fortnight from them when it was known that we had a terrible visitor on board. Fever was in the steerage! The first case roused the authorities of our flying island at once. The sick were removed to the deck-house, which was made the infirmary; the 'tween-decks was cleansed and fumigated; the passengers were mustered, and the males were told off into squads for washing and cleansing. The doctor was energetic and attentive; the captain descended from his pride of place and deigned to address some words of comfort to the terror-stricken steerage passengers, and urged them to take all the precautions possible for their own preservation.

On the first day one decided case only showed itself, but others were evidently sick; the next day there were five, and on the third three, after which we had an intermission, and no new case discovered itself for four days. From this respite we gathered courage and ventured to hope that the plague was a warning, and not a visitation. We in the cabin spoke sympathetically of the affliction; yet easily, as those in safety talk of perils and dangers afar off. The young folks were strictly enjoined not to venture off the quarter-deck. After a brief but sharp season of apprehension, we settled down into a belief that the worst was past.

In the calms and light winds of the equator we made but holiday progress. The great ship wooed the faint breeze with all her canvas, and idled slowly along. In the long heavy swell the passengers looked over the bulwarks into the blue profound. They conversed regretfully of far-off events and scenes whose asperities and rough edges were now smoothed and toned down by the softening touch of memory. Anon they talked cheerily of the more hopeful though less hallowed land to which they were bound. For the last few days sharks had been visible, and one monster with his attendant blue pilot fish had kept steadily about the vessel. Sailors never let an opportunity pass of avenging themselves on their mortal enemy, and they had, of course, thrown out a bait for him; but he was proof against their allurements, and hung about, indifferent to salt pork and other marine delicacies. To the passengers this steady attendance and sluggish indifference seemed something uncommon, while among the sailors, most of whom knew the frequency of the incident, there were some who under the circumstances considered it ominous of bad luck.

In the dead of the night there arose a great cry:

"Man overboard!"

This and "fire!" is perhaps the most exciting of all cries at sea. As if roused by one impulse, all the passengers, cabin and steerage, were at once on deck. The vessel rolls slowly from side to side in the swell of the sea. Phosphorescent lights gleam round her sides and from her stern at every surge of the waves. The moon shines bright and full, silvering the sails and throwing their deep shadows far over the waters. Great is the contrast between the tranquillity of eternal Nature and the commotion of men.

"Lower the boat quick! with a will!" shouts the officer of the watch.

I was on deck and saw a white object plainly visible in the water, alongside. Gracious heavens! it's a woman. She gesticulates wildly, but makes no attempt to save herself. She drifts slowly past—so slowly, so close, one may almost clutch her. The boat will not move—some hitch in the tackle.

"Cut the rope! cut the rope!" shouts the mate. A sailor cut it, and down went the boat rapidly into the water with a great splash.

"The plug—where's the plug! the oars, the thole pins!" Everything is where it should not be. Precious seconds! only seconds, but never to be regained.

"Throw a rope!" is now the cry. A brave fellow seized a rope, ran along the mizen chains out on the quarter and threw himself into the sea. The drowning woman is sinking. She is beneath the surface, but he is within a few feet, and already his strong grasp is on her garments, when there is a sudden yell—

"The shark! the shark!"

"Haul in!" shouted the officer of the watch. The sailor was hauled in. In his clutch he held the garments, but they broke away from his hand, and his effort to recover his hold was vain. He was hauled in; the woman was lost.

The boat moved about slowly for a time, but it was of no avail. After a few minutes of horrid suspense it was hauled on board.

She was one of the fever patients. In the access of delirium she had sprang from her berth, and climbing over the side, had thrown herself into the sea! It was whispered about that she had spoken of the shark in her ravings, and that she knew some one on board was wanted! The rumor could not be traced to any source. Everybody had heard it from every one else. But it was listened to, repeated, and very few doubted of its truth.

"Mark my word, Captain Manly," said the doctor, "the fever will break out throughout the ship. This business will scare them out of their senses."

"I don't see how that can be," replied the captain; "what has fright to do with fever?"

"Just this; in all times of plague and epidemics, the mind operates on the body. It doesn't much signify after all whether you die of the real or the fictitious disease," said the doctor, grimly.

Few on board turned in that night; and the lost one was the only topic of conversation. Whether the cry of the shark was one of apprehension, I cannot say. With my own eyes I saw no shark. But there were many who averred that they had; while some declared that they had seen the monster seize his victim, and bear her down into the depths.

The doctor's predictions were verified. Fever patients came on thick and fast. Day by day the number increased. The most dismal feature was the utter moral prostration of the unfortunates, not only of those who were sick, but of their healthy companions. I will here make a few extracts from my diary:

Dec. 20.—Our deck infirmary is full, we have twenty-five patients there; the first attacked are convalescent. I fear that we have hardly commenced our troubles. Our best hope is to get into a cool latitude.

21st.—Ten more down to-day; we have only made twenty-five miles these twenty-four hours, and are slowly approaching the line. Ogilvy asked me to-day to assist him. He tells me that the people's faculties down below seem entirely stunned. Their memory is all of the fever at home. They have neither power nor will to do anything. The healthy will not go near the sick; and it is with the utmost difficulty that he can get the commonest office of Christian charity performed. Cowardice and selfishness have swallowed up every generous emotion.

22d.—Thirteen more to-day; Ogilvy has put me in harness. I went down in the steerage for the first time; a frightful spectacle! By his advice I took a stiff nor'wester before going below, and I needed it. It was worse than a dissecting-room. Many of the patients (the majority are among the single women) are delirious; most of them talk of the shark; some moan in low tones, some sing or talk aloud. One is violent, and we have been obliged to bind her down and to shave her head and apply blisters. Cutting off the hair increases the general horror. Most of the women say they would rather die. "It spoils the corpse entirely." The convalescent move about like ghosts, and are obliged to wait on the sick, for the healthy will not do it. Indeed their aspect is more affecting than that of the patients. They huddle together at the farthest possible distance from the sick end of the vessel. The sick are placed near the fore hatchway for the sake of the draft of air and increased ventilation. When we went below, a crowd rushed on with cries of "Oh! doctor dear, feel my pulse! examine me! see if I'm going to be bad!" We could only get rid of them by affecting a mirth which we were both of us far from feeling.

23d.—Five new patients. We crossed the line to-day, and all the steerage were roused out with an endeavor to provide some of the fun usual among the sailors on such an occasion. But even the sailors themselves seemed dispirited. What few rough practical jokes were attempted gave offence. We took the opportunity to get the steerage purified and ventilated, as far as possible.

24th.—Only three new patients, thank heaven! Sharks are again in attendance about the ship. The sailors managed to hook one and to despatch him on deck. This dispelled the fears entertained by some, though others shook their heads and had their own opinions about it.



LIFE ON BOARD AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT VESSEL.

25th.—Christmas Day. A most miserable one. The malady has recovered new strength. We have had fifteen new patients in the last twenty-four hours, and one death. Death is at all times a solemn spectacle even to the thoughtless, but it seems to me more solemn at sea, perhaps from the monotony and want of contrast in our lives. The deceased is a man. His attack has been very sharp, and its termination sudden. He has been ill only three days, and being of a full habit inflammation came on in the throat. Ogilvy, whose patient he was, was called up in the night, but the man was past aid, and died. His body was committed to the deep with the solemnities usual at sea, and the captain read the prayers of the Church of England over him. It was a dead calm, the sun blazing hot; all the people, at least those in health were mustered; the cabin passengers on the quarter-deck, from which the captain read the burial service. When the grating on which the body lay was turned, and the splash of the body in the water was heard, it seemed a shock to every one. Of course they knew it would be so, but we sometimes gain the full consciousness of a fact and its consequences from some trifling incident. The ray of sunlight through the merest chink or crevice will bring out objects in the darkest chamber. A deep groan came from every breast; the widow gave a shriek, and was carried away in a passion of grief that would not admit of consolation.

27th.—Ogilvy has decided that we must go the rounds day and night. Yesterday and to-day we have had ten fresh patients of all classes. David Graham has joined us in the steerage, and we have been vigorous in our efforts to assist the

sick and to rouse the healthy. It is a contest with despair. The malady has reached the cabin, one of the young people has been taken ill. Miss Langley has come out strongly. At first under the influence of her aunt, a fine lady of delicate nerves, she showed herself weak and apprehensive, but we must all be purified as with fire. Now that fear of introducing the disease into the cabin is removed, she has announced her readiness to assist in the steerage, and goes freely among the younger women, setting them an example of devotion and courage admirable in one so young. She seems about nineteen, and naturally blithe and light-hearted, but now sedate as befits the occasion. Both Ogilvy and myself hope great things from her self-devotion.

January 1, 1850.—Friends at home, a happy new year to you! What a Christmas! Still in the tropics; when shall we get along? The calm sky, the fervid sun, the universal rest in which we seem to exist might be a subject for thought and observation at other times; now our state of being is tedious and oppressive under the one predominant desire of change and escape from our terrible position. Patience, O my soul! patience! The true heroic bravery consists in bearing patiently as well as doing valiantly. Of four hundred and fifty on board we have had one hundred sick. In the cabin two, besides the stewards. Of the crew, three as yet; the rest in the steerage. Only five deaths. Hitherto the children have escaped best; they are less despondent, the mind does not operate against them. Happy childhood! finding its supreme happiness in itself, that same source whence elders extract their misery. Ogilvy has done his duty well, has been indefatigable in his attentions, and has covered me with praise.

7th.—Once more the good ship begins to make way. We are in the

S.E. trades, and if our progress is not very rapid we are at all events doing something—besides which, the light breeze freshens us up. During the last week we had upwards of thirty new cases and four more deaths. Ogilvy, I suspect, has within this day or two fallen away from his high estate. He is much in his berth, asks me to go below; since the steward's illness, the medical comforts (wine, brandy, &c.) have been placed entirely in his charge. I doubt the use of them; I cannot mention my suspicions or rather certainties to the captain. It is of the more importance as we have been keeping up their strength, and even their courage—a plan to which he attributes our few deaths from this terrible scourge.

15th.—Our vessel is pursuing her course merrily—the number of new cases has decreased, we have only had four new cases these last three days. Miss L. has achieved wonders among the people, even succeeded in softening their religious prejudices, so that the sick and the dying would accept comfort from her lips. The reading of the Episcopal burial service by the captain, which was well meant by him, as an act of decorous respect, is cause of much discontent. The Presbyterians have a strong feeling against episcopacy in any shape; while the Catholics are uncertain what effect the heretical service might have on the future peace of the dead. Accordingly, any attempt at religious consolation was abandoned except by Miss Langley, whose piety revolted against the people passing away unassolized, unannealed. Her wild earnestness and youthful persuasiveness won their confidence.

Ogilvy has gone by the board; the medical comforts were

being rapidly used up. He has been several times in a state of hopeless intoxication. It is a pity, for he knew what he was about. He has been suspended, and Captain Manly has placed me in his stead. Fortunately for themselves, the people are not dissatisfied with the change. Indeed, they give me credit for his good conduct hitherto.

I will now return to the narrative. Once out of the tropics we made rapid way. The doctor, though a man of considerable talent and extensive information, had, as we gathered from his own lips, destroyed his prospects and character ashore by habits of confirmed drunkenness. He had made a vigorous effort at reclamation, and had actually taken the pledge, which in the early part of the voyage he strictly observed. Worn out by fatigue and the excitement of his medical duties on board, and tempted by the custody of the forbidden liquor, he took a stimulant. The old vice returned in all its force, and his last state was worse than the first; for when the remainder of the stores were taken from him by the captain, I was obliged to shut him off from the medicine chest, to prevent his taking the opium and spirits of wine.

On the 23d of January we were off Tristan d'Acunha, a group of islands which are something out of the track of outward bound vessels, but at which vessels often call, from sympathy for these lonely denizens of the waste of waters. The history of their settlement is curious. The three islands, Inaccessible,

Nightingale and Tristan d'Acunha, are barren rocks rising sheer out of the ocean, and when St. Helena was the prison of Napoleon, it was thought that they might possibly form the basis of some operations for the rescue of the fallen Titan. Accordingly, a small detachment of troops was sent from the Cape of Good Hope to occupy Tristan d'Acunha. The island rises eight thousand feet from the surface of the sea. Down its rugged sides torrents precipitate their silvery streams in long lines of liquid silver, sparkling and shimmering in the sun, while a cap of cloud and mist veils the summit from the view of the sea-worn wanderer.

For my own part, I cannot but think that the enthusiasm usually professed at the first sight of stupendous objects is somewhat simulated, and that the senses require to be in a manner educated, familiarized, so to say (not to the point of familiarity which breeds contempt), before we are fully imbued with their grandeur and sublimity. This holds good in the intellectual as in the material world. What uneducated mind can appreciate the godlike intellect of a Newton, the glorious conceptions of a Shakespeare, the mighty genius of a Michael Angelo, or the harmonious combinations of a Handel or a Beethoven. The excellent alone can render justice to excellence. But to Tristan d'Acunha. Among the soldiers was one Sergeant Glasse. When the troops were withdrawn at the death of Napoleon, Glasse preferred to remain with his wife and children on the island. His



LIFE ON BOARD AN AUSTRALIAN EMIGRANT VESSEL.

sons voyaged to the mainland of South America, and found wives whom they brought to the parental realm. Some few individuals found their way to the island from the Cape of Good Hope, but the main majority of the population of eighty souls are the children and descendants of old Glasse. Mariners have dubbed him governor. Subsequently a clergyman was sent out from England to this patriarchal settlement, resembling, in many respects, the Adams family on Pitcairn's island.

We hove to off the island, and the governor in person, with two of his sons, was soon alongside in a whale boat. They received orders from our captain and made a trip back again for some fresh beef and pork, with a supply of milk and eggs, articles of no little luxury to our poor invalids. The governor and his family being indefatigable bargainers and beggars for all articles of clothing, cutlery, newspapers, or anything from parts beyond seas, they were, from motives of humanity to themselves, prevented from coming over the ship's side. The governor alone came on board, and was admitted into the cabin to be introduced to the passengers.

The fresh supplies which we obtained from the islanders of Tristan d'Acunha, in reality a small matter, exercised a wholesome and healing influence. We were now in the region of westerly winds, and were making way for the place of our destination. The further fortunes of our pest-laden bark possess but little interest. The ordinary accidents and adventures of the sea were but a wholesome stimulus to the passengers. The fever abated its malignity, new cases became fewer and fewer, and for the last three weeks of our voyage we had no new case. The progress of many of the patients to health was painfully slow, and a more wretched-looking set of scarecrows than those on board the ship John Godfrey, when she let go her anchor in the Gulf of St. Vincent, on the 23d of February, 1850, and on the hundred and eighteenth day of her voyage, it would be hard to imagine.

Public sympathy was promptly and effectively manifested. The sick were taken ashore and supplied with every comfort. We were quarantined, of course, but had nothing to complain of except the detention. On our being released, I found myself quite a celebrity, and was received everywhere with far greater courtesy and kindness than my merits deserved. David Graham, as my friend, was received with equal kindness, while Miss Langley, whose family were well known, was the theme, as well she deserved to be, of general eulogy.

I could not help some regrets in quitting the old ship. It was the scene, so to say, of my triumphs. There I had been somebody, and had won my laurels; and terrible as were its associations, now in the moment of leaving they were already softened.

Captain Manly treated David Graham and myself in the most liberal manner; insisted upon our going to his home; would not permit us to be at any expense, and introduced us to his agents, through whom we had a general pass into the society of Adelaide.

CHAPTER III.

ADELAIDE was at that time in the full tide of prosperity, owing to the famous Burra-Burra copper mines, the shares in which had risen to a prodigious price, from the rich yield of precious ore. The colony had been established by an English company under the highest auspices, with the view of carrying out a peculiar aristocratic theory of colonization known as the Wakefield system. The people had undergone great reverses from inflation and depression of prices. Society was now on an established basis, there was no lack of pleasant people, and I was made welcome at all the re-unions. Never having been a convict colony, there were not the same lines of social demarcation as in the other colonies.

As soon as the Langleys reached the shore, a despatch had been sent up the country to their relatives. This brought down Captain and Mrs. Langley, Miss Langley's parents, to whom I was soon introduced, and from whom I received a very cordial invitation to spend some time with them up the country, on their station. About a month after my arrival they quitted town to return home. We formed quite a cavalcade. The men rode on horseback, the ladies and children in light two-horse spring carts, much used in the colony by persons in easy circumstances, those of humble means making their

family movements with bullock drays. Graham was of our party, his uncle's station being about fifty miles beyond Captain Langley's.

Captain Langley was an Indian officer retired on half-pay, who, tempted by the advantages of Australia as a settlement for his family, and some privileges granted to military men, had come out there. He had first been in New South Wales, but ultimately settled in South Australia, from its superiority as a free colony untainted by penal servitude. He had two sons, young men of seventeen and twenty-two. His station was a sheep walk of considerable extent, held, as the pastoral lands usually are, from the government, on lease, his homestead and the home-station being his own property. Grasmere, the name he had given the station, from recollections of far away scenes in England, was about one hundred and sixty miles from Adelaide, which we calculated to do easily in three days. Australian horses go through an amount of work perfectly impossible in Europe. The same remark applies to men; whether this be owing to the habitual out-door life or to the increased amount of animal food I know not. But old colonists enthusiastically aver it is owing to the dryness, elasticity and salubrity peculiar to the Australian atmosphere. I have been frequently in the saddle for fifteen or sixteen hours, and have ridden one horse ninety miles without either the animal or myself being the worse for our exertions. In a long ride an Australian rarely pushes his horse much. The ordinary pace is a kind of canter, very easy to both horse and rider.

Our first twenty miles led us through a succession of pleasant farms. After the first few miles we were off the made road, which was merely fenced off by log and brush fences; posts and rails being the evidence either of superior wealth or the immediate vicinity of a homestead. Captain Langley informed me that a large quantity of land round Adelaide had been taken up in eighty acre farms. The original design in founding the colony had been the parcelling out of the public lands in vast sections, with a view to the employment of capital on a large scale, and the perpetuation of the labor institutions of the old country. This was to tempt wealth and respectability. As, however, the most disadvantageous arrangements could not altogether neutralize the superiority of new virgin soil and institutions over old ones, labor had many inducements. This scheme had been supported by names of high standing. Philanthropists saw much relief to the overburdened working classes; men of birth and rank saw a new landed aristocracy in the great southern hemisphere; the merely rich man and the merchant were sanguine of an ample return for their investments; office-holders of course touched immediate profits. But the scheme had been a grand failure. Adelaide city, built upon a swamp, for the sake of contiguity to the sea, had run up with mushroom rapidity. Town lots fetched great prices; country lands bore a high nominal value; capital poured in and population increased by emigration. But there was no solid prosperity; no returns went home for the capital lavished on the colony; the internal resources were not developed, and the colony was not self-supporting. A time of re-action came; prices fell to nowhere, and the whole scene of prosperity shifted like that of a pantomime at the tap of Harlequin's wand. Grim visaged famine stared them in the face, and the authorities had the good sense to admit that the experiment had been a failure, and that it was prudent to recall their steps. A quantity of land round Adelaide was lotted out into eighty acre sections, and these small farms were sold to men who had saved a little money. Thus was created

A bold peasantry, the country's pride,
which then and afterwards saved the colony.

Return we from this historical digression to the present time. After we had passed the pleasant region of eighty acre farms, which surrounds Adelaide with a zone of verdure, we pulled up under a clump of trees to refresh ourselves from the well furnished *magasin de comestibles* stowed away in the carts. The horses were hobbled and allowed to feed. It was a sylvan scene, though of very different kind to anything known in my experience of flood and field in the old country.

We had left houses and habitations of men far behind us, and the road, such as it was, had long ceased. An occasional wheel-mark or hoof-print alone showed us that we were on an accustomed road. Our halting-place was at the bottom of a

hill in a clump of acacias in full bloom, whose growth was favored by the presence of a small stream; we were just on the edge of a forest of gum-trees, with their dun-colored leathery foliage.

Before us the dry and dusty plain, parched up with summer-heats, stretched far away into the horizon. The rich native grasses are revived by the first rains of winter, for in Australia winter is a season of richest verdure. No object was moving in the landscape save a solitary bullock dray, with its attendant driver, sluggishly wending its weary way across the plain.

After we had felled the horses and got out the provisions, we had our sticks to collect and make a fire, get the tea ready, and we then proceeded to take off the edge of an appetite which a long morning ride had given us.

"We shall make something of you in time," said the captain, gaily to Graham and myself. "I shouldn't like your uncle to say, Graham, that I had taught you nothing all the time you have been with me."

"No fear of that, sir," said David; "at all events you have taught us that hospitality and kindness have not been left at home."

"No compliments, young man, no compliments! Here in the bush, plain speaking is the order of the day; leave off your fine city manners here. There! you don't see many of those fellows in the New Forest, or on your scours and fells at home!" and he pointed to a splendid scarlet cockatoo, chattering away on a branch. "If I had my gun now; he is worth looking at."

"Why papa, you wouldn't shoot him, would you?" exclaimed Miss Langley.

"Well, my love, and why not? Why, we shall be glad to eat some of those fellows in a pie of your making; that is, if your fashionable schools teach such vulgar accomplishments."

"No uncivilized attacks upon polite institutions, if you please," said the young lady, readily. "Mamma will give me lessons in anything I don't already know of life in the bush. Will you not, dear mamma?"

After a halt of a couple of hours, we caught the horses, harnessed them, and wended on our way through a country where an occasional shepherd's hut or blazed-tree were our only landmarks. At length, towards evening, we reached a small village scarce worthy a name, but which was called, I think, Burracong. There were four or five little houses, and a mean little public-house. Here Captain Langley had determined to pass the night. We pulled up, the men dismounted and stepped forward to assist the ladies, when Mrs. William Langley exclaimed:

"What is the matter? Is there anything the matter?"

"Nothing whatever, my dear madam," replied her brother-in-law. "We are getting out, this is our halting-place for the night."

"Here, going to stop here!" exclaimed the lady in tones of delicate horror. "Why, Mary my dear, we can never stop at such a place as this! Mr. Langley, is it possible, Mr. Langley, that I am expected to pass the night here?"

There was certainly on this occasion some room for complaint. The place was small enough, but its want of size was not the objection. The house was of wood, with a lean to, as it is termed, a sort of excrescence that served for a kitchen, while the lower rooms were the spirit-store and drinking-room. There were stables and a farm-yard attached; but all was in dilapidation and neglect, the post and rail fence out of condition, the stable door hanging on one hinge; in an enclosure that had been once a garden, the pigs wandered at their own sweet will. The very house looked as if in sheer neglect it had grown all askew.

"Well, Johnson, how are you?" said Captain Langley, to a tall, sandy-haired man, who came forward with his hands in his pockets, eyeing the party with downcast, furtive glances.

"Pretty well, sir, pretty well!"

"We are going to stay with you to night. Is there any one else here?"

"No one, sir. But I am alone—Bill and his wife left us as usual. I can't make you very comfortable."

"Never mind!" said Captain Langley, cheerily, "we must do the best we can for ourselves. You can let the ladies have the bed-rooms, I suppose?"

The inside of the house was of a piece with the outside. The

place was dirty and disorderly. Everything was out of place. There was nothing whatever to eat. The place was no better than an eastern caravanserai, in the matter of entertainment for man or beast; we brought in our stores from the carts, determined on making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances admitted. Mrs. William sat wrapped in her shawl, balancing herself on one of the rickety chairs, the very picture of gloom and discontent. Mrs. Langley, accustomed to the rough chances of bush travelling, set herself to make matters more comfortable. But this her daughter would not permit, now that she was come out, and applied herself to the task with a domestic and business like determination innate in some people, never to be acquired, and least of all I should think in a fashionable school. Graham lent his aid and made much mirth by his clumsy good-will; spite of his assistance the place assumed some aspect of tidiness, and when the supper was spread the inhospitable rooms had lost their unfriendly aspect. After we had refreshed the inner man, Captain Langley took up the subject.

"Poor Johnson here is an unfortunate specimen of a colonist. He was a gardener at home. He came out and was a steady fellow. At one time he hired with me, and having saved up a little money heard of this place. A decent business might be done here, as it is the only public-house for some twenty miles at either side. But he married after the manner of settlers, that is to say, he went down to Adelaide when a cargo of young women came in, picked out a girl, and took her to wife."

"Dreadful!" said Mrs. William; "not the least sentimental."

"Well, the practice certainly has its objections; but matrimony, you know, is always a lottery. We can't all draw prizes like my brother and myself," said the captain gallantly. "Johnson certainly did not draw a prize. Slovenly and broken down as he is now, he was a passable fellow enough eighteen months ago. He passed the girls in review, and threw the handkerchief to one, chiefly guided, it would seem, by her genteel appearance and pretty face. He would have done better in preferring the useful to the ornamental. In the bush, Mrs. William, people can be exceedingly happy, if they will but recollect where they are and moderate their expectations. Poor Johnson's wife brought her city notions into the bush, was ashamed of work, and thought it low to put her hand to anything. She pined after town life and town pleasures. In fact, she was no wife for a working man. At last she took to drinking——"

"Shocking! Oh, how exceedingly vulgar!" exclaimed Mrs. William.

"Very shocking," said the colonel gravely, "but a not unnatural resource for people who have no self-reliance, and abandon themselves to useless regrets instead of bracing themselves to the duties of their new position. After a period of domestic strife Johnson followed her example, and everything fell into neglect and ruin. There is a mortgage on the property, and before long Johnson will be turned out."

"What has become of his wife?" said I.

"She has left him, and is now down in Adelaide," was the reply, with a shake of the head.

When we retired for the night, the ladies and children occupied the bed-rooms; the men sought shelter where they could. I couched with the lower animals, sleeping in the hayloft, and more comfortably than those in the house. Fleas are not mentioned among the plagues of Egypt, but certainly they are among the plagues of Australia. They swarm in every ill-regulated household to a degree of which I had no previous idea.

The next night we stopped at a friend's house, our numbers being no bar to our kindly reception, but rather increasing its warmth and heartiness by the shifts they were obliged to resort to. We reached our destination on the third evening, without incident worth recounting. The station was a plain wooden building of no great pretension to beauty, but of considerable size. All the rooms were on the ground floor, and it was surrounded with a verandah, over which clematis, jasmine and honeysuckle were trained in rich festoons by the taste of Mrs. Langley. There was room and to spare for our whole party. The captain evidently had an eye to a patriarchal establishment. He is the centre of his homestead. His stables, his woolsheds, small stock-yard and all his farm buildings, are all under his own immediate control.



Two or three days after our arrival, the captain took us over the home station. He owned a small principality. It was on a little river, a tributary of the Murray, and was twelve miles in length by ten in width; the rent paid to the government being calculated on an estimate of the number of animals which it would depasture. The station, including level pasturage land as well as some broken hill ground, known here under the name of "ranges," had the advantage of a winter as well as summer feeding-grounds, in which respect Captain Langley was vastly more fortunate than many squatters. Marshy ground or scrubby hills, or open forest land, is considered more suitable for cattle runs. The captain owned one hundred thousand sheep and upwards, and vast as this number seemed to my uninitiated mind, there were many colonists who far surpassed him in the wealth and number of their flocks and herds. The shepherds live in huts, most of them made of slabs or large planks of rough sawn timber, and roofed with strips of bark. This miserable dwelling is usually tenanted by two men—the shepherd and his hut-keeper; the latter being an assistant or rather companion to the shepherd, his duty being to take care of the hut and to prepare the food and perform the menial offices. These outlying pickets lead a lonely life—nothing equal in point of physical comfort and mental occupation to that of the agricultural settler. Their business is to watch sheep, to count sheep, to inspect sheep, to shear sheep, to drive them from one pasture to another, and to secure them against the dingoes or native dogs. His very food is mutton. The major part of the shepherd's active work is done by his dogs. Such being his daily life, it is not to be wondered at that his intellect is little above that of the poor brutes with whom he so much associates. His pleasures are lying on the ground, basking in the sun or the fire light, and smoking his pipe of horrible tobacco. The incidents of his life are his visits to the large towns; on such occasions he draws the balance of his pay, mayhap the savings of months, places it in the hands of the landlord, and makes a time of it—one protracted debauch, so long as his money lasts. When the landlord announces that all is spent, he becomes sober again and returns to the bush to seek a new master. Such is the Arcadian simplicity and innocence of the most purely pastoral life known to the modern world.

In our tour of inspection a small party of the natives made their appearance. They were four men and a woman. I examined them with some interest, as specimens of a race differing materially from others with which I was more familiar. They are of a brown black, with wavy hair, their persons spare and sinewy; their features are a sort of hybrid, between the negro and the South Sea Islander. They do not tattoo like their neighbors the New Zealanders, who indulge to profusion in this disfiguring adornment, but they cicatrize themselves with heavy flesh marks. Clad in sheep or opossum skins which they never change, and followed by two or three mangy curs, their presence is neither pleasing nor savory. An old man of the party had a beard, a rare appendage, for I believe that, like some other savages, they usually extirpate it. Their weapons are simple; a club or waddy, a rude spear, and that peculiar projectile the "boomerang," a flat stick bent at an obtuse angle and edged. This they throw in a horizontal direction at an object. When it quits the hand it rises into the air, describes a parabola, strikes the ground at the point of aim and rebounds to the thrower. Whence it was first derived it is impossible to say, but it argues a degree of observation seldom conceded to these people, that they should have discovered this

singular weapon. The woman or "lubra," to use the native word, was not more prepossessing than the males of the party. The elderly ladies are very unpleasant female specimens. A peculiar physical trait in these people is their extraordinary ability as climbers, and the power they have in their great toe. They will climb a tall, straight tree, making notches in the bark and holding on to the inequalities by one hand and great toe, which from use is almost as prehensile as a thumb. That eccentric traveller, Waterton, noticed a similar power in some of the South American tribes. The natives have also the faculty of following up a trail common to many savage nations, including our own Indians and the Kaffirs. This party belonged to a small tribe that wandered about in the neighborhood. They have, it would seem, no fixed residence, knocking up their rough huts, or "miamis," of bush and bark in any place that may suit their fancy. They spend their time in wandering about, picking up grubs, some of which are accounted a great



KANGAROO AT BAY—"STICKING UP A BOOMER."

delicacy, killing opossums in the hollow trees, and now and then holding a feast on a sheep, a gift or a theft as the case may be. They toil not, neither do they spin, and have an incurable aversion to labor. War, the grand occupation of savage life, is very rare since white occupation, and in the chase they are unskilled.

Mrs. Langley's cultivated taste and domestic habits would not permit her to lead the life destitute of all refinement too often passed in the bush, even by persons of very good means. She had her flower garden, a rare addition to the homestead; the orchard and kitchen garden, for articles of prime necessity; a good henner, with a carefully selected breed of fine fowls imported from home stock at considerable cost. Most European flowers do well in the open air all the year round, while the native flora furnishes a rich choice of specimens. Fruits grow luxuriantly, especially those which affect a dry climate. The grapes of South Australia are remarkably fine, equalling those of Portugal in quality and profusion.

After a weeks' stay at Grasmere, David Graham quitted us for his uncle's station, about fifty miles distant. After travelling sixteen thousand miles, fifty is but a narrow interval to pass over; but in reality it may be a far greater bar than the greater space. Circumstances are as effectual a divider of feelings and interests as distance. The pain of separation is not a question of mere mileage, it is the violation of that sympathy and unison of mind and feeling to which our visible presence is in this material world a necessary incident. The captain having a doubt of his young friend's capabilities to make tracks in the bush without a guide, sent a man on with him. I rode the first dozen miles with him, and we parted with mutual assurances of good feeling and speedy meeting. About ten days afterwards I received a letter from him:

My dear Peter,—I got here all safe. My uncle, of whom, as you know, I had a boyish dread, did not belie my anticipations. I found him in the smithy, inspecting the repair of some yoke irons. I announced myself. "Well! young man, yer come at last; I thocht ye were no coming, and that yer fine friends at Grasmere could na part frae ye."

"Why," said I, a little nettled, "I waited a day or two until they could spare a man to come over; but if am not welcome I can go."

The old man turned his head quickly, and examining me with his cold gray eye said:

"A weel, man, ye need na be sae kecky. We'll be able to find work here to cool your bluid a little. Maybe it's overheated wi riding in the sun. There's a stable there to put yer horse in."

I turned away, did as I was bid, and went away into the house, where I found my aunt in an apartment which serves as her "parlor, kitchen and hall," preparing the mid-day meal—a plain one, in which quantity was considered more than quality or elegance. All looked clean and wholesome, however.

I told her who I was—a lucky announcement—which saved a blunder that might have offended the good woman, for I did not know her again. My sojourn at Grasmere had not prepared me for such extreme simplicity. But her cordial "I se right glad to see you," and a hearty smack from her lips, after she had wiped her mouth with her apron, restored my equanimity. Tears stood in the good dame's eyes as they rested on my face, and she satisfied herself of my likeness to my dear mother. She had just commenced a long list of inquiries as to friends and neighbors, when her husband came in.

"Eh, wife! dinner 'll na be ready to-day, if ye begin wi yer speerings after old freens and acquaintance folk."

This cut my aunt short in her inquiries; and a smoking piece of salt pork and cabbage was soon on the table; which dispatched, my uncle sat down and smoked his pipe. This done, he knocked out the ashes, placed the pipe on a shelf, and sallied out.

When he was gone, my aunt resumed her questionings, bustling to and fro the while, engaged on household cares, in which a rough serving woman, the wife of one of the men on the station, assists her. As soon as a lull came in the shape of questioning, I took leave to inquire cautiously what sort of a man my new-found relative was, and what would be the nature of my life and occupation here. Her husband is a hard, stern man; but according to her account, keeps a small store of the milk of human kindness, to be used only in urgent cases. He is a just man rather than a merciful, by which I infer he pays servants their dues according to his own rule of right—a dangerous standard. For my own duties I have to be careful of what I am told, be diligent and unintermitting in my service, and if my gains, in the way of praise, are small, I shall not have capricious or brutal censure, which, by her account, is common enough among even gentlemen squatters. This was not particularly inviting, but as I expected stern realities and not flowery pleasures, I resolved to face the matter. In the evening, after work was done, my uncle came in, and after another meal, washed down by cups or rather bowls of tea, he lighted his pipe and sat for a while in front of the log-fire, though the weather, as you know, is pretty warm. I waited in dutiful silence for the oracle to open its lips. My aunt passed to and fro, but aware, I suppose, of the "gudeman's" little eccentricities, held her peace. After more than half an hour of this Pythagorean discipline, my uncle remarked:

"David, it's no a bad sign when a young man kens hoo to be silent."

To this I merely inclined my head by way of showing that I heard and understood. He then went on and explained to me that Ardglass, so he calls the place, was a cattle run. That he kept no overseers, and that my duty for the present is to aid the stockman on the home station, and to learn my business.

"Is there much to learn?" asked I innocently.

The governor replied drily, "Not much, only to keep your saddle when a beast charges you; to sleep out in all weathers; to fast for thirty-six or forty-eight hours on occasion; to know my brand whenever you see it; tell at a glance how many beasts there are in a herd, and such like matters. It'll be a leetle defferent from your college learning," he concluded. "I shall give you thirty pounds a year to begin with, and more when you are worth it."

Since then I have been out with the old man, inspected the cattle, and been about the run generally, but no accident or important event has befallen me. I suppose, notwithstanding his hard exterior, he is making it easy at the outset. It is rather dull work to be entirely without society. I wish you were here; but I can't ask you now; perhaps I may before you leave. Remember me kindly to all. Yours, &c.,

DAVID GRAHAM.

P. S.—I suppose Miss Langley has quite forgotten me by this time.

The next fortnight was spent at Grasmere, in the pursuit of such pleasure and information as can be gleaned from life in the bush. Our nearest neighbor was about twelve miles off, and there was not consequently much diversion in visiting. Captain Langley and myself rode over to see him one day, for the purpose of arranging for a kangaroo hunt. We found the man at home, seated in the verandah, spelling his way through an old newspaper, smoking the tobacco used in the bush, so strong as to take the skin off your lips, and drinking rum and water, in which the aqueous fluid had the lesser proportion. Little was there of the neatness and order exhibited at Grasmere. Tom Jackson had risen from the ranks. He had been a butcher in Adelaide, and having scraped together a sufficient sum of money to enable him to begin, he had taken up some land from the government, and had begun stocking it, and by degrees had acquired the position of a squatter.

Having dismounted, and as the fashion is, thrown the reins of our horses over a post in front of the house, Mr. Jackson received us with rude and hearty welcome, discussed the price of wool, stock, and other topics of profit and loss suited to the pastoral mind; told us of the desertion of his shepherd, swearing with a great oath that he would have him in jail yet for breaking his agreement for service, a vow which I doubted not he would religiously keep. When we announced our project for a kangaroo hunt the next day, he embraced it instantly and promised to meet us with his dogs at the point agreed. When we were about to go, he affirmed with another great oath that going was out of the question, until we had had a drink and a bite. The bite was optional, the drink peremptory; under penalty of giving mortal offence to Tom Jackson. We accordingly, qualified a glass of detestable water with some no less detestable rum, and having wished him health and wealth turned on our way home.

"A rough fellow, that," remarked I.

"Yes," said the captain; "he is a type of the class to which he belongs. With a few exceptions, among whom are the Boyds of Sydney, the richest squatters in the three colonies are ignorant and unlettered men. Many of them cannot write their own names, but they are keen hands at a bargain, and understand the art of money-making, which seems a faculty rather than an acquirement. The intelligence required for making a fortune is certainly of a very low order."

"By implication this would seem to decry wealth; I am afraid you would make but few converts," said I, laughing.

"Not so," was his reply; "wealth is a good, a positive good, as society is constituted. Wealth is power, and always was power, even in the most primitive times. I only spoke of the low order of intellects which might scrape capital together, a rather indefinite term by the way. The management of capital when acquired, and its application to great uses, requires ability."

though certainly not of the highest grade; while the benefits it confers may be prodigious."

In the evening, when we announced our design for the following day's amusement, and the captain challenged Mrs. William to accompany him, that lady excused herself on the plea of distaste to such cruel sports, but Mrs. Langley offered to drive her over in the cart, and Miss Langley expressed her determination to ride.

"Why, Mary, I had no idea of your coming out as Diana Vernon."

"Neither have I any such intention, papa; but although no great horsewoman, yet I shall with mamma's permission, try her horse."

"So be it," said the captain; "we are strong enough to make a pretty good muster."

Next morning, soon after sunrise, Captain Langley and myself were smoking our cigars in the verandah, when Tom Jackson rode up at the usual canter, accompanied by another man and followed by three kangaroo dogs. The morning greetings were interchanged.

"After you were gone, thinks I to myself," said Jackson, "the more the merrier, so I rides over to Sam King here, and got him to come over. I stopped with him last night."

"Made a night of it, of course," said the captain, pleasantly, acknowledging Mr. Jackson's acquaintance.

"Won't say as we didn't," replied that gentleman; "but a rinse in a bucket and the morning ride made it all right."

"Well, I suppose a hair of the dog that bit you will do no harm?" said the captain, turning from the verandah into the hall, and returning with a decanter and glass.

"Nothing for me," said King; "enough's as good as a feast."

Jackson, however, accepted the proffered hospitality, and tossed off his glass of brandy without a wink.

"Shall we take a turn? Breakfast will be ready presently."

They had hitched their horses, as usual, to the post. The captain called to one of his men,

"Give the horses a feed and wash out their mouths. They'll have their work to do," said he, turning to his visitors, "and I always like to put something into them before they go to it."

"Well, that's the old country notion," said King, "but we don't mind it much in the colonies, and I expect we get just as much work out of them."

We turned into the yard and looked about the stables and out-buildings, the visitors admiring or freely criticizing, as they were disposed.

"Your place, Mr. Langley, is in very nice order," drawled Mr. King; "but I don't see much good in so much painstaking. It costs a power of money, and it's all the same in the end."

"I'm not so sure about that," said the captain. "In the first place, we can consult our own tastes in being more comfortable; in the next, perhaps my wool account might tell us something on the subject. Besides, we're bound to improve the character of our products."

"All right!" said Mr. King; "for my part, I guess that I don't care for being more comfortable than we are, and as for improving the character of our products, I don't care about working to make other people's fortunes. I'm every man for himself—that's my motto. As for the prices, I should like to see that, of course, but I don't believe in being so over particular. What you build up with one hand you knock down with the other."

It was evident that Mr. King's philosophy was of the Cynic school.

At this moment the high-bred old hound which followed Captain Langley, took umbrage at the advances towards acquaintanceship proffered by one of the powerful half-bred dogs that had followed Mr. King. There was a snarl and a snap.

"Come here, sir!" from Capt. Langley to his dog, and a cut from Mr. King at his animal, quelled the growing feud.

"That is a handsome dog of your'n," said Mr. King, "but it's like your improvements. I'll bet you a £5 now that Brindle here will be into an 'old man' as quick as him."

"Done!" said the captain, "though, as he is aged, I should perhaps have preferred to pick out another dog."

The breakfast bell now rang out its welcome peal. We walked into the house, and took our place at the well-spread table.

Mrs. Langley, who, notwithstanding rural pursuits, preserved the manners and most of the refined habits of earlier life, performed the hospitalities with a graceful kindness which soon set her rough visitors, at first rather awed by the unaccustomed presence of ladies, at their ease. Our breakfast included smoked mutton hams, a famous article in Australian domestic economy; peach and apple marmalade, wild fowl of various sorts, brought in by the blacks and disposed of, at the home station for a little tobacco or some other luxury; bread and cakes, with fresh butter, rare luxuries, I believe, in Australian households.

Breakfast was duly dispatched. Mr. Jackson having summoned up courage to drink the ladies' health in a "neat" bumper, for which Mrs. Langley returned smiling thanks, we broke up for our expedition. The cart was brought round to the door, Mrs. Langley and Mrs. William handed in, and we started.

We were bound for some low scrubby ranges, about six or eight miles from Grasmere, where we expected, according to the report of our head shepherd, to find the game. On our road the captain gave me a lecture on natural history, in reference to kangaroos and their various kinds and local names. The "old man" kangaroo is a great fellow, standing, when upright, about six feet high. Among our cavalcade were a couple of black fellows, our friends of the other day.

"It's precious few of these fellows I have hanging about my place," said Mr. King. "They're always thieving and killing your sheep, or up to some mischief."

"Yes," said Captain Langley, "there's some truth in your charges. But they are the denizens of the soil, and after all they do no great harm. Mrs. Langley has them under her special charge."

The black fellows did duty as scouts, and soon made it understood that there had been a herd, but that they had moved off. After riding about three-quarters of an hour, we came upon some broken rocky ground, along which it was most difficult for the cart to make its way. We came to a stop, and the blacks after a short absence returned to us, and by signs and gibberish made us follow them slowly in a little circuit which should bring us face to the wind. The dogs now began to sniff the ground and exhibit signs of impatience, and some of the party dismounted to hold them in leash.

Presently we came to an opening on the scrub. We were on a gentle declivity of broken ground, at the bottom ran a small stream from the ranges, until it lost itself in the plain, whose herbage it enriched and enlivened.

Beyond the stream was a herd of kangaroo and wallaby, a smaller kind of animal. The blacks pointed them out to us, and we stood watching them for some little while in silence. Some of the creatures were feeding in a recumbent posture, others standing erect and leaping about in the most grotesque manner. There were two very great fellows who stood nearly six feet high. To start these "old men" and to cut off their retreat into the scrub and stony ranges was the point. There was space in the little plain before us for a fair run. Leaving the cart in a good position for seeing the sport, we stole along until we had got within easy gunshot range, when Captain Langley fired at one of the smaller animals and brought him down. The herd, not at first fully alive to their danger, began to move off.

"Now then, for your bet, mister," said King. He held in the bridle. "Hollo! boy, look out!" The dog sprang at the leash, and had nearly slipped out of Tom King's hand. "Hold hard, you brute!"

Captain Langley's hound was in the hand of his owner. The thoroughbred kangaroo dog is a near approach to the almost extinct breed of the great Irish stag hound. Tawny of color, with a little hair on the withers, just enough to show his bristles when he is ruffled; deep of chest, powerful flanks, head well erect, broad skull, eye bright as an eagle's, yet when unexcited gentle as a fawn's; deep but not hoarse bay; quivering with excitement, yet obedient to his master's slightest word. A noble dog!

Presently the kangaroos scent the visitors, and begin to



A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN WOMAN.

break away for the covert. The "old men" linger. The black fellows just then show themselves, and head them off.

"Let him go, captain," shouted Tom. And away went the two dogs, and away went we after them. The "old men" took it rather leisurely at first, as if unconscious or careless of their peril. We rushed down the hillside, trusting to our horses to keep their footing among the rocks, and keeping an eye on the dogs.

Ha! ha! just saved your brains! That tree arm would have knocked them out, but that you stooped just in time. Your horse has more life in him than you give him credit for. He enters into the fun of it as well as you do. Now for that big rock; you'll get your leg scrunched; no, just turned it safely. Now for a jump across that felled tree. On we go and scramble through a bit of swamp, and now we are out of the scrub and can make the running at our ease.

The "old men" begin to clear the ground. How they jump with those long legs of theirs. Sixteen feet stride if it's an inch. We'll measure when we're done. In the first rush the kangaroos had it all their own way, but now the dogs are holding their own. Ah! they are making for the wood again; that won't do; cut them off. They divide; one fellow follows the stream, the two dogs keep to him. The others are put on to the back of the other fellow. The noble Juba is foremost; but Brindle keeps well up with him, he is only a length or two behind. On we come pell mell. The kangaroo is making a good leg of it. He keeps up the pace for a couple of miles or so, then stopping short almost suddenly faces about, sets his back against a tree, and appears determined to make a fight for it. We slacken our pace, Juba in advance, but he halts before he runs in. Brindle, bold bully that he is, goes headlong in, but a tremendous stroke from the "old man's" hind leg flings him off, and all that he takes by his motion is a mouthful of fur.

"Ho! ho! captain! your handsome dog hangs fire!" snouted Tom King.

"Wait a bit," said the captain quietly.

The kangaroo, having thus discomfited Brindle and gained a little breath, started off again at top speed. He soon brought up again on the edge of a pool of water. We were close behind.

"Now then, for the death!" cried the captain.

Again Juba was on the kangaroo's haunches, when he faced about. He halted. King's dog did the same. Suddenly he

sprang at the kangaroo, but the animal was ready for him. He dodged Brindle's rush, and with a side blow plunged him under water, for which the kangaroo's superior height and fashion of fighting on his hind legs gave him great advantage. He scratched and ripped away at Brindle when he had him down in a terrible manner. Brindle's race had now been over if Juba had not flown to the rescue.

His onset overturned the kangaroo and set Brindle free, who crept out of the water-hole in a sadly mangled condition. Juba had missed his hold, and the kangaroo, with a side lash, had given him a severe cut in the shoulder.

"At him again, Brindle! At him again!" but Brindle, poor fellow had had enough, and King, with a curse, was going to flog him, when Captain Langley caught his hand.

"Don't strike him. You'll spoil him altogether. He has good blood in him."

The kangaroo, meanwhile, was all ready again for the fight. Juba, his bristles all erect and eye red with rage, watched him without giving mouth.

"Knock the 'old man' over," shouted Johnson; "he'll spoil the dog."

"No, no," said the captain; "leave him alone. I believe in Juba."

The delay was only for two or three seconds. The dog darted forward and the kangaroo struck at him. Before he could recover himself, Juba had him by the throat with a grip unfailing as grim death. The animals rolled over and over, in and out of the water, the dog with deep growls, the kangaroo with wails of distress, lashing out with his hind feet and claws. But the struggle grew fainter and more faint. Juba never relaxed his hold. All the energy of his immense strength was concentrated in that vice-like grip. The kangaroo struggled once and again, but his troubles were fast approaching an end. Never more would he crop sweet and tender sward, nor lead the sport among the flowering acacias.

"Hold off, Juba! hold off, boy! Come here, sir!" said the captain, advancing towards the combatants.

"Look out, captain! mind his claw," said Tom Jackson, himself not heeding his own caution. The last convulsive lash of the dying animal caught Tom Jackson on the leg, and but for his thick cowhide boot it might have been worse for him. As it was it knocked him off his balance, and slipping in the mud he rolled over into the water.

This little mishap, as our friends' mishaps will do, restored Mr. King to his disturbed equanimity. A burst of laughter saluted Tom Jackson on his resuming his natural position, particularly when he exclaimed spitefully, "I'm blessed if the vagabond shall play such another trick," and seconded the adjuration by giving the kangaroo a knock on the head with his heavy brass-handled riding whip, that might have killed an ox, much less a kangaroo.

"Let's see the dogs," said the captain, stooping down and examining Juba's hurt, which, though severe, was not like that of the other dog. He laved it with water, and then taking a handkerchief out of his pocket, tied it up carefully.

"What are you going to do with your dog, Mr. King?" said the captain.

"Oh," said that gentleman, "never mind him; he's lost me £5. He's not worth looking after."

"I beg your pardon," replied the captain, taking a humane view of the case. "He's a young dog; he hasn't had Juba's experience, and though I will not pretend to say he is particularly high-bred, he's worth taking care of. He can't get home as he is. Come here, boy, come here!"

The poor animal ceased licking his wound, and came to the captain, who examined it.

"A terrible slash! Shows what a forester's claw can do. We must get my man Bill to look to this. He's a first-rate fellow in such matters. Meanwhile I'll bind it up. Lend me your handkerchief, Jackson?"

Mr. Jackson and Mr. King held such articles for holiday luxuries, so I produced mine, with which the captain made the best bandage he could for the poor animal.

We now returned to the ladies.

"Well, Miss Di Vernon, you did not follow us."

"Why, your gallop was a little too rough for me. My sober

habits have not favored such recklessness," replied Miss Langley gaily.

"You can be reckless enough, child, in a good cause," said her father tenderly.

"And what did you and the other ladies think of the sport?"

"Very good," said Mrs. Langley.

"I don't see much to be pleased with," said Mrs. William.

"A meet of a hundred gallant red-coats, mounted on splendid horses, with ladies and carriages and a pack of hounds, at home, is something to see."

"Well, it is a sight certainly," said the captain; "but you are our ladies now, and we, perforce, must be your gallant red-coats."

"Oh! but there is something so exhilarating in the very idea of fox-hunting," said the lady. "Besides, foxes are so very troublesome; they destroy the geese and the chickens."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said the captain, "I never heard the utilitarian plea before. It is certainly a simple manner of destroying the nuisance. But I think you must admit that kangaroo hunting has its exhilaration. Besides, there is another good in it; you shall have some capital kangaroo soup."

"What! soup made from those horrid-looking creatures! No, Eliza, surely you never—"

"It's a melancholy truth," said the captain, solemnly; "you've no idea to what you may come yet among us savages."

I had now been nearly six weeks at Grasmere, and though I had not received the smallest hint that my presence was a bore, I thought it better not to wear out my welcome. I intimated my intention to Captain Langley, and asked his advice as to my future proceedings. With the greatest kindness he insisted on my staying a while longer, but he was too much a man of the world to deny that it was time to be up and doing. I had some objections to practising medicine, on the ground of professional progress being such slow work, and also as my present intention was to return home. I thought commerce presented better chances of speedy advancement, besides the present certainty. His advice is not material to my history, but I give it for its general applicability to all emigrants:

"You make the mistake of applying to this new country the same rules by which you judge the old. Professional progress, if accompanied by desert, is not slow here; nothing is slow, everything grows rapidly that is suited to the soil; moral as well as physical. Do as you will, however, you cannot go wrong with steadiness. A special faculty, amounting to genius either in art or science, has no place in a new country. There is need here of common sense, and of that only; that and industry soon find their natural level. We lead a material life; we have to subdue nature and prepare her for future generations. There is no market for intellectual luxuries as yet."

A few days afterwards, David Graham sent us word that he was under orders to go down to Adelaide with a herd, or in colonial phrase, a mob of cattle, and that he should take us on his road. As this was something new, I determined to accompany him down.

He came in due season. His duties did not admit of his remaining more than a couple of hours, and I was soon in the saddle and on the way with him. I quitted the amiable family of Grasmere with great regret, and not, I believe, without some corresponding feeling on their part. Miss Langley, with whom I had so long been on terms of intimate acquaintanceship went

not a little; even Mrs. William regretted my departure in a characteristic manner, as breaking another link in the chain which bound her to all that was worth living for.

CHAPTER IV.

IN about half an hour's sharp riding we overtook the drove which Graham had in his charge. There were over two hundred beasts, mostly oxen, but including also bulls and cows with their calves.

"We shan't have much chance of talking going down," said David, "and I think you'll find it pretty hard work. Keep in the rear with me, and if you choose to follow up any stray beast see that you don't run him too close, else he'll wheel round and charge you before you're aware of him. Your horse isn't used to the work, like ours. Look out for the cows in particular."

To me this ride was quite an adventure. The animals, accustomed to roam the wilds and seek their own pasture without any check, except when they overpass the boundary lines of a neighboring run, only know the controlling power of man when they are driven in to be branded or counted, a scene of tremendous excitement and no little suffering to the animals.

There were three men with David. The order of our march was—one stockman in advance of the mob, one on either side, David and myself in the rear. We marched in the morning and afternoon, giving the animals time to feed and rest at mid-day and by night.

When we came up with them they were resting and had spread out a little, but at the smack of the stockman's heavy whip, sharp as a rifle crack, they got to their feet and closed up. By shouting all together and cracking our whips we got them into tolerably close order. But ever and anon some skirmish takes place among themselves, when one darts out from the main body and makes for the open country with a fleetness that I did not think horned animals possessed. The stockman and his dog then follow in hot chase to head him and drive him back to the main body, which is accomplished at last by dint of unmerciful cuts with his heavy thonged whip, whose hard point cuts into the hide almost like a knife.

Sometimes it is an angry beldame of a cow, whom no self-



ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIANS—OLD AND YOUNG MAN.

respect or fear of consequences restrains. Her eyes red and glaring, her crest erect, her tail like a streamer, her whole frame giving out a very atmosphere of spiteful rage, without note of preparation she charges the stockman. His well-trained horse retreats for the moment, as does a veteran policeman experienced in street rows before the attack of a raging virago blind with fury. Suddenly the old horse pivots round at the risk of unseating his rider, and so avoids the lowered head and sharp horns of the vixen. Perchance, he is quick enough under circumstances of extra provocation and tempting opportunities to repay her with a thundering whack in the ribs from his heels; whether or no, crack cuts the avenging whip, bringing her at once to a sense of her position. He cows habitually exhibit riantipole bellicose propensities—leaping fences, breaking bounds and dashing promiscuously at everything in a fashion altogether opposed to our estimate of vaccine sedateness and respectability. Neither is this want of propriety limited to any particular breed, whence we may learn that good manners are matter of education rather than of birth. Intermixture of races has broken down the barriers, all traces of civilization are lost; the bonds of discipline and authority being loosed, the whole female community, unequal to the task of self-government, abandon themselves to license and excess. With such mothers, it is no matter of wonder that the Australian calves should be very different to the bovine youth of European or New England pastures. They plunge, pull and kick with almost the strength and all the viciousness of their maternal parents.

In strong contrast with these "uncanny" quadrupeds is the stockman's horse. In thorough subjection to his rider, and with his intelligence developed by constant exercise of his faculties under wise control, his sagacity is wonderful. He will often perceive the meditated attack of a mischievous beast, and of his own accord meet or avoid it. In the hard service of the bush he is a companion and benefactor, and his instinct will save his rider from starvation in the wilderness. He is patient of fatigue, and goes through an amount of work that would kill his fellows deteriorated by civilized habits. Rare with him is the luxury of a feed of oats.

After a week of this driving, rushing, hallooing and whip-smacking, sleeping at night on the bare ground, our horses saddled and hobbled near us in case of the cattle making a sudden rush, getting our food as best we could, either with hastily cooked rations at a hut as we went past, or lighting a fire of dry sticks on the ground and boiling our tea, we found ourselves at Adelaide. The wildness and unmanageableness of the cattle decreased as they became fatigued with the journey, and at length they were driven with comparative facility into the city stock-yards. Here our difficulties ended. Man and beast thoroughly tired out, we sought our quarters, and restored exhausted nature with a long sleep and a prodigious quantity of food.

On my return to Adelaide I presented Captain Langley's letter of introduction to his friend and agent, Mr. Dixon. Such letters are seldom of much value, but such was not my case. Captain Langley's name was a tower of strength, and my own repute added something to the weight of his introduction.

"Come and dine with me," said Mr. Dixon after he had read his friend's letter; "five o'clock; you know my house? No; well then come here, and we'll walk over together."

After the cloth was drawn and we sat over our wine, for Mr. Dixon had brought his home habits with him:

"Well, and so you want to be doing something, and can't make up your mind to your course. Why don't you practice your own profession?"

"I have determined to do so if nothing else occurs to me," was my reply. "But it is upon that point I desired to consult with you. If possible, I should like to have seen something of the other colonies before settling down."

"Why, you are not likely to have a better reputation or connection anywhere else," replied he quickly.

"Indeed, my dear sir, I am aware of that, but the truth is, once I begin I must keep in my place; and the vagabond instinct is now so strong upon me that I think I had better work it out."

"That is precisely, my young friend, the rock which newcomers have to shun. I suppose with all of us, when once the

household gods are upturned and the sanctuary consecrated by memories is laid waste, the human heart finds it very difficult to build up another tabernacle. I say this, not so much of yourself, for youth is the age for adventure; but I notice it also in those of riper years. Every hero must have his wanderings as well as his epos. As a rule, it is better to close with fortune when you have the chance, else, you know, all the voyage of men's lives is passed in shallows and in miseries. Now there's young Bunbury, he came out here with first-rate recommendations. On his arrival he went up to Government House, presented his letters, was very graciously received and promised the first vacancy. Well, he was offered a clerkship to a bench of magistrates, with seventy-five pounds a year. Certainly that was but small potatoes, as we say here; but then every man is not born to the silver spoon. He refused; said he would wait for something better. He did wait. Stoker & Poker next offered him a stool in their counting-house, but he was above trade. That fellow has wandered over the colonies without any fixed purpose, and as nobody cares to help those who don't help themselves, he is now a policeman. The example would be pointless if it were a solitary case. I could point to fifty such."

"I am obliged for your advice, and convinced of its correctness. I have no intention, I assure you, of wasting my opportunities; but before I fixed myself irrevocably I should have liked to take a look round, if I could have done so prudently."

My host was satisfied. We finished the bottle and then adjourned to the drawing-room, where his wife and daughters awaited us.

David Graham remained a week in Adelaide, until the cattle salesman had cleared out his uncle's stock, and rendered his accounts. During this period we had much conversation on the future. He joined heartily in Mr. Dixon's recommendation, and contributed to fix my determination. Besides, although we should be two hundred miles apart, we should have a chance of meeting occasionally, and that would be something to look forward to. For his own part, he was dissatisfied. At one time life on a station would have suited him exactly; but though there was plenty of game on the station and no end of excitement, there was a vacuum which Ardglass could not fill.

The evening before his intended return, the subject was renewed. His life was a mere animal existence. There was nothing to occupy his mind. He should be unfit to associate with other people; should become uncouth, semi-barbarous. He never had been a lady's man, nevertheless he well knew that female society was indispensable to man's inner and better life.

"Spoken like Socrates and Bayard rolled into one!" cried I. "There's the great point of your good luck. How few fellows on a station are situated as you are."

He opened his eyes in wonder.

"Why, your aunt, to be sure, my dear Dave; haven't you your aunt?"

"Oh, yes; certainly, no doubt of it. But then my aunt, you know, is not modern. Besides, a fellow don't care to be always talking to his aunt."

"But then you are near the Langleys," I observed.

"Well, yes, that's just it. I am too near, and not near enough. After I have been grinding up at Ardglass till I get as rusty as an old horseshoe, a nice fellow I shall be to go over and show myself."

I laughed at the idea. David didn't seem pleased.

"Your uncle will soon take you into partnership, and if he does you will be welcome enough at Grasmere."

"Not a bit of it. No partnership for me. There it is again: even if I had the chance of going over once a week, what's the use of going near them, a chap like me with £30 a year."

"Hang it, man. You can't have your cake and eat it. You can't stop away and go too. There's no use being in the dumps. Here you're getting a something. Your uncle is rich; he has no one but you. You're all right. As for a certain fair lady's esteem, she is like a princess in an enchanted castle. Who's to see her, except some stray stockman or black fellow?"

"Does she ever speak about me?" said David, taking heart of grace.

"Oh, yes. I remember her saying she thought you a very agreeable young man."

David brightened up.

"But," added I gravely, "I am bound to add, when I told what a 'ne'er do well' you had been, she thought it a great pity you had not staid at home."

"Why, Brown, you didn't, did you? You never told her how I came to be sent abroad?"

"Yes, indeed, every word of it; Quirk, Birdseye & Twister, and all; and a good laugh she and I had."

All churches have their comminations, and perhaps David Graham, who belonged to a pious family, acquired his powers of anathema from his revered pastor. He certainly gave it out with unction. If my uncle Toby's ejaculation was blotted out by a single tear, it would have taken a fire-engine to expunge the record of David's remarks.

The storm having expended itself I had an opportunity to speak.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough! You have ruined me in Miss Langley's estimation. If you have an enemy, you know what to do, but if your friend does for you——"

"But who has done for you?"

"Why, didn't you tell me that you told her all about my being kicked out of the law and coming out here?"

"Yes, I did."

"And didn't she say that it wouldn't matter if I had stayed at home?"

"She did."

"Well, isn't that enough?"

"Oh, to be sure, if it's enough for you. But I should have thought you'd have liked to hear the remainder. If you're satisfied, of course I'm satisfied."

"Peter Brown, what do you mean?" said David, making up to me in a manner that might have intimidated a braver man than I pretend to be. A stalwart six feet two in his stockings was David.

"Keep off! no violence!" said I in mild and deprecating tones. "I was telling you that she was sorry you had not stayed at home"—David's eye again sparkled—"when you cut me short." She added, 'It was a pity you had not stayed at home, for the sake of pleasing your father;' but she also said that she had no doubt of your being good at heart, and besides that there was a compensation in things evil, for had you not been turned out of Chizzle & Quirk's office, she would never have made your acquaintance."

David's eye fell; he was a man of peace again.

"Honor? No gammon. Did she really say so?"

"Honor bright," said I.

That evening in the "Imperial" there was a considerable demand for punch by two young men. The health of a certain lady, as also the welfare of "our noble selves," were drunk with all the honors. Sentimental songs succeeded the toasts, the melancholy pathos of which went on crescendo until the "wee small hours."

Immediately David was gone, I went to work. I ordered a brass doorplate of extensive dimensions—

"DR. PETER BROWN,"

and while it was in course of construction I looked about for a door on which I might fix it. The plate was yet in the limbo of incompleteness, when Mr. Dixon sent for me to come and dine with him again.

After dinner, when the ladies had retired, he lighted his cigar and pushing over the case to me asked, after a preliminary puff,

"Well, have you done anything yet?"

"Decidedly, sir," said I. "I asked your advice, and I told you I had accepted it. I postponed everything until my friend David Graham had left, since which I have ordered a doorplate and arranged for a consulting-room."

"Very good! very good!" said he. "Now that you have made up your mind, I don't know that I am doing well in unsettling you. But are you still desirous of seeing any of the other colonies?"

I answered in the affirmative. He then briefly explained that from the encouragement given to pastoral pursuits in contradistinction to agricultural, as well as from the desire of wealthy settlers to keep the land in their own hands, and to discourage the growth of a race of small farmers, the colonies frequently

suffered from short supplies of food; and with a fine soil and climate, they absolutely drew their food from Chili and the United States. Accordingly, a shipment of flour was sometimes a happy, though always a hazardous speculation. In fact, almost all the commercial reverses might be laid to the account of land or flour speculations.

He had just received advices from Van Diemen's Land that the stock of corn was very low, and urging him to send on a shipment. He had confidence in the news, but none in the customer. He had determined to ship accordingly, but was desirous to send a confidential person. If I chose to join in the risk, I might much increase my little store, but this was perfectly optional. Would I go?

I accepted his offer without hesitation, as I had not yet publicly taken my stand. In a few days accordingly, I was on board the fast little schooner *Eliza*, with a considerable quantity of flour, in which I had taken an interest to the extent of my means. It all stood in my name, as Mr. Dixon's name would have drawn the attention of other merchants. Through his kindness I was furnished with personal introduction to the chief officials of Van Diemen's Land. Mr. Dixon gave me a hint that, as the government were large consumers, they might be my best customers, and were always sure pay; also, that in dealing with heads of departments, there were peculiar usages, the careful observance of which might materially facilitate the happy issue of any dealings with them.

CHAPTER V.

THE little vessel ran down the gulf and along the west coast of Van Diemen's Land. On the tenth day of our passage we were beating into the Derwent, and soon passed Cape Pillar, a striking and picturesque collection of basaltic columns. After sailing for about thirty miles up the Derwent, which forms in its course a chain of beautiful little lakes, closed in on all sides by verdure-clad hills, we came to an anchor in the stream, opposite Hobart Town, the capital. It is built on a projecting spit of land, the broad tranquil river embracing it on two sides, and behind the town the land slopes gradually up to the foot of the noble mountain, over six thousand feet high, which rears its giant mass against the sky, and forms the background of the picture. The mountain is covered with vegetation, richer and more varied than that on the Australian continent; forests of gum-trees, cedars and acacias on the mountain sides, and in the valleys and deep clefts immense ferns and creepers. At the northern end the summit breaks away abruptly in a wall of basalt, whose outline, several hundred feet perpendicular, cuts sharp against the evening sky. The scene is one of perfect beauty.

Most of our readers are aware that Van Diemen's Land was, until a recent period, the great *dépôt* for the exiled convicts of Great Britain.

The climate far surpasses that of Australia on account of the moisture which its exposed position invites. The endless monotony oppressing the soul with a sense of vastness and unchangeableness which constitutes the distinctive character of Australian scenery, is unknown to Van Diemen's Land. Lake, river, mountain and plain pleasantly diversify the aspect of nature. This beautiful land, in all its excellence, was one vast jail. The presence of the convicts and their enforced labor promoted the material advancement of Van Diemen's Land beyond that of its sister colonies. Excellent roads, docks and other public works were designed and carried out. Life and property were perhaps more secure, but the presence of so many convicts was very injurious to free immigration. In the early period of transportation, the English statutes were so absurdly penal, that the jails teemed with offenders sentenced to transportation for the most trifling offences. The reformatory theory and improved prison discipline, of which the United States gave the first successful experiments, introduced a new era in transportation. The discipline which had previously been so light that transportation was a boon to many a starving wretch, who thereby gained a chance of retrieving his character and rising to wealth, was made severe; none but the most hardened and dangerous offenders were expatriated; and at a time when, throughout the world, capital punishment was in process of abolition, it was retained in frightful frequency in Van Diemen's Land. Among the officials, the indifference to



CATCHING WILD CATTLE.

human life was hideous. The government chaplain, whose errand is mercy, being asked his opinion of the propriety of altering the scaffold, replied, "That some alteration was necessary, for though seven might be hanged together on a pinch, not more than five could hang comfortably."

I presented my official introductions and was well received. My business arrangements were speedily conducted, and in a manner most satisfactory both to Mr. Dixon and myself. The flour was purchased on public account. How the affair was managed it is needless to relate.

The communications I had with the officials, including Sir Wm. Denison, the very able governor, or as his opponents called him the chief jailer, were of the most friendly and courteous character. He was a man of business, of great nerve and energy; and the country owed many of its public works and general improvements to his science, knowledge and capacity. Having heard my brief history, he spoke freely on the subject, and offered me the first vacancy if I chose to take office under the government. This I respectfully declined; I was satisfied with my chances of success in Adelaide; and more, I should not have chosen to put on the fetters of official employment. Sir William Denison was generally considered the ablest official and best abused man in the Australian colonies. The abuse was owing to his capacity, and to the firm and unshaken support which he gave, as in duty bound, to the transportation policy of the Imperial government.

In such a community there are of course many remarkable individuals, and a wide field is open for the investigation of the phrenologist. Several were pointed out to me who had earned for themselves a niche in the rogues' temple of fame. But here the vision of glorious infamy gives place to the dull realities of the chain-gang, and the parti-colored blue and yellow prison dress. My interest was only particularly excited in one or two cases.

One instance was that of Mrs. R——, a lady by birth and breeding, whose husband had been a professional man in England, and had been transported for forgery. Every effort was made on his behalf and backed by persons of influence at home, but in vain. No commutation of the sentence could be granted. In all the tender devotion of a wife she had followed him out; and while he was in servitude, was at least near him to support and uphold him whenever communication was permitted by the prison regulations. She had refused maintenance from her family, and supported herself by her pencil. The evidences of his guilt were "damning," but she always maintained her certainty of his innocence, and in her presence it was conceded by others. In time his good conduct as a prisoner entitled him to a ticket of leave, which enabled him to acquire and hold property. "The world was all before him where to choose," with this only limitation, he could not return to England. He decided, however, to remain where he was, and in deference to the virtues of his exemplary wife, the impassable line of demarcation which divides bond from free in the convict colonies was thrown down, and he was admitted into society.

Not so was it with the rich Simeon Rehoboam. In his escutcheon there was a double blot. Belonging to the "sacred nation," of a stock and lineage, there as every where, a disqualification in his social intercourse with Christians, however much men may affect to cry down prejudice, he was also the son of a man whose evil renown has penetrated wherever

the Newgate Calendar is read. Ikey Rehoboam was the greatest receiver of modern times, second only to Jonathan Wild the Great. For a while, a long while, like his prototype, he bought and sold with seeming impunity; he saved his own skin by judiciously timed revelations, and possibly by other potent influences. In the fulness of time, however, he was ripe for the sickle of justice, and was gathered into her garner. He retired to Van Diemen's Land, where he finished his days, leaving much wealth and a family. His eldest son together with the paternal name inherited part of the paternal wealth. He inhabited the neatest villa in town, drove the best horse, and sported the most stylish livery. But in all this honor and glory there was a canker worm. He belonged to the convict class, and no man could call him friend. "I will buy with you, sell with you, and so following; but I will not walk with you, talk with you, eat with you, drink with you, or pray with you."

The last individual whom I shall mention was one of the local notabilities. One day I saw walking down the street a spare, muscular man of remarkable height, nearly seven feet high, respectable in appearance, but with his face marked by a vacant, inattentive look. I asked who he was. He was one of the early settlers of the adjacent colony of Port Phillip, since known as Victoria. When the rich pastures of that district were first discovered, a rush had taken place from the northern end of Van Diemen's Land. The settlers, taking over their flocks and herds, had squatted, and were well repaid by the prodigious increase of their sheep and beeves. This man, then quite young, went over with these adventurers, and on some offence or ill-usage ran away into the bush and was lost. Subsequently the district was visited by a government surveying party, who formally proclaimed it. Advancing from the head of the bay into the bush, the party were met by a tribe of natives. Among them was one whose features and lighter hue, though tattooed and deeply tanned by exposure to the sun, indicated a European origin. It was the lost boy, now a man. He had almost forgotten his mother tongue, and was thoroughly savage. He was, however, induced to remain with the surveying party, and by degrees was brought back within the pale of civilization. As to the incidents of his fifteen years of



ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIANS—YOUNG MEN.

savage life he always kept silence. His reason was slightly affected, as it was generally supposed from his sufferings among the blacks.

My business at Hobart Town satisfactorily concluded, I determined on returning to Adelaide, and for this purpose crossed the island by a fine macadamized coach road, all convict work, to Launceston, a nice town on the beautiful Tamar, and thence returned to Adelaide. Mr. Dixon expressed himself warmly in praise of my diplomacy, and laughingly doubted whether I had not better devote myself to the service of Mercury, instead of that of Esculapius. However, as the doorplate was ready, I decided on the latter, and threw open my establishment.

It was in August, 1850, that rumor came down upon us of the discovery of gold in New South Wales. The history of the discovery is well known. In 1849 it was known to some parties that there was gold in the colony, and the fact was made known to the colonial rulers. It is notorious that the British Colonial Office prefers the safe men for its service. They are ever repeating Talleyrand's maxim to their acolytes: "Above all, gentlemen, no zeal." As a matter of course, the Australian governor disregarded the gold discovery. It would unsettle people's minds, disturb the labor market; what would become of the wool and tallow growers if gold was to be found? all the shepherds and bullock drivers would want an increase of their wretched wages. This talk of gold must be put down.

Certain geologists had, however, proclaimed their convictions that gold would probably be discovered in Australia. The great light was not to be hidden under the colonial bushel, and at length one Hargreaves, a returned Californian, published to the world that he knew of gold in quantity, and he would tell where if the government paid him. The government would not pledge themselves, but he had given them his secret, confiding in their future generosity. All this was common talk in Adelaide, and there was gold in Australia and people were actually digging it out of the ground at less than three weeks' sail from us. So ran the story, and forthwith public opinion fermented. Work stood still; people thought of gold, dreamed of gold, and talked of gold. Some few went forth to try. Subsequently, towards the close of the year, rumors became still more wonderful and entrancing. Gold lay nearer than Sydney. It was in the adjoining district of Port Phillip (since known as Victoria). An easy week's journey on horseback would take a man to the gold fields. Men came who had seen the gold with their own eyes. Gold might be had for digging up the earth with a common pick and shovel. Who would use such instruments for meaner purposes? Marvellous were the stories. Some had only been a few days at the diggings and had made hundreds of pounds sterling. The ferment increased, quiet households were unsettled, men talked of clearing out for the diggings—if they could only see the gold—if they could but be certain.

January, 1851, came. It was all true! Every word of it. There was a lump of gold as big as a man's fist in a shop window in Elizabeth street, worth ever so many scores of pounds. Every able-bodied man and boy in the city when they had seen it rushed away home. There was an unprecedented state of independence, almost rebellious feeling. The laws of master and servant were no longer binding. Leave they would, ay, instantly. Wasn't gold to be had for the gathering? Haste! stay not by the way! The golden harvest will be gathered up before we get there! Everything was sold off—no, not sold—given away to those who stayed behind. Vessels were laid on, freights were refused; living men could be packed as close as boxes or bales, and as for price—name it and have it! only put to sea at once.

My professional repute and practice had not expanded much hitherto: Now it collapsed altogether. Business of all kinds was brought to a dead standstill. Stores and offices were shut up—"gone to the diggings!" was the announcement. Office-holders and others who had an established position, risked everything in the scramble, and amid such a general fever it was scarcely probable that I, who had nothing to lose, in a state of predisposition, too, should escape the infection.

I determined to go overland, partly because I should thereby avoid the excessive discomfort of a passage in a small ship, where the stowage was as close as that of slaves in the middle passage; partly because I could take Grasmere and Ardglass in my way, and I might pick up a companion. I bought a

horse—prices had doubled already—before long they were quadrupled. Before leaving I saw my friend Mr. Dixon. He was fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and its results to the colonies.

"You do well to go. You have nothing to lose. But those who stay at home will do good also. The gold digging is, from all I hear, a lottery. Prizes are great, but blanks more. We are now only at the beginning of the excitement. When the news reaches England the rush for these colonies will be tremendous. Then better things than gold digging will be done. The new comers must eat and drink. You know the old adage, 'Light come, light go:' people will spend their money freely. Then will be the time to make money, if we but know when to stop. If you will allow me to advise you, I would go up and look about. Dig, if you like. But such as you and I can make money in other ways than by digging. Look about, and let me know how affairs are. We have made one good hit together, perhaps we may do still better."

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

WHETHER to man or beast, it would appear Sir James Parke was impartial and even-handed in his distribution of justice, which, in the present instance, at least, proved neither deaf nor blind. During a trial of unusual gravity and interest in one of the civil courts, the business was from time to time one day disturbed and impeded by the whining of an enormous dog, who ran rapidly about the body of the court, as if in quest of his master, thus distracting the attention of all present, and that of the judge in particular, who, after many furtive looks at the restless object of his annoyance, at length, as if in despair of the nuisance abating, addressed the person whose office it was to see that quiet and propriety were preserved during the trials, saying to him in a half aside—

"Pray turn out that troublesome dog! It's impossible to proceed with the business of the court while he is running about and making that noise. Turn him out immediately."

The drowsy official, who either did not understand the judge, who spoke in a low voice, or cared not to risk his own safety by laying violent hands upon the rather ferocious and formidable-looking animal in question (perhaps hoping that his last trespass against legal decorum had been perpetrated), neglected his orders, which Sir James not at first perceiving, he resumed his official functions. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when the half-howling noise and perturbed movements of the dog were renewed with increased force, and Sir James, again turning to the man, impatiently reproved him for still allowing the objectionable animal to remain, enforcing rather sharply the first order, namely, that the dog should be instantaneously turned out of court. Here a pause ensued, and the man, no longer able to evade altogether his order, instead of seizing upon the actual culprit, laid the iron grasp of the law upon a poor, timid, inoffensive little spaniel, who was sitting meekly at the feet of its owner, and actively proceeded to eject it; when Sir James, quite off his guard at his flagrant violation of justice, and unwilling that "this here dog should suffer for what that there dog had done," started from his seat and cried out, anxiously and vehemently,

"No! no! not that dog! That dog is behaving as well as a dog can behave. I've had my eye upon him some time. It's that large white dog that has made all the disturbance; turn him out, and let that quiet, well-conducted animal remain!"

After some evasive resistance on the part of the real culprit, he was at length secured, and the judge's sentence fulfilled to the very letter of the law, during which process Sir James and every other person in court paused with grave and patient aspect as they witnessed the triumph of innocence, and the unmitigated punishment of the incorrigible transgressor, whose ignominious banishment was universally approved.

MAKING AN OBOE TALK.—Signor Ferlendi, when in England, performed upon an oboe in the opera-house, one of the joints of which was formed of leather, which he twisted or contracted in a way so like the windpipe, that he produced a talking tone much resembling the human voice.

NERO.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

FRIENDS! weariness destroys: its curse the wise man dreads.
Come to the joyous feast imperial Nero spreads,
Rome's Nero, Cæsar, King!—her consul thrice elect;
The master of the world, the God of Harmony,
Who fair Ionia's minstrelsy
Sings to the ten-stringed lyre, with rose and lilies deck'd.

Swift, to my joyous call, assemble round the throne!
Never, at once combined, such joys will ye have known,
Where rich Agenor shine; or squandering Pallas laughs;
Nor at those orgies wild—the scene's of mirthful ease
Where Seneca the stern, praising Diogenes,
From cups of gold, Falernian quaffs!

Not when, on Tiber's wave, Phalarian Aglaé,
Half-naked in her barge, sailed with us as we lay
'Neath tents of Asian silk of rainbow varied hue;
Nor when Batavia's chief, to music's merry staves,
His lions fed with twenty slaves,
Whose fetters were concealed by garlands from our view.

Come! you shall see Rome burn—Rome in her queenly power!
Lo! I have had my couch transported to this tower
Whence I can watch the flames and mark their angry strife.
What are the brawls where men 'gainst tigers fret and foam?
The seven hills, to-day, a circus form, where Rome
Shall fight with famished Fire for life.

Yes, 'tis a fitting scheme; of humankind the chief,
His languor must dispel—must charm away his grief!
And thunder, like a God, should hurl their tribes among!
But come, the night sets in, the festive games commence!
The monster moves—his pinions dense,
Above the city, waves and darts his flaming tongue.

Look, look, my friends! amid the sulph'rous stench and choke,
Crawlingly he unwinds his endless coils of smoke,
Caresing it would seem while blasting with his breath;
Crushed by his bear-like hug, see crumbling wall and tow'r—
Oh! that I too could kiss with kisses that devour,
Embrace with arms that crush to death!

List to those murmurs low—look at yon vapors grim.
Those figures 'mid the flames that sit like spectres dim!
That silence as of Death that wakes and dies again!
The brazen columns fall, the golden portals melt;
One stream of bronze, a glowing belt,
Binds down old Tiber's arms that quake with fear and pain!

Gold, jasper, porphyry, all perish! Statues proud,
Spite of their sacred names, lie in the ashes cowl'd:
The loyal scourge speeds on at Nero's fell desire.
All that oppose his course, he vanquishes, destroys,
Awhile the brave North Wind the novel sport enjoys
Of lashing waves in seas of fire.

Proud Capitol, farewell! Amid Plutonian gleams,
Old Sylla's aqueduct, a bridge Cocytan, seems.
'Tis Nero's will: these tow'rs, these domes to earth must bow.
Good! all the city burns e'en to its utmost flanks!
Queen of the world, give Nero thanks,
For the bright diadem with which he crowns thy brow!

They told me when a child, the voices Sibylline,
A future, promised Rome, of endlessness divine,
That at her seven feet, Time, overcome, should die,
That her immortal star its dawn had scarcely past.
Friends! look around and judge how many hours can last
This deathless town's eternity.

A blazing town at night is something fair to see!
Th' Athenian youth himself might well have envied me.
What are a people's woes with my diversions weighed?
They fly: on ev'ry hand, the flames pursue them now—
Boy, take the wreath from off my brow,
The heat of burning Rome may cause its flow'rs to fade.

My friends, if splashing blood your festal robes should reach,
With Cretan wine wash out its traces, I beseech;
The sight of blood is vile save to the eyes of brutes.
Let us a cruel sport with joys sublime disguise.
Woe to the wretch who loves to hear his victim's cries!
They should be hushed with songs and lutes.

Yes; I have punished Rome, avenged myself on her!
Hath she not dared in turns for worship to prefer,
Now Jupiter, and now that Christ, whose name I hate.
Let her in terror learn I too claim rank divine,
And bow in dread to Nero's shrine
Since that she still lacks Gods her worshippers' greed to sate.

I have des'royed fair Rome, to found her fairer still.
Oh! may her fall at least the Cross rebellions kill!
Hence with these Christian dogs and be their fall complete!
Let Rome her woes on them visit with pains severe,
Exterminate the race!—Slave! bring more roses here!
There is no scent on earth so sweet.

VALENTINE'S DAY: A SAD STORY.

The far-off interest of tears.—IN MEMORIAM.

CAN anything be sad which bears the name of good old St. Valentine—a name taken generally as the synonym of all that is jovial and jocose? Can aught be sad that is enlorsed with the title of "ye merrie sainete?" Judge for yourself, light-hearted reader—if reader, indeed, you venture to become of what bears so unprepossessing a title. As snow in summer, or tears at a bridal feast, it may be, is the emotion which the recurrence of this day calls up in the writer's heart. But, it is too true; to him it is the harbinger of sadness and sorrow—a sadness, however, let him premise, not of cynic shape, but beautiful and gentle in aspect; a sorrow long since buried with those whose removal gave it birth, and now smiling, spirit-like, from beyond the tomb, to temper and chasten, rather than to overcloud the calm eventide of life.

Let the young and happy, then, shun me or bear with me as they will, I shall tell my story, secure at least of some audience in those for whom worldly woe has also chequered life. Going far back, adown the vista of memory, hand in hand with my silent sorrow, her guise is changed as we pace the shadowy past; and anon, as we reach in imagination the morning of life, she almost wears the semblance of joy. I am at home again, the friends of my boyhood live; once more their glee is boisterous as of old. My father is there with those gray locks I have now inherited from him, and she who gave me being is once again a living object of my love. They are all there—more than I must now enumerate—and the hearth is echoing, and its circle unbroken; and when I look around for my sombre guide she is gone—beautifully transfigured—and in her place stands a pale Astarte form, dear to me above all the rest, herself and I the sole living figures in my silly, sorrowful picture.

When I thus summon from her narrow bed the phantom of my buried hopes, she always comes associated with St. Valentine's Day. Many have come and gone since she was taken from amongst us; but of these, two particularly come back upon me.

The first is that which made her mine. Nay, fair reader, my dirge is not modulating into a love-song; I fear, even on this topic, I shall remain provokingly unromantic. Annie Thompson—so they named her then—Annie and I wandered on the eve of St. Valentine into the lonely fields at twilight, to reduce to words that love which eyes and hands had long ago spoken plainly enough. There, under the silent and starry sky, occurred that passage in our mutual life and love which happens once, and only once, in man's three-score years and ten, which few chronicle, but none forget—there and then we plighted to each other our first youthful love.

Though we were but boy and girl at the time, we did not proceed after the orthodox fashion of young lovers, at once to make ourselves miserable. The current of true love seemed likely to run smoothly, and we were prosy enough to rejoice and be thankful for the probability; nay, as we thought then, the certainty of doing so. Our parents, we knew, expected and longed for this result. There were no stern fathers or savage duennas to give one tinge of romance to our situation, and so we wandered home—one soul in bodies twain—probably in the eyes of the world generally, and the "Family Herald" school in particular, as old-fashioned and unpoetical a pair as ever existed. We might have been an experienced widower and a long-expectant spinster of some four-score years between the two, instead of each of us lacking twenty summers.

Did I choose to register that night's dreams, perhaps I might rise in the esteem of the three volume readers; but I cannot trust myself to recall that happy night.

Next morning the rising sun streamed in at my little casement, and birds were loud in their glee when I awoke; but lighter than sunbeam, more glad than wild bird's song, was my heart on that morn of Valentine. This day was the first that

shone on the paradise of our united hearts, and smiled, like Adam's earliest Sabbath, on our state of innocence. It was the birthday of my better life, gilded with the smiles of mutual parents and friends—passed I know not in what ecstatic day-dreams—and brought to its happy close by a long, long interview, with her whose sweet pale face shone out amid the lengthening shadows of evening, and made my heart like that bright place we hope for hereafter, of which we know "There shall be no night there."

And then came spring and summer with their new and undreamed of joys. The distant walks at evening, more sweet now sanctioned than when stolen. The lingering, late farewell—the plans for the morrow—how fresh they are to my memory! One favorite halting-place, when we reached our home somewhat earlier than usual, was the neighboring village churchyard. There we used to sit and talk of nothing like death, but of hopes undying as those which lay beyond the grave. As we sat there one evening in the deepening summer, a strange ghostly kind of thought—though somewhat poetical for an engaged man—flitted, as thoughts will flit, unsummoned and unconsciously across my mind; I fancied the face on which I gazed so intently was not Annie's, but that of a pale, calm angel, sent to smile away for me the gloom of mortality.

Pale! Yes, Annie's face was pale. It always had been; but what of that? It was very beautiful. (Could a man, good reader, dispose of the matter otherwise, under the circumstances?)

But now the autumn came on, and dead leaves began to strew our solemn resting-place; yet still we lingered there. And again, as that blanched cheek met the waning harvest-moon, it seemed to me even paler than of old; and nameless fears—fears for which I dared not find an utterance—took possession of me. It was winter, and we could roam abroad no more, but not even the cheerful firelight could give to that unearthly face a ruddy glow: the virgin snow that lay around did not render it other than pale in comparison. Then God alone knew the bitter conclusion that slowly forced itself upon me, and heard my prayers that it might prove a false one. But eyes almost as watchful as my own had made the same observations, and the lips which had so lately pronounced Annie my own now faltered out to me the fearful but not unexpected announcement that another had come to claim her—a rival who left me no hope, that Annie must die. Those who judge by externals would have looked on the calmness with which I received this announcement as apathy; but those whose opinion alone I valued knew that it was the sign of a breaking heart—of a spirit that would die to this world when Annie was taken from it. There was only one hope, and that was like a blessed rainbow in this "pitiless storm;" I thought if she could but be spared till spring, its sun may bring life to her sinking frame. But why, delay the issue? This is no craftily contrived fiction where the interest has gradually to be worked up to an unexpected climax, but the simple statement of one great grief overwhelming and overclouding the rest of existence. When that spring, from which I hoped so much, had come, she had sunk into her last sleep. Sweetly and softly did her slumber steal upon her:

Death had laid aside his terrors,
And he found her calm and mild,
Lying in her robes of whiteness,
Like a pure and stainless child.

And, on Valentine's Day, I followed my silent love to that sweet retreat where we had sat so many hours together. It had been her last wish to be buried as near as possible to our old seat; and there she was laid beneath the dark yew tree, and a simple stone cross at her head was all that marked the spot where my heart was with her in the tomb.

Such is the second Valentine's Day whose memory haunts me still, coming hand in hand with its happy predecessor, fit type of the joys and sorrows that blend in the wondrous compound called life!

I only marvel I did not go mad that night, as I lay on her cold grave, and in the agony of my grief prayed God to take my life. In his mercy he did not hear my sinful supplication; and in a few days I had grown calm—so calm that I almost reproached myself for feeling so. But I thought then of my old fancy in the village churchyard, and even now cling to the belief that it was Annie's own influence which breathed into my spirit that deep feeling of resignation, that ineffable peace

which I had never known save when looking on her, and which I still believe could come from none but her own angel face, gazing down upon me from her starry home, and exerting its old and happy power on my broken heart.

Many a spring and summer have passed since then. Year after year the flowers she loved have dropped into their little graves, whilst she lies cold in hers. Every spring, every Valentine's Day especially—I seem half to expect she will come again with the leaves and the flowers: each seems an inseparable part of God's beautiful creation. And every spring I am reminded, not cruelly or coldly, nay, in heavenly whispers, that her spring tide has not yet come, but nearer and nearer approaches with the recurrence of each earthly year; when she will appear in all her beauty, and I shall not miss the absent flowers.

And so I wait and wait, and calmly endure existence. Time has cast his snows upon my head, but has not chilled my heart or cooled my hopes. Her friends, like mine, are dead and gone; and I live a solitary but not unhappy old man in a cottage close to the village churchyard where her gentle form was laid. There I linger, like the old Christians around the shrines of their martyrs. She is not there, I know. Years have done their work on her perishable body, and her beautiful self is gone to God, from whose blue sky perhaps she can look on me, whilst I sit by the simple stone cross which marks her last earthly resting-place. I go to that flowery spot at morn, when the dew stands on the turf like the tears I once poured out there: and I go at evening, when the glorious sun darts his farewell glance through the branches of that dark yew tree. And, Sunday after Sunday, I look out of that hallowed place, when I thank God for all his servants who have departed hence in faith and fear. But—thought of all other most full of comfort! I shall go there yet once again never more to return. I ask not that the interval may be long or short; for, sooner or later, I know my worn-out body shall be laid where hers was; and the flowers shall wave above my pillow of rest and peace, while she and I are looking down from our far-off home at this last halting-place on the homeward journey.

The Japanese are taught to make tea, and to serve it in genteel and graceful manner, just as we receive instruction in dancing and other accomplishments. This system also existed in England, when Addison wrote; and the "particular behavior for the tea table" had its professors; the dainty rounding of the fingers in poisoning the transparent cups without handles, and the proper manner of pouring out and presenting a dish of tea, were, like the fan exercise, matters of study and fashion. Nothing, indeed, in those times, appears to have been left to natural good taste, or to the intuitive sense of ease and grace, which is the reflection of mental cultivation, and an innate sense of propriety and beauty. Then all the world of fashion took tea as frequently in public as at home, and people are apt to study effect more abroad than in their own houses.

MILTON AND NAPOLEON.—Napoleon Bonaparte declared to Colonel Campbell, who had charge of his person at the Isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of our Milton's "Paradise Lost," and that he had read it to some purpose, for that the plan of the battle of Austerlitz he borrowed from the sixth book of that work, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his Angelic Host with such direful effect:

Trailing his devilish enginery, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud.

This new mode of warfare appeared to Bonaparte so likely to succeed, if applied to actual use, that he determined upon its adoption, and succeeded beyond expectation. A reference to the details of that battle will be found to assimilate so completely with Milton's imaginary fight, as to leave no doubt of the assertion. I had this fact from Colonel Stanhope, who had just heard it related by Colonel Campbell himself. Colonel Stanhope was then at Stowe, the Marquis of Buckingham's, where I was dining, and heard it repeated. It has never to my knowledge been in print, nor have I ever heard the circumstance repeated by any one but myself. Colonel Stanhope has been long dead, as well as Colonel Campbell. The time of my hearing the above was 1815.—*Symonds's Life of Milton.*

THE STRUGGLES OF JACOB BANCROFT.

NEAR the latter part of the last century, there stood by Bow Church, in Cheapside, an old-fashioned banking-house, which has long been swept away by changes and improvements. It was not in the main thoroughfare, but up a passage, and, to get to it, you had to pass by a little plot of ground, laid out, tastefully enough, as a garden. The place was secluded and quiet, protected from the noise of the street traffic; and it would not have been unlike the courtyard of a monastery, but for the passing to and fro of anxious merchants, and the click and rattle of the silver crowns and golden guineas, which never ceased during the whole of the busy day. The house itself was solid, sombre, and depressing in appearance, built of dark red brick, and heavily shadowed by the walls which frowned upon it from the three sides of the quadrangle. Ascending two worn steps, and pushing open a couple of stiffly-moving doors, with windows protected by brass wicker-work and short green curtains, you found yourself in the chief public room of the bank. The floor was black and uneven; there was a long, dark counter with several desks, at which stood cashiers with piles of metal money and small copper shovels: and the body of the place was filled with other desks, containing large red bound books, with heavy metal clasps, in which diligent clerks were making entries with long flowing quills. There were maps and almanacs upon the walls; over the large, deep fireplace were hanging, crosswise, two guns, and two swords, ready for service, in the event of attempted burglary; and at the further end of the bank, nearly opposite the entrance door, was a small, dingy, curtained room—the private retreat of the partners of the house. How many partners there really were in the bank none of the clerks ever knew, the private accounts being kept in a small, black ledger with three shining clasps—each clasp locked with a separate key. Two managing members of the firm always attended from nine to five—middle-aged, sleek, comfortable men, who were harsh and exacting to their clerks, stern and unbending to small and needy clients of the bank, but fawning and obsequious to the rich men who kept their accounts there. Men who were not large and powerful merchants walked timidly up the bank in the face of the clerks, towards that little room at the end, with its pictures, its low fireplace, its Turkey carpet, and the two acting partners sitting at their respective writing tables; and when the bright clasps of the black private ledger were unlocked, and they saw the two partners looking sharply over the epitomised history of their transactions with the bank, they trembled, lest their request for increased accommodation should be refused, and their business sent unrelentingly to ruin.

It is strange that the trade in money should be so different from other trades. Men walk boldly into granaries to buy corn—boldly into markets to buy silk and wool, but when their trading necessities send them to their banker's to buy money, they go with bated breath and doffed hat, as if they were asking a favor or a charity, and were not prepared to give one value for another. The banker, on the other hand, becomes used to these signs of fear and reverence which men always pay to gold, and the power that it represents, and at last he comes to believe that he is a dispenser of a potent something that men cannot do without—a benevolent patron of trade—a man who holds the keys of commerce in his hands. He forgets (as those two partners did, with their mixture of sternness and servility) that he is merely the depository of other men's spare capital—a bubble inflated with borrowed wealth.

There was small love in that old banking-house between client and principal—employer and employed. Men came there reluctantly to get what they could not—or thought they could not—get elsewhere; and there was not a clerk in the place who was not hired at the very lowest price that his necessities compelled him to sell himself for. Many were old, care-worn clerks with large families—men who were trusty, careful and exact—preferring slowness in performing their monotonous duties to the risk of making one mistake, and probably losing their humble situations. I am afraid there was little of the dignity, though much of the honesty of labor, throughout that dismal establishment.

Punctually at the appointed hour, as it struck by the bells of

Bow Church, they took their places in their threadbare coats and dingy neckcloths—poor in the midst of wealth which was destined never to reach them—needy amidst the bundles of crisp bank-notes, the tills full of glittering gold and the heaps of shining silver.

Perhaps the poorest of all the staff was Jacob Bancroft, a clerk who, in position, was ranked with the juniors, although certainly full thirty years of age. He was the only child of an old merchant, who had died a bankrupt, indebted to the bank—so the partners said—to the extent of nine hundred pounds; leaving Jacob penniless, with an infirm mother and a crippled female orphan cousin dependent upon him for support. Jacob, in his extremity, had applied to the bank for employment, and had been engaged at a very low salary, upon the condition that a portion should be deducted annually until the debt that his father had left unpaid should be discharged. From sheer necessity, with starvation staring him and his family in the face, he consented to the hard terms, and took his place amongst the other clerks in the old banking-house.

Jacob Bancroft took a small cottage for his mother, his cousin and himself at Islington, walking to business every morning across the fields. He was a short spare man, with large restless eyes, and pale, dreamy face. He had some share of learning and refinement, but little physical energy; he had a strong imagination, with little strength of will; and while he was cursed with poverty, he was not blessed with that listless contentment which makes poverty endurable. His mother, always an ailing woman, was worn down by the loss of her husband, and their sudden reverse of fortune—becoming a confirmed fretful invalid. The cousin who lived with them, called Ethel Bancroft—although her real name was Armitage—was an orphan child of the sister of the late Mr. Bancroft. She had been left on the death of her mother (then a widow), with about two thousand pounds in the charge of her uncle, and her little fortune had been totally lost in the general wreck of his affairs. Although scarcely more than two-and-twenty years of age, she was a comparatively helpless cripple, having lost the use of the whole of her right side from a paralytic affection. She was more womanly than her age, or her delicate and interesting appearance would have led you to expect; with a firm, well-formed character, worthy of a stronger body. She exerted herself in the household affairs, and in attending upon her sick aunt, as well as she was able; and her cheerful resigned spirit and hopeful conversation had, to some extent, a beneficial effect upon Jacob when he returned to their humble home at night, after his long day of thankless labor.

Jacob's was not a disposition to accommodate itself, without a hard struggle, if at all, to their altered state of circumstances. He had few friends, and little knowledge of the world; and while he could not shut out from his mind the memory of the home that had only so recently been taken from them, he saw in his gloomy, confined view, little prospect of relief from their present poverty. His mother's health was rapidly failing, adding to the expense and embarrassment of their little household, and his cousin, while she was the one gleam of sunshine about the place, was, at the same time, with her little fortune lost, a standing reproach to him as an example of the results of his father's folly and rash speculation.

Day by day he went his weary journey across the fields to the hateful city. Black as the old banking-house was, it always looked blacker to him than to any other man in it. The eternal click and rattle of the golden guineas, as they were shovelled recklessly and mechanically from counter to till by the cashiers, sounded mockingly in his ears, driving him almost mad. The very rustle of the bank-notes jarred upon his nerves, and, musically as it sounded to those who were receiving them in payment, to him it was harsh and disagreeable, as the filing of a saw.

All day heaps of money were pouring in and pouring out, in two great streams, before his eyes; and when he should have been attending to his duties his mind was occupied with visions of what he could and would do with only a tithe of the wealth which belonged to others, but which they were always, it seemed, spitefully parading before him, to taunt him in his misery. The figures that he was employed to enter in books—bloodless abstractions as they were—assumed, to his distempered fancy, the form and substance of the thing they were only there

to represent; and when he put his finger upon them he seemed to grasp them in his hand, and his glazed eye saw a day dream picture of his cousin with her portion returned—his mother with the comforts that her condition so much needed, and himself once more a free, unfettered man, and not a miserable slave—perhaps, the most miserable—in a house of bonded men.

The smallness of his salary, and the many calls upon it, compelled an adherence to the most rigid economy. When his usual hour for dinner arrived, he frequently passed it with a crust of bread, walking out to Bunhill Fields and back, as far as his time would allow him. This was a short relief from the hateful confinement of the banking-house, and, when he returned, he watched the weary hours revolving on the clock, until the welcome time came to lock up the strong room, and leave the dark gold house for his humble home across the quiet fields.

Many a time did he linger in those fields at night, watching the dark trees and the twinkling stars, and soothing the dangerous inquietude of his troubled breast with the calm influence of nature.

So the days and the nights, for a few months, wore slowly on, until one evening towards winter, as he and Ethel were sitting before their first fire, Mrs. Bancroft having retired to bed, some old feeling came across Jacob, urging him to speak to his cousin upon a subject that had remained closed for many years.

"Ethel," he said, "it is now four years, to-night, since I asked you to become my wife."

"It is, Jacob," she replied, with a slight shudder.

"My feelings are unchanged, although my prospects are now very different. You refused me then; will you do so again?"

She wept, but was silent.

"Am I," he continued, with something of sternness in his tone, "to suppose, as I did then, that your love is bestowed upon another?"

Her weeping became sobbing, and still she spoke not. Jacob had supposed the truth, although he was never to learn it. The poor, crippled girl had listened, years back, with a beating heart, in the days of her prosperity, to a few soft, kind words spoken by one who thought little of what he was saying, although it was to take deep root, and be cherished in a gentle memory for ever.

"Come, dear Ethel," said Jacob, more kindly, and drawing near her, "tell me if I may hope for your consent?"

"We are too poor," she murmured, checking her sobs.

"Too poor!" Why did she say those two short words? They burnt into Jacob's soul like coals of fire.

A long and painful silence followed, broken first by Ethel.

"Let me leave you, Jacob," she said; "weak and helpless as I am, I must be a hopeless burden to you. Let me leave you, and throw myself upon the charity of strangers, who are not so poor as we are."

Again the abhorred word fell gratefully upon Jacob's ear.

"Never!" said he, with fierce earnestness. "My father gambled your little patrimony away, leaving you—leaving us all the beggars that we are, and I will not desert you, Ethel, in your need. Never!"

Mrs. Bancroft's voice was heard, faintly calling for Ethel.

"Say," he exclaimed, with low vehemence, "that you will be my wife, and we will go far away into the country, where I can work and struggle for you from morn to night? For God's sake, Ethel, say 'Yes,' and let me turn my back on the accursed city, whose hard selfishness, and crime, and suffering, make my heart sick!"

"No," she said, with firmness, drying her tears, "it must not be. Look at me, Jacob—am I fit to be a poor man's wife? We are too poor; it must not be."

She was about to leave the room, but a thought seemed to strike her, and she returned to Jacob, and kissed him on the cheek. She then wished him good night, and closed the door gently behind her.

All night Jacob sat where she left him, and at daybreak he wandered into the fields.

In the morning he went down to the banking-house with those two short words of Ethel's hissing in his ears, and weighing on his heart. The place was now more hateful, the two partners more repulsive, and the rattle of the money more maddening than ever. Every man who took away a bag of gold

was the object of his envy; every man who brought in a bag of gold made him wonder why the two stern men behind the curtains, in the small private room, should have so much wealth and confidence showered upon them. They had no particular talent that he could perceive, and the calm, quiet dignity with which they received the unsolicited golden offerings, from men who would not have given him a crown to save him from the workhouse, filled him with rage and bitterness.

When he left about twelve o'clock, to spend his dinner hour, as usual, walking about, he was joined this day—of all days in the year—by one of the oldest clerks in the house; an aged man, who had always been very kind to him since he had taken his place in the bank, and whose greatest pleasure was to talk over old times—older than Jacob could remember.

They proceeded together for some time, and the old man spoke to him about his father.

"A good-hearted, gentlemanly man was your respected father, old Mr. Bancroft; our bank would never have been what it is, but for him."

"Indeed," replied Jacob, wishing to hear more.

"No," returned the old man, "for although he was not its founder (old Mr. Chalmers was the founder), it was during the time that he was a partner, that it got together the large business which it now possesses."

"Was my father ever a partner in the bank?" exclaimed Jacob, excitedly.

"Why, bless my soul," said the old man, astonished, "didn't you know that?"

"No. Tell me; when was this?"

"Oh, many years ago. Let me see; your poor father, when he died, must have been—what?"

"Seventy, and turned," replied Jacob.

"Ah, well, then it must have been at least five-and-thirty years ago; before you were born, young gentleman."

"How do you know this?" inquired Jacob.

"I was your father's favorite clerk," replied the old man; "I may say his confidential clerk; and I held at that time even a better position in the bank than I do now. The two men, who are now our masters, were then mere boys under me, and old Mr. Chalmers, who was the principal partner, left everything to your father. During a severe run upon our establishment, which lasted for five days, about the middle of the year seventeen hundred and forty-eight, we must have sunk, if it had not been for Mr. Bancroft, and the money that he threw in."

"Had my father any interest in the bank at the time of his death?" inquired Jacob, anxiously.

"When Mr. Chalmers died," replied the old clerk, "your father, for some reason, left off taking an active part in the affairs of the bank, much to my regret; but he came in about twice a week, to see how we were getting on, up to within five years of his death."

"My father," said Jacob, speaking more to himself than to his companion, "was always very reserved about his affairs, and being all well provided for, we never inquired too curiously into them. His death was sudden, and without a will. It was wrong, it was very wrong."

"At the time," continued the old man, "when the two present partners came into absolute authority—about twenty years ago—all the old books were closed; a new set was given out to the clerks, who before this had access to all the accounts, and the small, black ledger, with the three clasps, which you have noticed in the private room, was started, and scrupulously kept from the eyes of every man in the place. At that time, I know, your late respected father had standing to his credit in our books, one hundred thousand pounds."

"What!" exclaimed Jacob, wildly, "and I am now receiving from these men a paltry annual pittance, and paying back one-third of that to satisfy an alleged debt of a few hundred pounds?"

"I feel convinced," said the old clerk, "that no such debt justly exists; and that your late respected father, if all was known, must have a considerable claim upon the house."

They reached the bank, and the conversation ceased; but it had had an effect upon Jacob, that the old clerk little dreamed of at the time.

When Jacob left the bank that night, at dusk, he was excited and hurried in his walk; and in his right hand, under his cloak, he clutched a bundle of notes which he had stolen.

With many wild, confused, conflicting thoughts, he sped onwards, but not this time in the direction of his home. He thought of Ethel, of his poverty, of his sick mother, of his late father, and of his crime. Sometimes he hesitated, and turned back in the direction of the banking-house, as if to replace the heap of flimsy, crumpled symbols of wealth that he had stolen in a moment of impulsive weakness. Then he checked himself, and stood immovable for several minutes. Again, at headlong speed he hurried forward in another direction. Smarting under real or fancied wrongs, and torn by conflicting emotions, he muttered loudly as he rushed along, and the few passers-by who were timid avoided him, while others looked after him with expressions of wonder and pity. At one time he would go to Ethel, and lay himself, with his sudden, ill-gotten wealth, at her feet. Why should he hesitate?—he was no longer "poor!" Then he would sink on the dark, cold roadside, bursting into tears and relaxing his convulsive grasp of the accursed notes. Again he was flying onward, in no settled direction, with the skirts of his coat fluttering behind him in the wind. In this way the night hours passed, one by one, and he had wandered over many weary miles of ground. Towards midnight, still unwearied in body and uncalmed in mind, he reached an outskirt of London, near Kingsland, and found himself in the middle of a large brick field. Some little distance in advance of him was a red, glowing light, coming from behind a dark heap of bricks. He made towards it, and came suddenly in the middle of a group of men and women belonging to a class half tramp and half gipsy. At first they were startled at his appearance, supposing him to be one of the Bow street runners, searching for one of their companions. They soon, however, discovered that he had wandered there by mistake, and they secretly congratulated themselves upon the chance of prey. They invited him, with a grin, to take a seat on some bricks by the fire, and he mechanically consented. The fire was made of straw and wood, which threw up a thick, choking, blinding smoke, and a wrinkled, ragged old hag sat over it, next to Jacob, puffing at a short, black, clay pipe. Opposite were several rough, keen-eyed, powerful men, with dirty, brown, wrinkled skins, and long, dark, matted hair. Several coarse women and one girl completed the group, who were shut in between two rows of warm, smoking bricks.

"Poke up the fire, mother, an' guv the gen'l'man a warmin'," shouted one of the men to the old hag, with a hoarse laugh, which was responded to by the general company.

Jacob, strangely enough, took no notice of the gang or their remarks, but sat mumbling to himself, and staring at the flickering fire. One of the women, after a time, got behind him and suddenly pulled back his cloak. He started up, with the hand extended which held the notes, but was struck down in an instant, senseless, by a heavy blow at the back of his head.

When the brickmakers came to their labor in the morning, they found Jacob lying stripped, bleeding and senseless by the ashes of the fire, and they saw at a glance what work had been going on during the night. They put him on a rude stretcher and carried him to the nearest workhouse, where, under the unskillful surgical treatment of the place, it was nearly a month before he recovered his speech—his intellect had gone for ever. A few weeks after this, Ethel found him out and had him removed to his home, where his dead mother was lying, awaiting burial.

Years after this, a shuffling, imbecile, harmless, premature old man might be seen, occasionally walking in the outskirts of the town, leaning on the arm of a pale, interesting woman, seemingly much younger than himself, humbly clad in black. They were looked upon as brother and sister, and it was said that a large, rich banking-house in the city had kindly and liberally allowed them a small yearly pension. The thoughtless, cruel boys used sometimes to throw money in the way of the man, to make him wail and cry, but generally they met with nothing but pity and kindness, especially from the poor.

MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS IN GERMANY.

AMONG the customs peculiar to the time of courtship, we may mention that it is usual for lovers to tie large bunches of hawthorn to the windows of their sweethearts on the 1st of May. Those young ladies, however, who have not yet been fortunate enough to have obtained an offer get a few handfuls of chaff strewn by the spiteful or the jocular over their thresholds; and it is by no means uncommon for the fair creatures who are thus treated to take the hawthorn from the casements of their rivals in the night, and tying them to the sash of their own, to oblige them with some of *their* chaff in return—a custom which may probably have given rise to our vulgar idiom of "chaffing" an old maid. It is customary also for swains to go to the windows of their *fiancées*, and, firing off a pistol, to wish them a happy new year. The term of betrothal is of different durations. In some cases it lasts only for a short period, but in others it continues many years. It is frequently the custom for a lady to be betrothed to a young man filling some subordinate situation under government, upon the understanding that they are not to be married until the youth's salary reaches an amount that is deemed sufficient for the maintenance of the pair. Officers, again, are often betrothed during their ensigncy, though every one in Prussia knows that the full-grown "children in arms" are not allowed to marry until they reach the rank of captain; unless, indeed, they be able to deposit the sum of 12,000 thalers (about £1,800), in the hands of the government, the interest of which is, under such circumstances, duly paid to the little boy for the maintenance of his wife. The state, however, does not limit its paternal care to officers alone; it has a like regard for the interests of all persons of limited means, and will not allow them to commit matrimony until they can give good evidence that they have the wherewithal to support a family. In Coblenz, for instance, no one can become a Benedict unless he can purchase a citizenship. This, a little while ago, cost only eight thalers (about 24s.); but the poorer families were found to increase so rapidly at these moderate terms, that the richer determined upon raising the purchase-money for the city freedom to thirty-six thalers (upwards of five guineas), so as to offer every obstruction they could to marriages among the humbler portion of the community.

INGENUOUS REVENGE.—The following anecdote of Horace Vernet is amusing the Parisians. The artist was coming from Versailles to the city in the train. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who evidently were acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely, upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his military pantaloons, &c. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth, and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. As they arrived at Paris, Vernet, on leaving them, said, "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"

THE FIGS OF SMYRNA.—The cultivators simply gather the ripe fruit, scatter it under the trees, and allow it to dry in the sun. When dry, it is collected into large packs, and sent into Smyrna on camels. The roads and principal streets are thronged all day with long strings of these animals. The fig market is an animated scene. Hundreds of bags of figs are arranged in a sort of square, where the arrival and unloading of camels, the tasting of buyers, and the bargaining with sellers are perpetual. When a purchase has been made, the bags are conveyed to the packers, and, after being sorted into baskets, are squeezed into shape by dirty women and children, and then packed into the drums or boxes by men. This process is a very disgusting one to look at, and it is said that no one who has seen it ever eats a fig again. The residents buy a yearly stock, and have them packed at home by their own servants.

THREE SPIRITED GIRLS.

Two young women, well-educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realise a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought "the girls" must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But the "girls" were wiser. They argued: "If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence, and self-independence. We have all these, and what we have not we will learn." So these sensible and well-educated young women laid aside their pretty uselessness and pleasant idleness, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things difficult, not to say distasteful, to most women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different, and yet alike. A young girl, an older sister, had to receive for stepmother a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and "improper" thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. "Heaven helps those who help themselves." From that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been anything but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was, and never will be indebted to any one, except for love, while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!

THE FASHION TO BE POOR.

THE *Paris Siecle* contains the following amusing remarks: The weathercock has veered round! At this same period last year nothing was to be met with but millionaires. The goddess Fortune went through every street dispensing her favors. When by chance a man was met who was modest enough to avow that he had not yet deposited a million in the Bank of France, he had the air of excusing himself, like a man asking for credit. "Give me only two or three months more," he said, "and my affair will be terminated. I have in hand five or six superb operations. I am organising *Le Cr dit M diterran en*, I am founding the European Bank, and I am on the eve of obtaining three railway concessions in America. You know I am not an ambitious man, I only want to get three millions from all these enterprises, and I shall then retire from business, and live quietly by my own fireside." But things have all changed in twelve months. Now, it is the fashion not to be rich. Adieu to credits, banks, concessions, and such like gilded illusions; nothing is at present to be seen but men completely ruined! "You are aware of my sad position," says one. "No—what has happened to you?" "I am completely ruined—False speculations! I went for the rise and there has been a constant fall for the last fifteen months. I lose one million two hundred thousand francs." "No sooner is this unfortunate man gone, than you meet another whom you never knew to have a sou at his command, and who exclaims that he also has been ruined by speculation, and a third follows with the same catalogue of disasters. This new comedy appears quite as amusing

as the former. Last year every one wished to appear rich, now every one seeks to be thought poor, and yet in reality no change has taken place. Perhaps the object of this general announcement of ruin is to make some reforms in the domestic budget, to reduce the wild luxury of furniture and dress, and to cut short the enormous outlay of the toilette. No one can understand how the wife of a ruined man can wear a walking dress worth one thousand two hundred francs. Since poverty in words has everywhere succeeded to riches in shares, let us not imitate the wife of a ruined banker, who, a short time since, made her appearance in a ball-room with one hundred thousand crowns worth of diamonds on her shoulders. "Your husband is not then ruined, as he represents himself," observed a friend. "He is as much ruined as a man can be," was the reply, "only it has been impossible for us to get rid of these diamonds, as they are heirlooms in the family."

ADVENTURE IN ASSAM.—One incident that occurred to me will illustrate the perils to which I was constantly exposed in my tours of inspection, as principal assistant of the district of Assam. After a long day's march, on reaching my encampment close to a Thannah or police outpost, I had made myself comfortable for the night in a snug little travelling tent, about ten p. m. A violent storm, attended with heavy rain, hail, lightning and thunder came on. It was a dismally cold and wet night, and I was congratulating myself on my good fortune in having brought a capital tent, when suddenly a shrill shriek from the riding and baggage elephants made me aware that they had become alarmed, and had fled to the jungle. The roar of the elements, however, was so great that no orders could be given for their capture; for every servant had taken refuge from the storm in the huts in the market or village. At this moment a sudden gust of wind blew down my tent upon my bed; I was compelled to crawl out and make the best of my way, through torrents of rain, to the police outpost or Thannah, which was close by. On entering the building I was astonished to see the whole establishment of Ticklahs, or policemen, unconcernedly sitting round a logwood fire on the ground. I had scarcely joined this snug party, and exchanged my wet clothes for a dry sheet to wrap round me, when the building was, by a sudden gust of wind, blown to the ground; and we all escaped uninjured under the platform or changes erected round the room as seats. Luckily the roof did not fall flat, or we should have been crushed to death. Our peril, however, was very great; we could not extricate ourselves; and there was every prospect of the roof catching fire, and of our being burned to death. We succeeded in partly smothering the flames by scraping up the earth floor with our hands, and throwing it on the fire; still the horror of our position was dreadful; every flash of lightning showed us too vividly the danger we were in, and the darkness succeeding the lightning rendered all efforts to escape unavailing. In this interval of despair we at last discovered a small hole in the roof, by which we all effected our escape, deeply grateful for our miraculous preservation in not being crushed by the falling building, or reduced to cinders by a roaring logwood fire. The next morning the elephants were found and captured on the other side of the Boree Dulung river, having fled in the hailstorm and swum across the river, though their legs were bound with heavy chains.—*Major Butler.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD, THE OPAL, AND THE LADY.—A humming-bird once flew near an opal, which a lady had left in an open window. The nearer the bird approached, the more beautiful the colors of the stone became; and though the hues were always changing they always seemed to come from within. The bird looked on with admiring envy. "You need not envy me," said the opal; "all the present beauty of my colors comes from you." "Not from me," answered the humming-bird, "but from the sun." "On a dark night we should both be invisible." "Not from you, sweet bird; not from you, bright stone; nor from the sun above us all; but from Him who created myriads and myriads of suns, comes all light, and life, and beauty," answered the lady, who, from the inside, had overheard the conversation.

She who can tell a frightful story to her child, or allow one to be told, ought to have a guardian appointed over herself.



ROSAMOND DISCOVERED BY ELEANOR.

ANECDOTES OF ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE.

ELEANOR, wife of Henry II. of England, was one of the loveliest women of her age. Although centuries have rolled away since she moved on the stage of life, we can still form a faint idea of what she was from history, romance and song, whose records have immortalized her charms. She was of commanding height, with a profusion of light brown curls, exquisitely chiselled features, and deep brilliant eyes of a violet color, in whose liquid depths were mirrored every emotion that passed across her enthusiastic spirit.

When still a mere child, this impulsive and imaginative creature was united in marriage to the cold and austere Louis VII. of France, through the influence of her ambitious grandsire, Duke William of Aquitaine, who, in his eagerness for this distinguished alliance, entirely overlooked the disastrous consequences that were to be expected from the union between ice and flame.

A few years passed away, each widening in its slight the breach between the ascetic Louis and his lovely young wife. She was at a loss to understand his monkish austerity and severe habits, and he made no attempt to disguise his horror at her light freedom of manner and romantic disposition.

It was a festal day at the court of France. Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and husband of the royal Maud of England, had arrived with his son, the prospective heir of the English throne; and Louis, anxious to do all honor to his distinguished guests, signified his desire that his wife should come forth from the convent-like retirement in which he had placed her, and grace with her presence the royal reception chamber.

And truly the stately apartment presented a gay and brilliant appearance on that eventful day. Long rows of guards and soldiery in glittering armor, gorgeously attired ladies, and gray-haired warriors and statesmen surrounded the throne where sat

Louis, whose severe countenance was rendered even more repulsive by the loss of that long hair which was the favorite ornament of the nobility of that day. But so his confessor had directed, and Louis would as soon have thought of rebelling against a divine edict, as of disputing the authority of the priestly adviser.

It is impossible to imagine any greater contrast than that which existed between himself and his queen. Her slight figure appeared to remarkable advantage in the state robes of purple velvet, embroidered with gold and lined with snowy ermine, that she wore, and the diadem of France rested lightly on her still girlish brow. The slanting sunlight that streamed through an oriel window, fell brightly on her clustering curls, whose long golden rings drooped over her shoulders; and the faint impatient flush on her satin cheek corresponded well with the weary, languid glance which roved through the room, as if in search of any one object in which she could feel the slightest degree of interest.

At length the honored strangers appeared. Upon Count Geoffrey the glance of Eleanor did not linger long, but the instant her eye fell on the slender and graceful form of the noble young Plantagenet, who was at his side, a sudden tint of crimson overspread her whole face. His eye met her own in the same instant, and struck by her marvellous loveliness, he involuntarily inclined his head. That moment, though brief, was fraught with deep and important significance to both of their future lives.

But we will not follow the slow and tedious progress of their mutual affection, whose stream, like the current of all other loves, was very far from "running smoothly!" The youth, beauty and vivacity of Henry possessed such a charm to Eleanor, contrasting as it did with the solemn gloom and forbidding sternness of Louis, that it is scarcely strange that she soon began to regard the young stranger with sensations of the most

ardent devotion, while Henry, aware that he was playing boldly for an immense stake—the broad lands and dowers of Aquitaine—was daring yet guarded in his policy.

And he was successful. By dint of gold, secret influence, and ceaseless scheming and maneuvering, he at length accomplished the great object of his life. Louis and Eleanor were divorced, and in six weeks from that time the streets of Bordeaux were crowded by the subjects of Eleanor, eager to witness her marriage with Henry of Normandy, heir apparent to the throne of England.

At this period in history Henry had just completed his twentieth year, and Eleanor was thirty-two. This difference between their ages was, however, scarcely apparent at this time, Eleanor being in the very prime and glory of her superb loveliness. But in after years she often thought, with bitter pangs of regret and mortification, of these years of disparity.

At the death of Stephen, Henry assumed the English sceptre, and the coronation at Westminster Abbey, when he and Eleanor were solemnly invested with the regal crown and authority, was long remembered throughout England, as a spectacle of surpassing grandeur and magnificence.

But as years passed on, a shadow began to fall across the heart of Eleanor, the haughty Queen of England and Duchess of Aquitaine. Her first little grief was in the death of her oldest born, a beautiful child of four years of age; but for a long time she had cherished gloomy suspicions that Henry had ceased to love her as tenderly as in the days when she gave up the throne of France to share his perilous and uncertain fortunes!

She was seated one morning in her royal suite of apartments at Oxford, musing sadly on the bright days that had departed. The tapestry, which constituted the chief employment of ladies of rank at that period, had fallen unnoticed from between her slender fingers, and the unheeded wind was idly fluttering the leaves of the illuminated missal that lay on the table by her side.

Just as she was again standing in memory within the halls of her native Aquitaine, and welcoming the English wanderer to her own heart and that of her subjects, a firm rapid step resounded in the ante-room beyond. She started up, as if some arrow had suddenly cleft her heart, while a deep scarlet suffused her cheek in place of the ashy pallor which had reigned there a moment before.

The next moment Henry Plantagenet entered the apartment.

"You look weary, Eleanor," he said; "why do you not join the stag hunt, or walk in the gardens with your ladies?"

"I care not for such diversions," she replied mournfully. "My sad thoughts will follow me everywhere, and it is useless trying to escape them."

Henry stood for a moment in silence, playing with the jewelled handle of a small poniard which he was wont to carry at his belt. At length he spoke again:

"I come to bid you farewell, Eleanor," he said, "for I must leave you awhile, to go on a journey."

"Another journey?" she said, with a reproachful look. "They must be pressing necessities which can take you so often from your wife."

"I go for reasons of state, Eleanor," he returned, somewhat embarrassed, "and trust soon to return to your side. In the meantime, my royal wife, adieu."

He bent and touched his lips lightly to her pale hand. Alas! she could not but contrast this calm cold adieu to the enthusiastic caresses of former days, when he was wont to fold her to his bosom and call her the guardian angel of his existence.

With an effort, however, she restrained her tears, and bade him adieu. As he turned to leave the room her eye fell suddenly upon something crimson which glittered on his spur. It was a tiny ball of red silk.

Silk was used only by those of rank and station, and she knew that Henry must have been in the company of some high-born lady, by the testimony of this mute witness. At first she started up as if to call him back, but the next instant she resumed her seat, pale and trembling.

"No, no!" she murmured, "it would frustrate all my designs. I must penetrate this mystery by my own unaided efforts."

She sat motionless until the click of horses' hoofs notified her that the king with his retinue had left the castle, and then touching a small silver bell, she summoned one of her ladies.

"Send hither the king's favorite page!"

The attendant left the room, and in a moment the boy was respectfully kneeling on the small purple velvet cushion at her feet.

"Roland," she said in a firm voice, although her heart was throbbing violently, "where did the king pass the morning? I would send a messenger hither for something he has forgotten."

"The sun was scarcely up, royal lady, ere he took horse for Woodstock," was the deferential reply of the page.

Eleanor dismissed him without an explanatory word, and the evening sun was scarcely crimsoning the horizon ere she was within the palace gates at Woodstock. Eagerly inquiring where the king had spent the morning, she learned from the attendants that he had been in the forest alone.

She instantly threw an embroidered kirtle over her fair hair, and without communicating her intention to any of her accompanying retinue, hastened into the deep seclusion of the old forests of Woodstock.

At any other moment she would probably have been completely bewildered by the long avenues of trees, the tangled vines and luxuriant growth of underwood which everywhere presented their mazes to her sight. But now it seemed as if her indignant heart had lent a sort of supernatural tinct to her fierce and bloodshot eye, and she walked hurriedly in the very path, indistinct though it was, that had been trodden that morning by the footsteps of her recreant husband. Her only guides through this labyrinth of dense woods were a few half obliterated traces of foot prints in the gold-green moss, and here and there a broken harebell, or detached vine trailing across the earth, as if recently pushed aside by some rough hand.

Following these sure indications she at length arrived at a thick copse, through whose interlacing network of boughs and moving leaves she discovered the gleam of a latticed door. She softly pushed it open and entered.

Within a small yet exquisitely embellished apartment sat a beautiful creature, apparently scarce eighteen, whose alabaster brow was well-nigh hidden by the waves of lustrous golden hair which flowed around it. Her eyes, of soft melting black, were fixed in astonishment on her unbidden guest, and the peach-bloom shadows on her cheek deepened every moment as Eleanor stood silently regarding her.

On an ornamented table near by was a small box of perfumed wood, filled with needles and with a quantity of that crimson silk which had so fatally betrayed Henry's secret to his wife; while a piece of unfinished tapestry lay beside it. In an instant the quick glance of Eleanor had comprehended all these things, and the mystery was plain.

The lovely stranger sprang up, and caught to her bosom an infant who had been peacefully slumbering in his cradled couch of silk and down; urged to this action by an instinctive impulse, as the vengeful glittering eyes of Eleanor fell like a blight upon his calm reposing face.

"In heaven's name, who are you?" she shrieked, terrified and pale.

"I read the whole of this dark mysterious riddle," said Eleanor, in a low, passionate voice; "and Henry's visits to Woodstock are now fully explained! You are the beautiful Rosamond Clifford—false as you are fair!"

"Say what you will now, proud stranger," was Rosamond's dignified reply, as she held her child closer still to her throbbing heart; "but the time is nigh at hand when I shall share the throne of England!"

The indignant eye of Eleanor flashed with a fiercer brilliancy than the blaze of the diamonds on her bosom. She drew her gorgeous robes closer about her with one hand, and raised the other in contemptuous gesture.

"Woman! you asked but now who I am—know that Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Henry Plantagenet, and Queen of England stands before you!"

Rosamond Clifford sank back pale as death, while every pulse seemed to stand motionless in horror.

"Mercy, mercy!" she groaned. "It is some horrible dream! O gentle lady, in pity do but tell me that you jest!"

"If the sun above us is a dream—if those mighty trees beyond us are the fabrications of a vision—if the earth beneath

our feet is but a phantasy, then are my words a jest; for as surely as heaven and earth exist, I am the crowned queen of England's monarch!" was the overwhelming reply; and almost ere the fatal words had crossed her lips, Rosamond lay senseless at her feet.

Fortune had proved most favorable to Eleanor in the discovery of this intrigue. Henry's absence afforded her every opportunity for compassing her own plans and machinations, and by threats and dark innuendoes which stung the poor girl to madness, she succeeded in driving her into the only place where she could be totally beyond the reach of Henry—the cloister. And when at length the unconscious monarch returned from his journey, the triumphant schemes of Eleanor were complete, and the impassable gates of the church were forever interposed between him and the broken-hearted girl. Those marvellous beauty was fast fading away in the sepulchral shadows of the convent walls.

All in vain were his ungovernable rage and mad fury when he discovered what had taken place during his absence, for in those days of superstitious fanaticism, it were less hopeless to bid the grave give up its dead, than to demand that the church should yield up one of its devotees; and Henry, despotic and fearless though he was, dared not brave the indignant thunders of Rome.

Towards Eleanor, however, his wrath was under less restraint, and she was immediately placed in confinement for her share in the matter. This, however, did not long endure, for soon after, engaged in some broil, Henry found the assistance of the Duchess of Aquitaine indispensable; perhaps, also, he missed the earnest co-operation and unflinching tenderness which had always been shown by Eleanor towards him, however cruel or treacherous she might prove to others. Certain it is, that she was soon restored to her royal honors, and entrusted with the most important powers and responsibilities by Henry, although he regarded her with fear and dislike.

Years rolled by, and the reign of Henry, distracted by internal dissensions, by constant wars, by disputes with the church, both at home and abroad, and by the conduct of Eleanor, who encouraged her rebellious sons, drew to a close. The proud monarch whose power had shaken thrones and dismayed principalities, lay within the massive walls of the old cathedral of Chinon, looking forward to the hour which should close his earthly career.

The children whose natural right and duty it was to watch by his couch of death were far away—some with Eleanor, their persecuted mother, to whose cause they firmly adhered, some engaged in conspiracies to undermine his throne, and some in foreign lands, following triumphant standards to war. The only one of all his offspring who sat by his dying bed, moistening his parched lips, and holding the crucifix before his misty eyes, was Geoffrey, the son of the wronged and lovely Rosamond Clifford.

Henry was stretched on a low couch in one of the deep vaulted chambers of the cathedral, and from an oriel window near by the light streamed in upon his ghastly and attenuated face, and on the slender, graceful form of the youth at his side. At the further end of the apartment stood one or two priests, listening with evident terror to the indignant execrations hurled by the dying monarch upon his faithless and ungrateful sons. A ponderous Latin copy of the sacred writings, bound about with velvet and gold, lay on a carved desk near the bed, and the priests were murmuring prayers and formulas over silver rosaries.

Geoffrey pleaded earnestly with his expiring father to revoke the maledictions he had pronounced on his erring sons, and so powerfully did his eloquence come home to the passion-tossed heart of Henry, that at length the monarch spoke in trembling accents:

"Thou sayest right, Geoffrey—I, that shall so soon stand before the bar of God, have no right to pass judgment on my weak and strongly tempted sons. Go to them when I am dead, and tell them that their father forgave them, even when his last hour was rendered miserable by the remembrance of their unfilial conduct.

"And Eleanor, your wife, my lord, have you no message for her?"

An appalling distortion passed Henry's face, while his eyes flamed with wrathful vengeance, like those of a demon's.

"May the curse of a dying husband follow her wherever she goes!" he cried, "may it rest like a blight on all her fortunes! She has embittered my whole life, and I solemnly charge you, son of the injured Rosamond, to bear to her the tidings that my last words were maledictions on her head!"

Even while the gentle Geoffrey, pale with horror, sprang forward as if to check these terrific words, Henry's head sank back on his pillow; mind and body were alike overcome, and a succession of strong convulsions followed. With the disjointed ravings of delirium on his lips he expired soon after, and Geoffrey knelt in true and sincere grief beside the stark and rigid form of the first of the mighty Plantagenets.

The first act of Richard, who was the successor to his father's throne, on hearing of Henry's death, was to reinstate his mother Eleanor, whom he passionately loved, in all the honors of her royal state. All who had ever injured or insulted her were punished with chains, confiscation and even death, and her star was once more high in the ascendant.

Cœur de Lion, who though impulsive and passionate was far from being either ungenerous or destitute of natural affection, hastened to attend his father's funeral. He arrived just as the ceremonies were taking place in the cathedral of Fontevraud, and stood with remorseful pangs by the bier of the dead monarch. Even as he approached a slow stream of blood began to gush from between the white lips of the corpse.

"Can it be that my ingratitude has murdered him?" ejaculated Richard in breathless horror. "Does his dead corpse speak in characters of blood?"

Geoffrey came forward and delivered the last message of Henry to his son—the forgiveness which, on his deathbed, he had accorded to his sinning children. Richard clasped the hand of Rosamond's son with deep gratitude and relief, and from that hour he looked on Geoffrey with kindness; and the many ecclesiastical honors afterwards acquired by the young man were owing entirely to the efforts and influence of the son of his mother's deadliest enemy—Richard Cœur de Lion of England and Normandy.

The happiest period of Eleanor's life succeeded the death of her faithless husband. Secure in the strong and changeless affection of her son, she received every honor, and maintained a high position both at home and abroad, and after many years of happiness and peace died in 1204, at the ripe old age of seventy-two years.

A REMARKABLE DOG.—The following well-authenticated incident, taken from a celebrated French work, *L'Histoire des Chiens Célèbres*, shows that a well educated dog, under exciting circumstances, can not only reason and act with wonderful decision and presence of mind, but can also manifest a feeling of revenge, which is not only foreign to his natural character, but which can hardly be surpassed in intensity by a Christian warrior: "Mustapha, a strong and active greyhound, belonged to an artillerist of Dublin. Raised from its birth in the midst of camps, it always accompanied its master, and exhibited no alarm in the midst of battle. In the hottest engagements it remained near the cannon, and carried the match in its mouth. At the memorable battle of Fontenoi, when the square battalions of the Hanoverians were broken, the master of Mustapha received a mortal wound. At the moment when about to fire upon the enemy, he and several of his corps were struck to the earth by a discharge of artillery. Seeing his master extended lifeless and bleeding, the dog became desperate, and howled piteously. Just at that time, a body of French soldiers were advancing to gain possession of the piece which was aimed at them from the top of a small rising ground. Who would believe it, if the fact were not attested by several witnesses worthy of credit? Doubtless with a view to revenge his master's death, *Mustapha seized the lighted match with his paws, and set fire to the cannon loaded with case-shot!* Seventy men fell on the spot, and the remainder took to flight. After this bold stroke, the dog lay down sadly near the dead body of his master, licked his wounds, and remained there twenty-two hours without sustenance. He was at length, with difficulty, removed by the comrades of the deceased. This courageous greyhound was carried to London, and presented to George II., who had him taken care of as a brave servant."

HALF AN HOUR WITH THE DEAD EGYPTIANS.

When the dead man of the present day is laid to his rest, in the quiet bosom of mother Earth, amid the pomp of stately hearse, sweeping pall and long trains of carriages, do we ever pause to think of the solemn ceremonies and myriad forms with which the corpses of centuries ago were placed in catacombs and subterranean halls, where even now their black and shrivelled forms make the traveller start back with horror, as he meets the grin of their withered countenances, in dark underground labyrinths?

The most noticeable traits in Egyptian civilization were its curious process of embalming, and its unique and singular system of funeral ceremonies. The Egyptians determined to leave no possible advantage or chance for human decomposition. They warred against the resolution of "dust to dust," with every imaginable weapon, and this was the more remarkable, inasmuch as they were the only nation in the world, existing at that time, who attempted to interfere with the process of natural decay.

The stated period of mourning in Egypt endured seventy days, and only ceased when inhumation took place. The operation of embalming occupied, according to the Bible, forty days, but Herodotus states it at seventy. The latter historian, as well as Diodorus, has handed down to us an account of the different classes into which Egyptian funerals were divided, in regard to their relative pomp, costliness and splendor. These were three—those of the wealthy, the middle classes and the poor. For those who belonged to the patrician orders of society, it cost fully as much to die and be buried "in style," as it would now cost an aristocrat of Paris or London to be interred in the most splendid and expensive manner.

No sooner had the breath of life fairly left the sick person than an interview between the relations and embalmers fol-

lowed, in which proper directions were given, and the price to be paid agreed on. The corpse was then delivered to the embalmers.

The successive processes through which the body passed while in the hands of these ghastly officials of death were numerous and varied. It lay swathed in bands and wrappings, saturated in spices, and anointed in sweet aromatic essences, while all around the labors connected with its inhumation were gradually progressing. The painter was busied in retracing every feature of the dead on the effigy which was to accompany it to the tomb, while the apprentice mixed colors and compounded pigments at the stiff feet of the corpse. The moulder fashioned the rude likeness of the head with pumice, and the potter formed the ornamented vases or urns, in which every relic remaining from the body was placed, and which was buried with the coffin itself.

When the corpse had been duly embalmed and properly shrouded, it was returned to the relatives by the priests. They had received a man—dead indeed, but still wearing rather the appearance of one fallen asleep with the breath scarcely passed from between the still lips—they gave back to the mourners a marble statue wrapped in tight bands, and bearing no traces of the lost friend save the pinched and discolored features, and the rigid outline.

The mummy was then placed on a small car, which was drawn by cords to the ceremonial altar. This altar was loaded with offerings; bread, libations of wine, baskets of fruit, and bloomy grapes which were carefully arranged with flowers and leaves. Here the priest threw a shower of rich perfumes over the body: it was then transferred to a small chapel, closed by means of folding doors, before which the priest solemnly read a formula of prayers, while the wives and female friends of the deceased tore their hair, and rent the air with their loud shrieks and exclamations of grief.

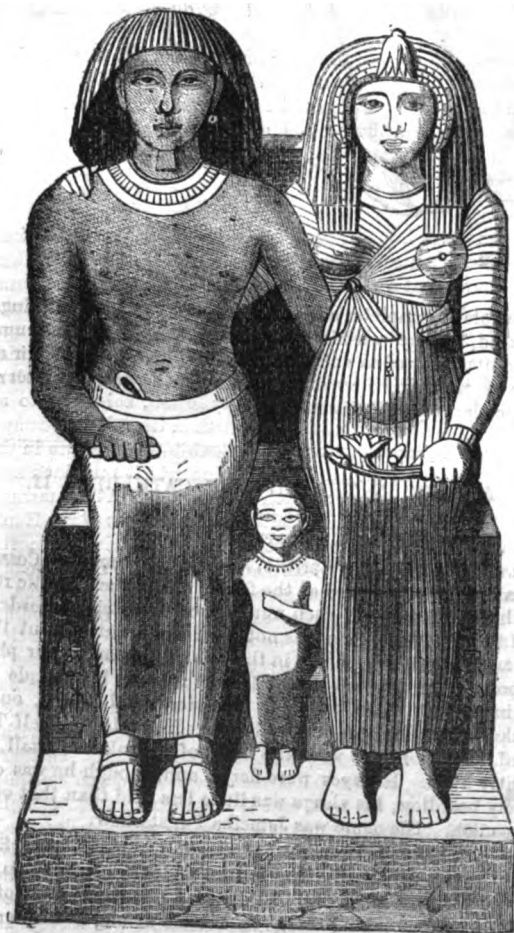
The mortuary procession was led by priests, one carrying the vase of remains, the other bearing a chalice filled with incense. Then followed servitors loaded with offerings and objects that had once been dear to the defunct; then came a group of young maidens dressed in long white robes, with their hair anointed with pale blue powder, who wept and lamented over the many virtues of him whom they were accompanying to the grave. The catafalque itself, in the shape of a small barque or boat, and placed on a car, closed the procession.

At the doors of the hypogeum the last libations were made, the ceremonies completed, and the mummy, placed in its coffin, was deposited within the subterranean halls below.

These immense buildings of death are many of them decorated with frescoes and paintings executed with remarkable skill and originality of design. That of Thebes in particular attests the splendor to which art had attained 1800 B. C. Besides the frescoes which ornament the walls, representing scenes in religious history as well as real life, many paintings and statues adorn the subterranean corridors, and appear above the rows of mummies in the tombs below.

Our engraving represents a skilfully sculptured group which was found at the bottom of the tomb of Ames, in the great necropolis of Thebes. It represents a family group, and apart from its merit as a work of art eighteen hundred years ago, there is something very touching in its silent vigil among the dead of centuries, as an enduring emblem of domestic affection.

There are many other objects of interest in the recesses of these vast hypogeums, and the traveller who seeks information there respecting the funeral customs and manner of interment peculiar to Egypt, will gather much instruction from a journey through the most prominent of these gigantic catacombs.



EGYPTIAN STATUE—A FAMILY GROUP.

A vast genial humor, says Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously strangled in religious people, which might illuminate and warm the way of life. Wit and gaiety answer the same purpose that a fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills and drying up mould, and making all wholesome and cheerful.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT says he has never yet heard Indians swear. "They have terms to indicate cheat, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler; but I have never heard of an imprecation or an oath."



CHARLES DUDLEY, ESQ.

CHARLES DUDLEY, ESQ.

Nor quite six years ago, the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., was established; the name it bears was given to it in honor of Charles Dudley, whose munificence while he lived, and the liberality of his widow, Mrs. Blandina Dudley, have contributed in a great degree to place it in its present high position. The example set by Mr. Dudley, in donating a handsome sum of money to an institution calculated to benefit the public, has not been lost upon the wealthy citizens of Albany, and already the city has been enriched by other splendid endowments. At the time the Scientific Congress met to inaugurate the observatory, Mrs. Dudley, who is a lady alike distinguished for her domestic virtues, her great wealth and enlightened spirit, contributed to the institution thirteen thousand dollars; and her splendid country seat, while the congress was in session, was distinguished for its princely hospitality. The building was commenced in 1853, upon land contributed for the purpose by General Stephen Van Rensselaer, and was erected in accordance with designs furnished by Professor Mitchell, of Cincinnati. The ground plan is in form of a cross, eighty-four feet in front and seventy-two feet in depth. The centre room is twenty-eight feet square; the east wings, which are designed for the use of the meridian instrument, are each twenty-three feet square, divided into a library room, two computing rooms, and other small rooms for the magnetic apparatus for recording observations. The equatorial room, which is in the second story, is of a circular form, twenty-four feet in diameter, the tower revolving on iron balls.

The whole is complete, and makes one of the best buildings of the kind, its size considered, in the world. It is a monument to the liberality of an enlightened individual, and will for ages cause his name to be remembered among the people, preserving it from the fate of the ignoble rich.

A PAGE IN THE LIFE OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY in the month of April, 1772, a young woman, a Cossack, and a monk, were seated at the foot of one of the gigantic rocks which are scattered in such numbers on the steppes bordering the Irghis. The woman was not regularly beautiful, but there was an indescribable charm in the soft expression of her physiognomy. The Cossack was tall and robust; his blonde hair fell in waving locks upon his shoulders, and joined, on his cheeks, with a long and bushy beard. He called himself Two-garoff. The man who wore the habit of a monk was small, and slightly built. His eyes were fiery; and, though he was completely beardless, his visage was little less wild than that of his companion. His name was Jemelha Pugatschew.

Born among the Cossacks of the Don, in the village of Simo-weisk, this man, after having fought under the Russian flag, in the wars of 1756 and 1759, had deserted about the time of the Siege of Bender, taking refuge in Poland among some hermits of the Greek ritual. There a new world had discovered itself to him; and, when he re-entered the deserts of the Ural, he felt

imperious desires for elevation fermenting within him. Occasion served to satisfy him. Peter III. died, strangled! Emboldened by his resemblance to this prince, Pugatschew determined to pass himself off for him. He dared not attempt to do this at Moscow, for there the death of Peter was notorious, his body having lain in state in public; but in the deserts of Irghis, among half-savage peasants, who would have covered the earth with blood for a piece of the plaster of the effigy of St. Nicholas, Pugatschew knew well that his lie would find plenty of credulous ears, and his rebellion plenty of accomplices.

There was, however, one Cossack to whom Pugatschew could not dissimulate his birth. The same village had been the birth-place of both; they had been associated from infancy. It would have been dangerous for Pugatschew to incur the enmity of the only man who could expose his imposture. This Cossack was Twogoroff. Pugatschew had married his daughter; and, though he meditated repudiating her some day, he simulated a profound attachment to both father and daughter.

"Twogoroff," said he, to his father-in-law, "up to this time, fortune has smiled upon us. Six months ago, we had not a kopeck—now we have a million of roubles. Then we had not a soldier—now we have an army."

"Yes," responded the Cossack. "you will succeed and become emperor; but will you always remember on what conditions I have become your accomplice? My daughter Sophie, too, whom I have given you—forget not that you must associate in your grandeur the wife who has partaken of your poverty."

"I shall remember," replied Pugatschew.

"Jemelha!" said Sophie, sadly, "we were happy here; why should we quit our deserts? What do I want with power? I want nothing but your love."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when, in the distance shouts were heard, and a few minutes afterwards a crowd of men were about Pugatschew and Twogoroff, Cossacks in Asiatic robes, Kalmucks almost naked, Bakirs, Burattes, Kirghis, dressed in the ancient national tunic, who formed, with some peasants armed with scythes, and some miners, the principal nucleus of the rebellion.

Pugatschew threw a rapid glance over the long files of these impoverished soldiers, then cast himself devoutly upon his knees before the consecrated banners which were borne at their head. When he arose, he darted a significant glance at Twogoroff—

"The empire is ours!" he cried.

CHAPTER II.

CATHERINE II. is one of the most unportrayable figures in modern history. There were in this empress two wills, two women, falsifying each other unceasingly; one profound in politics, both in projects, energetic and sometimes sublime in their execution; the other, pusillanimous, the slave of her passion, protecting in the boudoirs of the Hermitage the philosophy proscribed in the salons of the Imperial Palace—an imitation, faint and incomplete, of Cardinal Richelieu. Like him, she wrote verses with the same pen as she signed a sentence of death or a declaration of war; and, while Pugatschew was gaining several provinces, and having money struck with his effigy, jested with Voltaire on this grotesque adventurer, who imagined that, to conquer a throne, it was enough to put some hacked swords into the hands of a few drunken peasants.

Seated in her library, half stooping over a table loaded with books, on whose backs shone in letters of gold the names of La Harpe, of Diderot, and of Alembert, Catherine had at her sides the Princess of Asschoff, and Count Panin, brother of the governor of the Grand Duke.

"Well," said the empress, with a disdainful smile, "is it true that this Cossack carries his head so high that no one can see his features?"

"They would soon be made visible," replied the Princess of Asschoff, "if your majesty would consent to fight him with weapons more decisive than your contempt. The rebellion is much more serious than it was believed to be. All the slaves are with him, and nearly all the clergy."

"True," replied Catherine, biting her lips with impatience; "but what are those slaves?—brutes used to crawl and cringe, and who dare not break their chains for fear the noise should reach our ears. As for the priests, their cupidity guarantees

us their obedience. A few thousand roubles will render them more servile and more faithful than ever. But for our wars with Turkey, and if Bibikoff had been less contemptible, I would long ago have stifled this ridiculous insurrection."

The empress remained silent for a few moments, then took up her pen, and turning towards Count Panin, said:

"Pardon me, count, but I must finish my letter to Voltaire."

At that moment an officer of hussars, pale and covered with dust, advanced towards the empress. She interrogated him with a look.

"What have you to tell us, monsieur?"

"Sad news, your majesty; your majesty's armies have been constantly beaten. Pugatschew has taken Rapsypais and Katschewa. Colonel Buloff has been massacred with the garrison of Ovensburgh; and the astronomer, Lowiez, has been pierced through and through, and his body carried on the top of a pike, 'that he might be nearer the stars,' as this Pugatschew is reported to have said. Some towns have been reduced to ashes; the insurgents, in fine, not being more than three days' march of Moscow."

"Very well, monsieur," said Catherine, with apparent impassibility.

She reseated herself, folded her letter to Voltaire, and addressed a gentleman-in-waiting:

"A courier for Ferney."

CHAPTER III.

THE account given to Catherine was not exaggerated. Pugatschew pitched his tents at the very gates of Moscow. But in spite of his victories, this man was, perhaps, less redoubtable than ever; for, by giving up his purity of life, he had lost the ascendancy over his companions, and if Twogoroff and Sophie rested faithful to his fortunes, it was no longer for affection—at least, on the part of the Cossack, Jemelha having repudiated his daughter to espouse a prostitute.

Pugatschew himself, almost alarmed by his triumphs, had, at the moment of gathering the fruits of his imposture, preferred to act by fraud, rather than venture on a decisive battle. With the aid of a corrupted officer of the chevaliers-guards of the empress, he hoped to reach Catherine's person, and to poignard her; a signal light placed on the terrace of the Hermitage, was to advertise his partisans that the murder was accomplished.

On the evening of the day fixed upon for the accomplishment of the project, Twogoroff paced before the tents, which the rebel army had pitched along one of the banks of the Moscowa. The expression of the rage which animated the physiognomy of the Cossack, betrayed the agitation of his heart. His daughter, seated at some distance from him, interrogated his countenance with anxiety. The more she regarded it, the more her anxiety increased, until, overcome by one of those ideas that suddenly flash upon the mind, and change doubt into certainty, she rose and approached him, crying—

"Father—forgive me—you would kill Jemelha?"

"Kill him, child!" responded the Cossack, with a peculiar smile, "kill him? am I not his friend, his confidant, his accomplice?"

At that moment, Pugatschew, his face flushed with wine, came out of one of the tents, followed by his new wife.

"Jemelha, the hour is come," said the Cossack, dropping his eyes to hide his anger; "your costume of a chevalier-garde is ready; the guard at the Rogoskain are our partisans; be daring, and you will be emperor."

"Dress me," cried Pugatschew.

He cast an uncertain look towards the edifices of Moscow, which appeared in the distance in the midst of shadows, like gigantic phantoms; then, after dressing himself in his treasonous disguise, he pressed his immodest companion to his breast.

"Damnation!" cried the Cossack, between his teeth.

CHAPTER IV.

LET us penetrate into the secret apartments of the Hermitage; let us traverse the stately chambers where Catherine had so often forgotten her duties as a wife, and her dignity as an empress; let us cross the hall in which a chevalier-garde was standing as sentinel. Pale as death, motionless as a statue, this man appeared to be waiting till all sounds in the palace had

ceased. After a few moments of hesitation he quickly opened the door before which he was posted, closed it behind him, and found himself in the presence of Catherine II.

The empress started; surprise and a vague fear took possession of her in contemplating the figure that stood before her, so perfect was the resemblance it bore to that of her dead husband. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and saw that the designs of the intruder were treasonous, and her first movement was towards the chimney, to seize a pistol which was lying on the mantel-piece, but Pugatschew stopped her.

"Catherine," he murmured, "do you not know me?"

"Throw off your mask, actor; I know you for an impostor!"

The eyes of the Cossack flamed; Catherine was afraid of him. She loved life; she was a sovereign, and held to power; she had beauty, and idolised pleasure. She weighed in an instant the peril that threatened her, and in another instant had decided on the course she would take to preserve herself. Suddenly changing her tone from haughty, she became humble; abuse gave place to prayer.

"Do not seek to deceive me," she cried, "you are not Peter III., but you are a thousand times more of an emperor. In your intelligence and courage you have that which the purple can never give."

While saying this, she had insensibly approached the chimney.

"I bless the chance which has brought you to my presence this evening," she continued. "I am weary of the life I have hitherto led—as, doubtless, you are weary of the part you are now playing. Let us unite our destinies. Come and partake my throne. Be mine. I can give ineffable joys to him to whom I say, 'I love you.' Jemelha Pugatschew, will you have my love?"

She, a woman, beautiful and admired, an empress reigning over fifty millions of souls, looking with eyes of love upon him, a poor Cossack! In listening to her sweet and intoxicating words, Pugatschew felt himself subjected to an invincible power; for his soul had lost in debauchery the energy which it had possessed in the time of his austerity.

"Catherine!" he cried, "you have an irresistible power of fascination. No, I am not Peter III., but a poor Cossack, born in the deserts of Simoweisk. You offer me your love—I accept it. I renounce my dreams of ambition—or, shall I say, to share your crown is to reach a height of joy surpassing any I had dreamed of reaching. I will serve you as a slave; I will adore you as—"

Unobserved by him, her features had undergone a singular transformation while he was speaking. Suddenly, and before he could finish the sentence he had commenced, she sprang to the mantel-piece, seized the pistol, and presented it at his breast.

"On your knees, serf!—peasant!" she cried; "on your knees, before your sovereign and judge!"

Rare flashed from the eyes of the Cossack.

"Wretch!" cried he, brandishing his sabre; but the muzzle of the pistol covered him, and he shrank before the determined bearing of the empress. "You are an admirable actress," he said, slowly retreating towards the door; "but do not fire, for you may miss, or only wound me—and then, adieu for ever to your mysterious pleasures—your nights of debauch—your life of crime and orgies! I should not miss you, be sure of it!"

He reached the door, and opened it, without the empress daring to change her attitude.

"Jemelha salutes you, Catherine; but, beware! I shall return as Peter III."

"*Au revoir!* Marquis of Pugatschew!"

CHAPTER V.

WHETHER it was that the sense of the danger she had escaped triumphed over her natural energy, or that she feared by causing Pugatschew to be pursued, to excite against herself the invisible enemies that were evidently among the chevaliers-guards, Catherine kept silence on the events of this evening; but, on the following morning she repaired to the Place d'Armes, and, calling her generals about her, commanded them to stake the destinies of the empire on one last battle. It was

fought, and Pugatschew was beaten and driven back into the steppes of Jaik, where the revolt had commenced. Wounded and pursued, he fled for refuge, with a crowd of Cossacks, Sophie, and Twogoroff, to a place in the mountains that was almost inaccessible. There, extended upon a large stone, bleeding and torn, Pugatschew had time to reflect upon his faults, and upon the inconstancy of fortune. However, hope never wholly abandoned him.

"Twogoroff," said he to his companion, "fortune has played us false; but I am still Peter III. to the mountaineers of the Ural; this name will suffice to bring us another army."

The Cossack shook his head and smiled—a strange smile.

"The hope is vain! all is over! Resistance is impossible. You have nothing to do but to give yourself up."

"Give myself up!" cried Pugatschew, raising himself convulsively on his hands; "but if we give ourselves up, Catherine will break our limbs in a vice, and tear us joint from joint."

"I know it, Pugatschew; but I have nothing to fear—your life will ransom mine. In an hour, I shall deliver you, bound hand and foot, to General Samaroff."

As he said these words he seized the poignard of the adventurer, and put his knees upon his chest.

"Recall the past, Pugatschew. Have you found a companion more faithful, more intrepid than Twogoroff? Who proclaimed you emperor in the deserts of the Ural? I!—I who have associated myself with your impostures, without a thought of gain, preferring my lance to a sceptre, my tent to a palace! I did for you what I did because you were the friend of my youth, the ally of my family. You have played with my devotion, you have wounded my parental love—you shall now feel my long-prepared vengeance! Victor or vanquished, nothing could save you from it. If you had gained a crown, I would have been the first to dash it from your brow, the first to stain your crine with your traitorous blood!"

Pugatschew became livid, and a cold sweat covered his forehead.

"Barbarian!—am I not sufficiently miserable?"

"Less miserable than criminal!"

"Leave me time to repent?"

"Ask it of Catherine II."

"Mercy, Twogoroff!—do not punish a fault by a crime!"

"You have cast off my daughter!"

Pugatschew's terror was augmented at every word. He understood that the Cossack's hatred was irreconcilable, and he dragged himself along the ground to the feet of Sophie, who stood near, in sad silence.

"Angel—whom I have wronged, but blindly—will you not intercede for me?"

"She curses you, foul beast!" cried the Cossack, spurning him with his foot.

"I pardon you, Jemelha," said Sophie, and moved away with tottering steps.

CHAPTER VI.

FIFTEEN days afterwards, an immense crowd was collected on the Grande Place, surrounding an iron cage in which a man was enclosed. Catherine was among the spectators. She looked with a cruel pleasure upon the living spectre behind the prison bars.

"Good day, Marquis of Pugatschew," she said to the unhappy adventurer.

Then, turning towards the Princess of Asschoff, and Count Panin, who accompanied her, she said—

"Come—the drama is finished; and I am going to write an account of it to Monsieur de Voltaire."

The next day Pugatschew was quartered.

Twogoroff and Sophie regained the steppes of the Kirguis.

THE definition of "wild oats" is given as "a cereal crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five; the harvest usually sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a trunk filled with small vials and medical prescriptions."

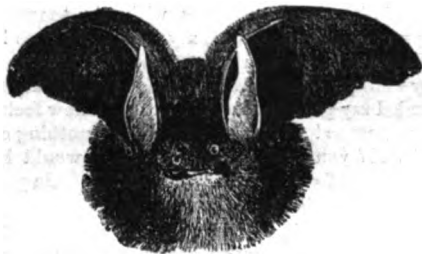
THE BAT AND ITS HABITS.

ALTHOUGH the bat is so commonly seen in this country, but little is known of its habits and natural history, which are interesting in the highest degree. Some of our naturalists who have captured and placed these curious little creatures in confinement, for the purpose of noting and observing their various instincts and customs, have given most entertaining accounts of their prisoners.

The species of bat with which we are most familiar are the common bat, whose scientific name may be translated, "mouse-colored lover of darkness," and the long-eared bat, whose Latin appellation signifies "common folded-ears." This latter has large and flexible ears, which are so thin as to be nearly transparent, and which, by being continually thrown into graceful and elegant folds and shapes, constitute its chief beauty.

Most of our common bats feed entirely upon insects, although sometimes, when these are not to be obtained, they will eat raw meat. The great bat swoops down on its food with a snap, as an eagle pounces on his prey, while the common bat strikes the insect with the folds of its wings, and then putting its head under the wing, devours its victim at leisure.

The bat never willingly ventures from its hiding-place in hollow trees, barns, and old ruins, until the shadows of twilight afford sufficient obscurity for its purposes. During the hour of dusk, however, they may be seen in great numbers shooting



HEAD OF THE LONG-EARED BAT.

and skimming through the air in pursuit of such evening insects as may be unguarded enough to come in their way. A bat abroad in the daylight is scarcely less out of place than a fish out of water. Dr. Wood, an English naturalist, gives us an amusing account of one of these stragglers: "Not long since," says he, "I was walking in Oxford, about noon, when I saw a long-eared bat come flying up the street, sometimes turning back, and then going forward again, evidently completely out of its element. At last it came straight over my head. I almost instinctively leaped up, and struck at it with a whalebone switch, not imagining that it could be hit. To my very great astonishment, the stick met with a resistance, and the bat came to the ground, literally cut in two, lengthwise, as clean as a knife would have done it."

The wings of the bat are endued with a most delicate sense of touch, so exquisitely fine, indeed, as to be affected by the slightest difference in the vibrations of the air. The well-known experiments of Spallanzani proved that bats, blindfold, or deprived of sight, could fly without striking against walls, or other objects, and were even able to avoid coming in contact with willow rods suspended in the room.

When the long-eared bat is snugly curled up for repose, its appearance is most singular and novel. Its enormous ears are neatly folded beneath its arms, its wings are wrapped around the body like a cloak; and, thus accoutred, it suspends itself by the hind feet, and is ready for a season of refreshing rest. The internal membrane of the ear, called the *tragus*, is fully exposed when the ears are laid back, so that apparently the bat possesses a pair of sharp narrow ears, instead of the expansive arrangements with which nature has supplied it.

The young of the bat is blind during the first week of its existence, but is able to cling closely with its tiny claws to the maternal fur, or any other rough surface that presents itself. While nursing her offspring, the female bat wraps it in the soft folds of her wings in such a manner that it is entirely concealed.

An instance is on record of a female bat who seemed to take

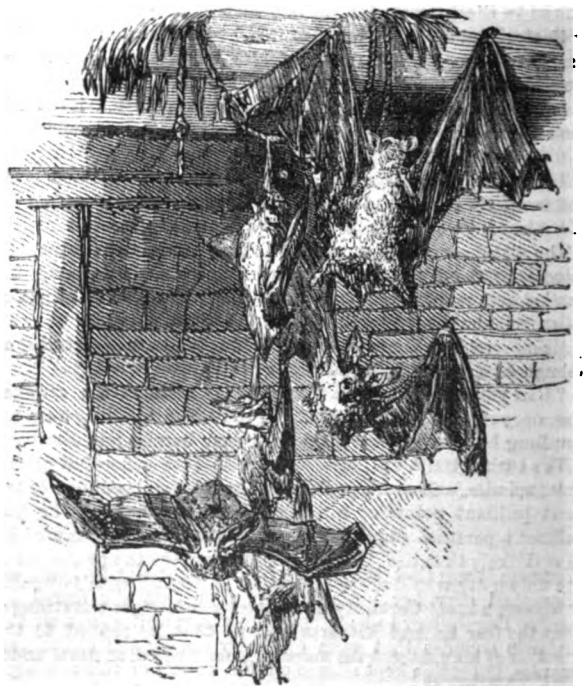


LONG EARED BAT.

great interest in her personal appearance, and employed herself for hours in neatly combing out her hair with the claws in her hind feet. She also displayed great nicety in the parting of her hair, and took pride in the geometrically straight line she generally succeeded in making from head to tail.

The color of the bat is not unlike that of the mouse, but we have heard of two instances in which bats were seen of a vivid scarlet hue. Both these were found in the trunks of living trees—one a cherry and the other a pear—in the rural districts of England. They were not preserved, unfortunately, as the discoverers, being unlettered peasants, allowed these natural phenomena to escape, out of a feeling of superstitious terror, lest they should be creatures of another world.

The bats of foreign countries differ somewhat, as to their diet, from those of America. Some of them—those called "kalongs"—are in the habit of feeding on fruit. Those commonly known as *vampires* subsist on the blood of other animals, and sometimes on that of man. The kalong of Java is a gigantic specimen of this race; when under full sail, it measures, from the extremity of one wing to that of the other, five feet. As bats devour a quantity of food ridiculously disproportionate to their size, it follows that the nourishment requisite to support existence in these huge kalongs must be very great, and the inhabitants of their native climes are forced to use every precaution to secure their fruit from the voracious appetites of those creatures.



BATS AWAKING FROM THE WINTER SLEEP.

They are so well provided for by nature, in respect to teeth, that they not only masticate the softer fruits, but are even enabled to gnaw through the hard shell of the cocoa-nut itself. During the long brilliant hours of a Javanese day, the kalong hangs, apparently inanimate, from the branches of trees, by its hind feet, which are so securely fastened into the branch, that if it is shot in this attitude, it still remains suspended, even in death.

The vampire is far less harmless and attractive than the kalong. Its blood-sucking instincts render it an object of fear and dislike everywhere, and accounts are related of many whose lives have been lost by the attacks of vampires. It is also rather a singular fact in the natural history of these creatures, that they have preferences as to their victims, greedily sucking the vital current from the veins of some, while they will not touch others, however famished they may be. Cattle are frequently seriously injured by the bites of vampires; as ten or twelve ounces of blood are often drawn in this way. The vampire is not satisfied with distending itself to the utmost, but when incapable of any further suction, it disgorges the blood already sucked and begins again with renewed vigor. Thus they are not only annoying, but positively dangerous in sultry climates.

Early in the fall, the bat prepares for its season of winter slumber by suspending itself against some old wall or beam, in a sheltered spot, with numbers of its companions, where they remain during the cold weather, hooked on, as it were, by the claws which are attached to their feet and wings, and nothing can be more interesting than to observe the gradual return to life and sense which is produced among their ranks by the reviving influence of a warm spring day

THE BARBER OF NUREMBERG.

TRANSLATED BY F. G. W.

THE clock of the Hotel de Ville had just struck ten, and the barber of the university, after having shaved the chins of a dozen students, was preparing to close his shop for the night, when suddenly the door flew open and in walked, or rather bounded, a short, thickset individual, with a rotundity fit for a burgo-master. The cheeks, arms and legs of this person bore the same classical outlines; in fact, his air, style and language gave him the appearance of a *bon vivant* of the first water. The costume was equally as remarkable as the wearer. He wore a hat with a very broad brim, a black coat of a cut entirely unknown in the present day, gray breeches, fastened at the knee with steel buckles; and his hair was as black as a crow's wing, and fell down on his shoulders in long curls. His moustaches were long and thick, his beard had at least five days' growth.

As he entered he saluted the barber familiarly, and threw himself on the large lounging chair, in which the customers sat whilst undergoing the operation of shaving.

The barber opened his eyes with astonishment at the coolness and familiarity of this, to him, perfect stranger; for to the best of his knowledge, he had never set eyes on him before.

The other, without seeming in the least to perceive the astonishment of the barber, after passing and repassing his hand a number of times through his thick beard, at length said, "Can you shave me?"

"Sir?" replied the barber, with the most perfect coolness, as though he did not understand.

"Can you shave me?" said the other in a loud voice. "What else do you suppose brings me here?" and he recommenced handling his beard in the most loving manner imaginable.

The barber was a tall, thin man, with legs somewhat of the order spindle, and courage certainly had never been one of the most brilliant points of his character. Nevertheless, he had sufficient personal dignity to compensate for the want of it. Was it likely that the "barber in ordinary" to the professors of the university would allow himself to be treated with indignity in his own house? Certainly not, therefore his anger was stronger than the fear he had hitherto felt, so that he replied to the question of his visitor, with more self-assurance than usual under the circumstances:

"You asked me, sir, if I could shave you," said he, as he

Vol. II., No. 4-21



THE CHURCH-YARD YEW TREE—THE SILENT COMPANION OF THE GRAVES.

continued to go on sharpening the razor which he had in his hand when the stranger entered. "I see no obstacle why I could not, although the night is somewhat far advanced," continued he in a laughing tone. "I can shave any man who ever had a beard on his chin, and I don't suppose that you are different from any other man, although your beard resembles hog's bristles or something of the sort."

"Ah! very well then, you shall shave me," replied the other, placing himself in a comfortable position on the fauteuil, and taking off his cravat, and stretching out his fat legs as far as their length would permit. He then threw himself in the attitude of a person about to be shaved, and stroked and smoothed his chin with the greatest contentment.

The barber placed his spectacles on his long thin nose, and fixing a malicious and ironical look upon the stranger, whose equanimity of mind was not in the least disturbed, at length broke silence. "Sir," said he, "I can shave any person, but ——"

"But what?" said the other discontentedly.

"But you. You, sir, I say, I will not shave;" and with these words he recommenced sharpening his razor as heretofore, without taking any further notice of the new comer. The latter seemed perfectly astonished at this language, and stared at the barber with an air of surprise and curiosity.

But anger soon took the place of curiosity, as his deep respiration and the dilations of his nostrils showed. His face became perfectly scarlet. Little by little his cheeks became inflated until they assumed the rotundity of an enormous melon.

"You will not shave me!" shouted he, vomiting out the air which he had gathered in his lungs and cheeks. The explosion of this storm was terrible. The barber trembled like a leaf, and had not the strength left to pronounce a single word.

"You will not shave me!" again exclaimed the stranger.

The silence remained unbroken.

"You will not shave me!" repeated the little man, for the third time, springing out of the chair with a bound which was most extraordinary, considering his corpulency.

The barber was alarmed, and this time not without reason. The other placed himself in front of him, his hands on his sides, his eyes glistening with passion, in an attitude evidently hostile. The barber placed his strop and razor on the mantel-piece, scarcely knowing what he was about.

"Do you wish to insult me in my own house?" murmured he, with all the courage he could summon to his aid.

"Blood and thunder! who wants to insult you? I want to be shaved. What is there extraordinary in that?"

"I never shave after ten o'clock," replied the barber; "and besides, I only work for the professors and students of the university. I am strictly ordered not to exercise my art on the heads or the faces of any other by the reverend Doctor Heiliger Anhelat and the senate of the academy."

"The Doctor Heiliger Anhelat! And who the devil may he be?"

"He is the provost of the university, and the professor of moral philosophy," replied the barber, greatly offended at hearing the learned doctor spoken of in such terms.

"And who is this vulgar pedant—this Anhelat—that he dares to issue such orders? I have not the time to stay here all night, and I have only one thing to say to you, and that is: if you will not shave me I will shave you, and that in a superb manner, as you shall see," and suiting the action to the word, he extended his arm, seized the barber by the nose, and with one vigorous push he pinned him to the chair which he had quitted a few moments previously.

The other was for a moment taken by surprise at the rapidity of the movement, and he gazed at the audacious perpetrator with a mixture of anger and astonishment, and it was not until he felt the cold and damp impression left on his face by the shaving-brush, that he realised his situation. He made every effort to get free, but he was pinned to his chair by the iron grasp of the inflexible little man.

All the resource left him was to keep turning his head from side to side, to avoid the fatal brush. But his every effort proved unavailing. His forehead, nose, cheeks and ears were covered with the lather. Even when he tried to speak he was no more successful, for the indefatigable little man filled his mouth with the soapy matter, and seemed each time to apply it with increased energy. One hand on the poor fellow's throat, the other armed with the terrible brush, he pursued his self-allotted task with the most perfect gus* literally r with laughter at the sight before him.

At length the barber succeeded in speaking a few words, and they were to cry for mercy with all the strength of his lungs, and to make every promise to shave his oppressor at any time and as long as he wished, notwithstanding the Doctor Heiliger Anhelat and the senate, academy, &c.

After this declaration, the indefatigable stranger ceased his operations, and the barber tremblingly arose from his uncomfortable seat. His first care was to wash off the too visible signs of his humiliation, during which time the little man reseatd himself in the chair, still laughing immoderately.

The barber, almost stupefied, prepared his instruments for operating upon his adversary in a very different manner. He set about it as slowly as possible, giving himself time to recover the confidence, or at least a portion of it, which he had lost. At last, everything being arranged, the razor sharpened, the lather made, and all in perfect order, he placed a napkin under the chin of the new customer, and was just going to commence to lather the little man when the latter exclaimed,

"Stop!"

The barber, frightened to death for fear he had done some flagrant wrong, drew back a step or two, and gazed at the other with unassumed terror.

"Be careful you do not cut my throat!" exclaimed the stranger in a voice of thunder.

"My business is to cut the beard, and not the throat," humbly replied the barber.

"Oh, undoubtedly, undoubtedly; but then I am not obliged to believe your word. So take care, I tell you. For if you try to cut my throat I will blow out your brains, that is all!" And putting his hand in one of the large pockets of his coat, he drew forth a huge horse pistol, which he cocked and placed in a chair near him.

"And now commence," continued he; "and remember

well, that if there is but the slightest scratch on my chin, or you leave one hair, I will break your head. So I tell you beforehand."

The sight of this terrible weapon augmented, as one may suppose, the fear of the barber. He trembled like a leaf as he recommenced preparing the lather, and it took him ten times as long as he had ever been before, to lather the face of the unknown. He trembled at the bare idea of applying the razor to his chin, so he concluded it would be better to go on lathering indefinitely, than to run the risk of having a pistol ball through his head; besides it would give him time to recover his equanimity. The stranger made no remark whatever; on the contrary, he seemed to have entirely regained his good humor under the delicate action of the brush. He commenced whistling gaily and squirting the saliva from his lips in the face of the barber, evidently to his own satisfaction.

A full half hour had passed since the barber had commenced and he was still at the preliminary operation of lathering, which seemed to please the little man greatly; for instead of complaining of its length, he continued to whistle and to spit, to the great annoyance of our barber, who found it no easy matter to manipulate on so mobile a physiognomy.

He had now been employed upon the face of this strange person for three-quarters of an hour without seeing any probability of an end to his labor, for the little man kept on laughing in his face, and the words "Soap on—soap over!" burst from his lips, whenever the barber attempted to lay down the brush. The latter had received too severe a chastisement to make any resistance, even had he not had that menacing pistol before his eyes all the while.

It would be utterly impossible to form an idea of the agony endured by the barber. It seemed to him as though he were surrounded by a magic circle, governed by a power which he found himself incapable of resisting. His strength had nearly abandoned him; he had no longer a will of his own; every movement made by him was in direct opposition to his own wish. If he but paused for an instant, the everlasting "Soap on—soap ever!" sounded in his ears. If he attempted to take up the razor he was arrested by this cry, and if he did not apply the razor he feared to have it applied to himself.

"Soap on—soap ever!" exclaimed the stranger in the voice of a stentor, passing his hands through the thick curls of his black hair, laughing and opening his mouth to about the size of the full moon. "I am not able; I cannot," replied the barber letting his arms fall by his side with fatigue and dejection. "You are not able, did you say, my friend? Let us see. I think I can cure you, if that is all. Swallow a few drops of this marvellous liquid. It is an elixir made by Mephistopheles, the friend of Doctor Faust." Saying which, he drew from his pocket a bottle of red liquor, uncorked it, and before the barber could prevent him he had compelled him to swallow a portion.

"Now, soap on—soap ever!" exclaimed he; "you have no more weakness."

Confounded by the rapidity of the action, the poor man had no time to reflect, and taking up anew the brush and the soap he continued as heretofore. Re-invigorated by what he had drank he felt a new strength spread through every member of his body, and still the little man never ceased with his "Soap on—soap ever!" twisting and grimacing as usual. A half hour had passed since the college clock had struck eleven, only another half hour before midnight would arrive, still the barber continued his indefinite labor, and the stranger his eternal vociferations.

The "Soap on—soap ever, old fellow!" of the stranger, was regularly accompanied by a profound sigh from the breast of the barber. At length the darkness became so intense the barber could scarcely see either his brush or his box of soap. The lamp, after shedding some few vacillating rays like a dying meteor, had entirely gone out, so all that remained were a few red coals in the fireplace, which threw out very little warmth or light.

The room was only lighted by the pale rays of the moon. The agony of the barber increased with the darkness; his hand was scarcely able to hold the brush—he manipulated entirely at random, now hitting, now missing the face of the stranger, who, although the darkness was complete and the college clock had

struck twelve, showed not the least sign of fatigue. His eternal refrain of "Soap on—soap ever!" still continued.

Another half hour had passed, when the terrible and supernatural voice of the little man became less piercing. He seemed to sleep, and his "Soap on—soap ever!" was repeated at longer intervals and in a quieter tone.

By and by he slept indeed, for he began to snore. From time to time a lengthened "Soap on—soap ever!" came from his chest as from the depths of the tomb, until the very wigs themselves seemed to repeat the same syllables, in the same tone of voice, and with the same slowness.

A cloud had obscured the moon and left the room in the most profound darkness, and the barber was seized with inexpressible terror.

The house fronted on the cemetery of the college, which was surrounded by high walls, the gates of which were regularly closed every night. All these circumstances contributed to heighten his fears.

The sufferings of the barber had attained their highest point; they were greater than he could bear. It appeared as though he had lost all power and must fall insensible on the floor. His sufferings were so intense they lent him courage, and turning he directed his steps rapidly toward the door with the intention of escaping.

But, alas! for human hopes and expectations. Scarcely had he taken two steps, when he was arrested by the cry of "Soap on—soap ever!" falling on his ear like a clap of thunder. He stood for an instant immovable. But his resolution had vanished. He returned to his task and recommenced to moisten the beard of the little man as before.

His enemy was wide awake again, and shouting ten times louder than ever. His sleep seemed to have revived his powers, for he commenced with renewed vigor his old system of singing, whistling, and spitting, and yelping out in the most horrible manner imaginable, "Soap on—soap ever!" and continuing to make the most frightful grimaces.

"I hope you are not tired, old fellow, are you? Shall I give you a dose of the elixir?"

"We require light more than elixir," said the barber, with an effort.

"Very well, very well, my friend. Soap on. We shall not want light upon the subject; here are two which will never fail us! Did you ever see two brighter lights, old fellow?"

The barber trembled and recoiled a few paces. Who would not have done the same? for in the midst of the most profound darkness he saw two glaring eyes fixed upon him. They were those of the little man. Their rays were like those of the *ignis fatuus* seen in graveyards, without its power of reflection, and his cheeks, as much as could be seen for the lather, had become of a deep cranberry color. His thick hair seemed transformed into serpents, and when he laughed his mouth and throat resembled the opening of a fiery furnace. The breath which he exhaled was like a suffocating and sulphurous flame like an emanation from the infernal regions!

The sight of such a terrible spectacle made the blood freeze in the veins of the poor barber. He saw nothing could save him but flight. So throwing his brush and lather he knew not where, he gave one bound toward the door, exclaiming in the agony of despair,

"Lord! Lord! take pity upon me for I have been shaving the devil!"

Recovering a little his strength, he rushed across the cemetery, upon which, as we have before said, the door of his house opened. There seemed no obstacle of sufficient importance to arrest his wild career. He bounded over the tombs, the grave mounds, the trenches—everything that barred his passage. Scarcely had he left the house a half minute when the peals of laughter of the stranger again saluted his ear, and his terrible cry of "Soap on—soap ever!" A moment after he heard his footsteps behind him. He tried to redouble his speed, but his efforts were vain, for turning round he saw the little man fast gaining upon him, his face still covered with lather, the napkin under his chin, and in his hand he carried the terrible pistol.

Reduced to the last stage of despair, the barber directed his faltering steps toward the clock-tower, the door of which he found open. He entered and endeavored to close the door be-

hind him, but the other was so close upon him, he found he had no time to lose. The fugitive rushed up the stairs with the rapidity of lightning. An exterior terrace ran around the summit of the tower, if he could only reach that he was saved, having merely to close its door to arrest the pursuit of his enemy. Vain hope! when he sprang upon the terrace the little man was there at the same instant. Above them rose the spire of the church at the height of about one hundred and twenty feet; beneath, an abyss deeper still. The barber kept as far away as possible. Pale with fear and alarm, his teeth chattered as though he had an ague fit, and his knees trembled so they could scarcely support him.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed his tormentor, "what are you thinking about now, old fellow? Soap on—soap ever!" again screamed he. "Come on! Soap on until six o'clock in the morning. It is but five hours more, and nothing can be better for you than plenty of exercise!" and he made the midnight air ring again with peal after peal of his sardonic laughter.

"Soap on—soap ever!" yelled he, laughing anew at the fear of the barber. "Come on, get your brush and your box of lather. But what have you done with them?"

"I have thrown them away," answered the barber in horror.

"Thrown them away, have you? I have a great mind to throw you away in the same manner. To see you capering from the top of the clock-tower by the light of the moon would be vastly amusing."

At these words he seized the barber by the nose; the poor wretch begged and implored for mercy, but the terrible stranger, clutching the nose still tighter, raised and held him at arm's length over the terrace, without the least effort.

It is far easier to conceive than to express what the fears of the poor barber must have been, at finding himself suspended by the nose over this abyss. He became frantic, extending his long arms on either side, like one ready for the torture. He sent forth the most piercing shrieks, imploring mercy as distinctly as he was able, considering the very uncomfortable position in which he was placed, promising by all he held sacred to serve the little man until the last moment of his life. He endeavored to explain, too, in what misery his death would leave his wife and children; in short, he made use of every argument in his power to soften the heart of his executioner. But in vain. The demon incarnate remained inflexible. Instead of pity, he opened his thumb and fore-finger which sustained the barber, and allowed him to float in mid air. Down he went the distance of a hundred and thirty feet. Now turning pirouettes, then head, and again feet first. In fact he performed divers evolutions, too numerous to mention.

From time to time he could see his adversary above him, leaning on the railing of the terrace, his face white with the lather, and holding his sides that ached with laughter; and he could even hear as the distance grew greater the everlasting "Soap on—soap ever!"

But the most fearful sight of all for the poor barber were the rays of light which came from the burning orbs of the little demon-man. They appeared like two funeral lamps to light him to his last home. The situation of the barber became more fearful still as he approached the earth, his limbs seemed to become cold and convulsed. There was a weight upon his chest, he could not breathe. He felt suffocated, as if he were crowded into the smallest possible dimensions, as though he were encased in the shell of a snail.

It would be but a few moments before he would be smashed to pieces. Nevertheless, contrary to all the laws of gravitation, the nearer he approached the earth the slower became the movement. At length, strange to relate, it ceased altogether. It appeared as though he were suspended in the air; that some good angel had taken pity on him, had flown to his relief, and was supporting him in her arms. So instead of being dashed to pieces, he found himself sweetly reposing on the ground to the sound of agreeable music, and on turning over he felt something soft reposing by his side. It was his wife. Dear old couple! enjoy in peace the happiness of earth. They had both retired at the same hour, and to the joy of his heart, the barber discovered that all his agony was but a dream.



CITY OF CORFU AND ISLAND.

CITY OF CORFU AND ISLAND, IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

CORFU is one of the Ionian islands, and the seat of their government; its shape is irregular, varying from two to eighteen miles in width, its length is forty miles. The surface of the country is hilly, but most picturesque. The city of Corfu, the only town of any importance on the island, is beautifully situated on an eminence, with high mountainous peaks in the rear. On the esplanade, or chief square of the city, is a statue of Count Schulenberg, who, in 1716, successfully defended the city against the Turks. The harbor is safe and convenient, and has weekly communication with Otranto, and twice monthly by steamers with Trieste, Athens, Gibraltar and England. Among its buildings which deserve especial notice, are the cathedral, and numerous richly decorated Greek churches. There are also the arsenal, the military hospital, the lunatic and orphan asylums, all worthy of especial attention. Our engraving gives an excellent idea of the appearance of the city from the sea; at the moment the view was taken, an English steamer was just entering the harbor. In the foreground is to be seen a vessel peculiar to the Mediterranean. It suggests to the eye, by its high deck, the Chinese style of building ships, and shows its oriental origin. The sail is large, but so constructed that at a moment's notice it can be brought upon the deck. This is necessary to obviate the effects of the sudden squalls that prevail at certain seasons of the year, and which sweep over the craft without previous warning. But for this arrangement, few small vessels would be afloat, as they could not escape being capsized and sunk by the fearful wind alluded to. If these vessels do not perform with all the celerity of our yachts, they are at least superior in picturesque effect, and shed over the waters on which they float a charm of variety that is never witnessed in more northern latitudes.

NEARSIGHTEDNESS.—I have seen it stated in works on physiology that the highly nutritious and concentrated food, together with the reading and other sedentary habits of the higher classes, has a close connection with the nearsightedness so palpably prevalent amongst them. That many may affect such a defect is true, but that it is not far more prevalent among the upper than the lower classes is an idea at variance with universal testimony and experience. As a general thing those engaged in agricultural pursuits, and who seldom read or try the eyes by close application, are quite free from this defect. In this county (Somerset) a near-sighted ploughman or outdoor laborer of any class would, I am sure, be a *rara avis*, and so would he be, I presume, in any other county. Of course, tailors, shoemakers, weavers, and all those whose business calls for constant exercise of the eyes, are more or less liable to become near-sighted. Editors, clergymen, literary characters, and laborious students generally, complain more or less of this defect. So that, leaving out of the question predisposing causes, such as high living, dissipation, &c., it seems a well ascertained fact that the eye is liable to become affected in this way, just in proportion to the exercise it is subjected to.

HEAD WORK.—Literary labor is undervalued, chiefly because the tools wherewith it is done are invisible. If the brain made as much noise as a mill, or if thought-sowing followed hard after a breaking-up plough, the produce of the mind would at once assert a place in the prices current. If a writer could be so equipped with wheels and pinions as to entirely conceal the man within, like the automaton chess-player, and sentences were recorded by a wooden, instead of a living hand, the expression of thought would be at premium, because the clock-work would seem to show that it cost something to make it.

ARCHDEACON JEFFRY, a missionary in the East Indies, states that for one really converted Christian, as the fruit of missionary labor, the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards in India.

THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I.

Wise of heart and cunning of hand,
The Master Builder wrought and planned;
Many fair houses builded he,
That should be stout and strong,
Standing after centuries long
Amidst the men that then should be.

The Master Builder wrought and planned,
Till he grew famous in the land,
And the high nobles on him wait:
He built them houses great and fair,
With spacious courts and carvings rare,
And turrets high and halls of state.

And when to God a house he made,
The Master Builder wrought and prayed;
Before they set a single stone,
Master and men to church repair,
To begin their work with prayer
To Him who giveth strength alone.

Then rose apace the holy pile,
Wall and buttress and pillared aisle,
Under the Master's watchful eye;
But the chisel drove and the mallet fell,
And the busy trowel fetched as well,
To work his will when he was not nigh.

And twice in every year at least,
He called his workmen to a feast;
Freely they quaffed his ripe brown ale,
Freely they strove at stone or ring,
Or who the bravest song should sing,
Or who should tell the merriest tale.

The Master's daughter, his one child,
Sat at her father's board, and smiled
On him who held the highest place;
And so bold Robert, year by year,
Kept his seat the maiden near—
For the best craftsman claimed the grace.

On the morrow of such an eve,
Ready as if to take his leave,
Robert before the Master stood;
With downcast eyes his cap he doffed,
He craved to speak, yet stammered off
The Master marvelled at his mood.

Robert, so frank and free of speech,
What doth his tongue confusion teach?
But more the Master marvelled yet,
When the youth catching sudden breath,
Crushing his cap the meanwhile, saith,
"I love your daughter Margaret."

"Ay, faith, and is the maiden told?
Young man, I think thee over-bold."
"I told her not," the youth replies.
"Thou from my service must depart,
Thou shalt not trouble the maiden's heart,"
The Master answered, calm and wise.

Then said the youth, "I mean it so;
Ready am I this hour to go.
I only came farewell to say."
He strove to carry it with pride.
"Good Master, fare thee well," he cried;
"I may come back another day."

"And this is all I ask of thee,
If maiden Margaret still be free,
And if I return a richer man,
And she, no more above my state,
May wed me as an equal mate,
That I may win her if I can."

II.

Brave Robert journeyed many a day;
To foreign parts he held his way;
He took the humblest task that came,
Upon the humblest food he fared,
And oft the beggar's straw he shared,
Travelling to cities great of fame.

And where the noblest works were wrought,
The masters of his craft he sought,
And there to try his skill did crave;
And when beneath his hands the stone
Grew fairer than their thought had known,
To him the foremost rank they gave.

And where the lofty churches stood
Open, inviting all who would,
Passing to work, he stopped to pray;
So early he was off alone
With the sweet angels carved in stone,
And teachers to the youth were they.

And not one day did he forget
To think of his fair Margaret;
Such thoughts as guardian saint might claim;
And every night before he slept
His waking thoughts for her he kept,
And through his dreams he breathed her name.

III.

The Master, chief of all the guild,
A royal Abbey now doth build,
Fair as any the sun shall see;
And much he lacked a skilful hand
Something to work that he had planned:
"If Robert were but here!" thought he.

Where our hearts have open door,
Thoughts, like heralds, go before,
And bid our friends our coming hail.
The Master's thought on Robert ran,
And there before him stood the man—
He deemed his eyes began to fail.

Yes, it was Robert, he could see;
But travel-soiled and worn was he.
He was no richer man 'twas plain;
His cheek, once like the apple-skin,
Ruddy and smooth, was dark and thin:
"Master," he said, "I've come again."

A welcome to his native land
The Master gave, and wrung his hand;
But naught how he had fared did ask.
As but a night had come between
Since he the Master's face had seen,
The morrow saw him at his task.

To his care the Master gave
Twin pillars for the lofty nave,
By the high altar's hallowed space,
These to work in every part
With excess of lavish art,
With wreath, and scroll, and cherub face.

Beneath his hand the flowers grew
As fair as those that feed on dew,
In wreaths around the pillars thrown;
And fairer than the Master's thought
Were the rich traceries he wrought,
And the sweet angels carved in stone.

And every face that there was set
Wore some sweet look of Margaret,
In pity, love, and sanctity.
As 'neath the finished work they stand,
The Master grasped brave Robert's hand;
"Thou art the richer man," said he.

Thus did the good old Master hold
His noble craft more dear than gold,
And maiden Margaret's heart was free.

THE SNOW EXPRESS: AN INCIDENT OF A CANADIAN WINTER.

MANY years ago, while a subaltern, I was stationed at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the Green Snake River, on the north side of Lake Huron. This now dilapidated stronghold was originally erected on a sandy point stretching out into the lake, in the days of the Indian wars, and I could fancy its slender garrison of sharpshooters watching from their loopholes the clustering forms of their Indian foes as they stole along the borders of the forest. The bullet-holes that riddled its massive walls, and its charred and blackened surface, suggested grim conjectures respecting its brave defenders who filled the graves around its foot.

But now there were no Indians to employ the leisure of the unfortunate company of regular troops, that grumbled away their days within the humble fortification that now surrounded the old blockhouse. Our only enemies were bears and foxes which skulked about the woods, and the only Indians who sought admission to the post were those from a little village about seven miles up the Green Snake River, where a peaceable party of Ojibbeways had taken up their abode.

In this dot in the wilderness, I and two brother officers lived the lives of anchorites; only less contented, and by no means forgetting the world by which we seemed very nearly forgotten. Not but what letters reached us—sometimes—during the summer, by an occasional schooner coming up along the lakes. It was during the other half of the year, when the lakes were bound by the universal fetter of ice, that we lived in unblissful ignorance. Twice, however, during each long, long winter

great excitement prevailed at Blockhouse Point. It was when Indians, travelling over the snow on snow-shoes, were expected to arrive with the "express." Day after day we used to walk for miles, hoping to meet our bronze Mercuries; and, when at length they came in sight, with what trembling hearts we returned to the post, to await the opening of their sealed wallets by the proper authority, in ignorance of what tidings "the mail" might contain for us!

On one occasion the news I got was sad enough. My dearest friend was to be tried by court-martial on a serious charge. He had not written to me himself, but a mutual friend informed me that before another month was past, Lowther's fate would be sealed; and this month's delay had only occurred in consequence of an important witness being required from the lower province. I saw at once that it was in my power to disprove the gravest part of the charge, although Lowther did not know it. Yet, before the spring should come and the lakes be open to enable me to reach head-quarters, the trial would be over, and my friend, in all probability, condemned.

The dreadful thought that he might be sacrificed for the want of my testimony haunted me. I could not sleep that night. Many plans disturbed my mind. Could I not write my statement and send it by an Indian express? Undoubtedly I could. But when I came to count, I found it would not arrive in time, unless some one was ever at hand to hurry the messengers on. Why should not I be of the express party? I was young, strong, active and accustomed to exertion. Surely what Indians could do, I could do. There was not an hour to be lost. At daylight I obtained leave from my commanding officer—a mere matter of form—for both he and my junior heartily rejoiced at the prospect of Lowther's acquittal. Two Indians were quickly obtained, and everything was made ready for departure in a few hours.

We were a strange-looking party. Our object being speed, each carried his own traps, and as few of them as possible. I was clad in a beaver coat and fur cap. My kit consisted of a blanket, a bearskin and a wallet to hold provisions. The two Indians, who were brothers, were similarly equipped. With rifles ready loaded for any game that might present itself, and snow-shoes on our feet, we set out.

In case we succeeded in getting to head-quarters at the time appointed, a gratuity had been promised to the Indians (which I resolved to give, whether won or not), and they unceasingly pressed on, nearly the whole day, on their cumbrous snow-shoes, scarcely giving themselves time to cook the game we killed; then, shouldering their packs, and starting off again. They endeavored to beguile the weariness of the way by lively sallies, at which they laughed till the silent woods rang with their merriment. Chingoes (the ermine), the younger brother, was the most joyous as well as most active of us all; and however wearied he might be when we stopped for the night, he laughed and jested as he cut with his tomahawk the evergreens which were to form our not uncomfortable shelter, and be strewn beneath the bearskins on which we slept. Shegashie (the cray-fish) was our cook and firemaker; and the rapid way in which he heaped on scores of dry branches, and raised a blazing pile above the snow, always excited my admiration.

When we had accomplished nearly half our journey, we had not overstepped the time we allowed ourselves; but the continuous exertion was beginning to affect our limbs, and the perpetual glare of the sun on the snow inflamed our eyes. This we found by far the greater hardship of the two. I shall never forget the joy we felt one morning when the sun remained hidden beneath heavy cloud-banks in the east. Almost forgetting our swollen limbs in the gladness of being delivered from his dazzling rays, we travelled merrily on through leafless forests of gigantic trees; through tracts of smaller trees, thickly studded with the larch, the spruce and the fir, whose dark foliage gloomed almost black against the stainless snow; through woods tangled with wild vines, and fragrant with juniper bushes, until at length we reached the shores of a small frozen lake.

Once more we rejoiced that the day was dim; for in crossing lakes and rivers, we always suffered most, being deprived of the network of branches, which yielded us a shade; sometimes almost impenetrable. But our exultation was short-lived. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the Indians, and

looking up, I saw a few large snow-flakes floating slowly through the air.

"Let us put off our snow-shoes," said Shegashie: "we must halt here."

"Why?"

"Because the snow will blind our eyes to the path."

The path, however, was an Indian figure of speech. We were travelling through an untrodden wilderness, guided from point to point by some rock, or bank, or quaintly formed tree. But, these objects dwelt vividly in the Indians' recollections. They had travelled this road twice before; and, whatever an Indian once sees, remains imprinted in his memory for ever.

At Shegashie's announcement I looked over the lake longingly. I could not bear to lose an hour, far less a day; and I said that perhaps we might get across before the violence of the snow-storm came on. My guides shook their heads. However, after a time, they agreed to make the attempt.

Accordingly, off we started across the lake, the snow flakes floating and playing lazily around us; and, more than once, we congratulated ourselves that their appearance had not deterred us. But, when we had got about half-way across, the snow-storm came dashing down in our faces with a fierce gust that almost threw us off our feet. Staggered and breathless, we stopped. Near as the brothers were, I could see no more than the outlines of their dark forms through the thick curtain of snow which fell between us; while nothing was visible beyond, but dazzling snow-flakes tumbling, whirling, and rushing down to overwhelm us.

"We must," cried Shegashie, "keep the wind in our faces, or we shall never reach the shore."

He at once led the way, his brother and I following, and with difficulty distinguishing him as he shuffled heavily on before us. Already the weight of snow upon our snow-shoes impeded us greatly, and it increased each moment, until we could scarcely drag them along. The snow blew in our faces, sharp as icicles, whirling past us in wild eddies, almost beating us down. As the storm increased, the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily in our faces, began to waver, and to dash the snow down upon us in every direction. It was impossible to go on.

The last faint lingering shadow of a hope passed away, and we felt there was nothing left but to die. Once or twice I wondered I did not feel the torpor, which is the precursor of death among the snow, steal over my senses; but we determined not to die inactive, and the violence of my exertions heated me to such a degree, that more than once I found myself wiping the moisture from my brow, as I fought the hopeless battle against the whirlwind.

That I am alive to write this, is a proof of the unslumbering Providence watching over all; for there was no earthly hope for us, when an unseen hand guided us to safety. How we reached the shore none of us ever knew; but at length, still battling against the blinding snow, Shegashie's snow-shoes struck against a tree. Close beside it was a thicket of dwarf firs, and we shrank into its shelter—saved for the time.

For hours the snow continued to fall, as if inexhaustible; at length, however, it ceased, and the setting sun shone out in the western sky, red and angrily. The Indians said that another snow storm was at hand, so we set about making the best preparations we could for the night. Our friendly thicket was no bad shelter, and Chingoes and I set to work with our tomahawks to cut away the branches, until the place somewhat resembled a bower; then, shaking the cut branches free from snow, we laid them up in soft piles to sleep upon. Meantime Shegashie busied himself in making a fire and collecting fuel. We were short of food; for during the last day or two game had been unusually scarce. But we had sufficient for the night, and hoped to obtain more on the morrow, Shegashie having set several snares round our camp for the small Arctic hares which abound in those forests.

Soon after dark the snow recommenced, and although we were unusually well sheltered, I never felt cold so intense as I did that night. I have rarely felt more rejoiced than I did when I saw the early dawn steal over the landscape, and was able to rise from my freezing couch and waken my companions, who rose looking as comfortless as myself; especially Chingoes,

who trembled as if he had an ague fit. But a little hot coffee revived him.

Shegashie went to inspect his snares; and, to his great disappointment, he found that they had not been disturbed; so there was nothing for it but to start afresh without breakfast. Just as we had tied on our snow-shoes, a few flakes of snow, like tiny birds, came floating between us and the clear blue sky. They were true harbingers; and within a few minutes the clouds began to gather and the snow to darken the atmosphere. Warned by the past day's experience, we remained in our camp. Hour after hour the snow poured down in driving masses; but we were sheltered from its fury. We had fire, and the snow settling on the roof and sides of our bower, made it warm; so we felt that we had more cause to be thankful than to complain, though we were compelled to fast.

Before long Chingoo's indisposition of the morning returned, and as the day wore on he continued to get worse, until, by evening, it was quite evident that he was in the first stage of a fever. We did the best we could for him, by giving him hot coffee and such other trifling comforts as our slender stock afforded.

The next morning broke bright and beautiful; but it was at once evident that poor Chingoo could not travel that day. The fever increased, and the ague so shook him that it was with the greatest difficulty he could take the coffee from our hands. The snares were still empty, and this day also was passed without food.

On the third morning Chingoo was still worse. No game had been snared or shot, and hunger-pangs were now becoming very fierce. We were so weak that we could scarcely creep. About mid-day a hare came leaping by, through the snow. I shot it and we dressed it immediately. To this day I think that this was the sweetest meal I ever tasted. We made a part of the hare into soup for our poor patient, but he was unable to take it, to our surprise, for it seemed to us delicious beyond expression.

From that day we never wanted food, and were able to give all our thoughts and anxieties to Chingoo; whose last hour was evidently drawing near. He held out his hand to his brother, and Shegashie, forgetting the stoical demeanor of his race which he had tried hard to maintain, burst into tears as he folded it in his bosom. When he released it, it fell cold and stiffened upon the snow.

Shegashie did not speak for hours, but wept incessantly. The earth was frozen too hard to admit of our digging a grave. We were therefore compelled to lay the lifeless Indian deep in the snow in a shady place, until his brother could return in the spring to bury him.

On the following morning we resumed our journey; but it had now become a melancholy pilgrimage. The day seemed long and dreary without the joyous youth, whose lively jests and ringing laughter had echoed among the old trees. Towards evening, for the first time in all our travels, we came on the signs of a human being. The broad trail of a pair of snow-shoes preceded us along the course we had to follow.

My guide, judging by the tracks, announced the wearer to be an Indian, and not one of the white hunters who are sometimes to be met in these forests. He was right. The wearer of the gaily-trimmed hunting-shirt whom we overtook about two hours after, with his dirty blanket, rifle, tomahawk and knife, his arms covered with bracelets, and bunches of ear-rings weighing down the lobes of his ears fully attested the accuracy of Shegashie's fore-knowledge.

The Indians greeted each other with grave courtesy, and the same polite reception was extended to me. But, in spite of all their gravity, I fancied I perceived a gleam of joy in the wild eyes of the stranger. No wonder, poor fellow, I thought. Perhaps he has passed the whole winter without looking on one human face. He belonged to a party of Indians living far to the north of Green Snake River, and his dialect was a great trial to my Indian erudition.

As his path for the next day or two would be the same as ours, the stranger proposed to join us. Though I must confess that the sight of his blanket, caked with filth, made me feel a repugnance to his company, yet I was too prudent to object; and afterwards, when we stopped for the night, and I found that, leaving the fire-making to Shegashie, he was content to

bustle about to collect fuel, and to assist me in forming our night's shelter, I felt more charity towards him, and was more resigned to his raising his pile of branches near my own.

As we sat, that evening, round our camp fire, I had a better opportunity of observing our new acquaintance. He was a tall, finely formed Indian, and more muscular than I had ever seen any of his race. Moreover, there was an unusual fierceness in his demeanor and a strange fire gleamed from his eye. He took the tobacco we gave him with great pleasure, but he was disappointed that our fire-water was all expended. However, he did not let that damp his spirits, but talked on with more than Indian volubility. Shegashie's stock of news, for which he asked, was soon exhausted. Poor fellow! he had little heart to talk of anything except his beloved brother, to whose story the stranger listened with a contracted brow; but with few indications of sympathy. In his turn, he treated Shegashie to a number of amazing and horrible stories which were current in the woods.

I lost the gist of many of these through not being able clearly to comprehend his language. But there was one I understood somewhat better than the others; it was concerning a very fierce Indian called Mamiskogahjhe (Great red-nailed Bear), who came from far beyond the Great Lake (Superior), and who, on his return home from a hunting expedition, had found his squaw and children the prey of a band of cannibal Indians. Enraged at the sight, this hero fell upon them single-handed, and took the scalps of all except one. That one had fled; and, ever since, Mamiskogahjhe had prowled through the woods, gnashing his teeth and seeking him everywhere. The missing Indian had shrouded himself in every sort of disguise, "But all to no purpose," said the stranger savagely, "for Mamiskogahjhe slays every Indian he meets, so that villain must fall beneath his knife at last."

When I had got over the novelty of the stranger's excited manner and gleaming eye, I became somewhat weary of this Indian hyperbole; but, Shegashie listened to every word with breathless attention. I was lounging beside the fire, more asleep than awake, when I was aroused by the stranger abruptly demanding of my guide if he had ever seen this redoubtable brave, the great red-nailed bear: to which the young Indian replied in the negative.

"Liar!" thundered the savage, springing to his feet. "I am Mamiskogahjhe!" and in a moment he stabbed my companion in the chest.

I sprang upon him in an instant, and seized his right arm; which, by a violent effort, he succeeded in disengaging. He aimed a deadly blow at me with his knife, but I evaded it, and drew my own. With a yell at his disappointment, he began to draw his tomahawk from his belt with the view of hurling it at my head; but I darted upon him, pinioning his arms. His feet gave way, and we both rolled together on the snow. A struggle for life between us succeeded. The Indian kept making little digs at me with his knife, but he could not get purchase enough to do more than penetrate my clothes and inflict slight wounds upon me. He rolled over with me, hoping to get me undermost; but I always rolled farther than he wished, and got on the upper side again. At length I lost patience; and, still holding his right arm tightly down, I loosened the hand which held my knife. But, quick as thought, Mamiskogahjhe changed his knife into his left hand also. Then commenced another rolling and tearing struggle, more like that of tigers than of men, for my foe assailed me fiercely with his teeth. We stabbed at each other wildly, many a wound I gave and received. At length the Indian relaxed his hold, fell back, and I arose victorious.

My first thought, now, after a fervent prayer for my deliverance, was for my poor guide. I found that, though desperately wounded and bleeding profusely, he was not dead. I bound up his wounds as I best could, and placed him on his bed. My own wounds, though numerous, were marvellously slight; more cuts than stabs, and even those my thick clothing had prevented from doing much damage. I dressed them, and, heaping more wood on the fire, sank down beside it to watch my poor Shegashie.

The next morning Shegashie was so weak from the loss of blood that each moment I expected to see him pass away, and leave me alone in the woods, to die in my turn. I now

bitterly regretted that I had ever entered on this disastrous enterprise. However, there I was, and I had nothing for it but to make the best of it; so I set to work, buried my dead enemy in a snow bank, collected wood, shot a hare, dressed it, and returned to my sad task of watching my wounded guide.

After the end of ten days, despite every adverse circumstance, Shegashie was a great deal better; yet it was evident to both of us that it would be a long time before he could travel. The poor fellow earnestly entreated me not to stay with him, but to leave him to his fate; and he directed me in the right way to pursue my journey. I would not have deserted an enemy thus, much less one with whom I had faced sorrow, danger and death. Yet powder and shot were rapidly failing. After much cogitation, I took all the spare snow-shoes, and, by the aid of a bearskin, succeeded in making a sleigh capable of holding Shegashie very comfortably, as well as all our belongings. I rose proudly the next morning; and, placing my companion in the sleigh, recommenced my journey.

It was weary work to drag that clumsy sleigh, the wasted Indian looking out now and then to direct me on our way. I was often obliged to make long detours to avoid thickets and places where the trees grew too close to admit my sleigh between them. When day was done, I had the fuel to collect, the fire to make, shelter to prepare, Shegashie to move, his wounds to dress, and then the game to cook which I had killed during the day. Many a time I thought I should be obliged to give up the struggle. When I lay down to rest I was sometimes so tired that I could not have resisted another Mamiskogahjhe, had he come to end the work the first one had begun; and when morning re-appeared, I recommenced my tugging and dragging with arms so weary, that I did not care if another snow-storm came and sent us to sleep till the great day of awakening.

Neither Indian nor snow-storm came, and I was compelled to go on from day to day enacting by turns the parts of horse, forager, firemaker, cook, builder and nurse. At length I became so exhausted, that one morning, though it was scarcely mid-day, I began to look about me for a suitable place to encamp for the remainder of the day and night, hoping after such a rest, to start fresher on the following morning. Suddenly a thin column of smoke ascending from the trees at a short distance, caught my eye; and turning off from our route, I made the best of my way towards it. It rose from the hut of a newly arrived settler. The man gave us a hearty welcome, and we slept beneath a roof for the first time for considerably more than a month. The next day he put his horse to his wood-train; and in two days more brought us to head-quarters—less, I believe, for the reward I promised, than from pity for our worn and miserable condition.

The time appointed for the trial was now nearly three weeks past, and I did not doubt that it was over. But the severe illness of the accused had again deferred it. The proceedings were only now coming to a close. So far they left on the minds of all who witnessed them but one impression—that my poor friend's military career was ended. Suddenly I entered the court, attired in worn-out rags, my face haggard, my eyes inflamed, my swollen feet hobbling awkwardly on the floor.

Order restored, my testimony was received with the greatest attention; and Lowther was acquitted with honor.

Poor Shegashie! When the spring came he left me, and returned by a schooner to Green Snake River; whence, accompanied by his relatives, he travelled down to the scene of his only brother's death. They dug a deep grave for Chingooos, and laid him in it on the spot where his life had departed. But Shegashie never more returned to his native village. Parting from his relatives at the grave, he returned to me and remained with me, a gentle, unobtrusive, faithful friend, until consumption, the bane of his race, took him from me a few years ago.

JEREMY TAYLOR, speaking of marriage, says, "It is not written that in the beginning God created man rich and poor, philosopher and peasant, but male and female created he them."

A YOUNG gentleman, who has just married a little beauty, says she would have been taller, but that she is made of such precious materials that nature couldn't afford it.

SONNETS.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

TO CONSTANCE.

Oh, sphere-born spirit, with the rainbow mind—
The true reflection of thy soul's pure light;
Thy voice comes to me on the viewless wind,
Like echoed music in the mystic night.
I think of thee when in the solemn woods,
And midst the leaves thy shadowy form I see,
And by the side of our majestic floods,
Thy spirit blesses my lone reverie.
Art thou some pure creation of the brain?
Or the remembrance of some former state,
Which like the memory of some simple strain
Heard in our youth, returns in later date?
Or art thou she, unseen, but destined long
For my fond partner, and my theme for song.

TO AGATHIE.

Calm and impassive as some icy hill,
That lifts to heaven its everlasting cone;
How canst thou wear a brow so cold and chill,
So near the influence of thy heart's warm zone.
So young and yet so passionless! ah, say
What can have sealed so early in thy breast
Love's gushing fount—the fount whose streams should play
Within thine eyes, and every thought invest.
Love to the heart is as the heavenly light
Of knowledge to the mind. It rends the veil
That hides the bright and beautiful from sight
Revealing worlds of joy which never fail.
Then be not thou so coy—learning it wise,
For love suppressed in the suppression dies.

THE PATAGONIAN BROTHERS; OR, MURDER IN THE CLOUDS.

We are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Waldur; and we called ourselves the Patagonian Brothers, because it looked well in the bills and pleased the public. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Doncaster, and so took a sort of mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time; and though we became good friends, we were never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine, and I never asked him a question on this subject. I am particular to have all this clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand a word of what I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to earn before; so we agreed to stay together and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at Astley's for the winter, and when the summer came, joined a travelling circus and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager, to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a night, but the bad luck went along with the good, and on the whole we prospered.

We stayed with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience, so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out anywhere which we did not learn, even to the "perche" business, and the trick of walking, head downwards, on a marble ceiling. The fact is, that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important point of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was the more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that for the three years and a half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks) we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a

steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little gray eyes and heavy black brows. I remember thinking, once or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for an enemy; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and love peace and good-will better than any thing in the world.

We had now grown so expert that resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February or the beginning of March, 1855. We put up at a little inn in the Borough, and before a week was over found ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the Belvidere Tavern, at a salary of seven pounds a week. Now, this was a great advance upon all our previous gains, and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the founding of a theatrical reputation.

Situated half way between the West-end and the city, surrounded by a densely populated neighborhood, and lying in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing, and smoking, and rifle shooting, and supper-eating was going on from eight to twelve o'clock every night, all through the summer, which made the place a special favorite with the working classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the perche and the ceiling business; came down in the midst of fireworks from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre; and, in short, did everything that was ever yet done in our line—ay, and did it well, too, though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events, the great-colored posters were pasted up all over the town, and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week; and the gentleman who writes about the plays in the Sunday Snub, was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers; for which I take this opportunity to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course together) in a quiet street on a hill, near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gasfitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good and very pretty. She was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell into the same habit; for they were very simple, friendly people, and we were soon as good friends as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one out before—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many months were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a man's wits are twice as sharp when he is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that he does not contrive to build some hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window, sewing, and took a chair beside her.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine; "Ally, my dear, I want to speak to you."

She blushed and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I don't know how to flatter like some folks, and I have had very little book-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and though I don't pretend that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, such as I am, I'll be a true husband to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell, for my ideas were all confused, and I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and that, when Mrs. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I scarcely know when it was that I first noticed the change in John Griffiths; but that it was somewhere about this time I

am tolerably certain. It is hard to put looks into words, and to make account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself, and no one could help observing that he grew to be more silent and more unsocial than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept up by a dozen or so of idle fellows belonging to the theatre. Worse than this; he scarcely exchanged a word with me from morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off towards the club-room at night, and said, "Griffiths, have you got anything against me?"—or, "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way and choose his own company.

The summer was already far advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I began to buy the furniture, and Ally to prepare the wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to try him once again, and invite him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth day of July (I am particular about dates), and there had been a general call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early that I might not go in late or tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal and the new piece, and the "terrific descent," I should have enough to do before my day's work was over. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight, but they were pleasanter, anyhow, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the waiters polishing the stains off the tables in the summer-houses, and thought how shabby the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable gimcrack concerns were the Stalactite Caves and the Cosmoramic Grottoes, and all the other attractions which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fireworks.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see in one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths. He was lying forward upon the table with his face resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep. An empty ale-bottle and glass stood close beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in him, though his face was hidden; so I went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John?" says I. "I thought I was here early; but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice, as if he had been struck, and then turned impatiently away.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married, and—"

"Curse you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a tiger's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound?—to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion, that I had nothing to say; and so he went on:

"Why can't you let me alone? Why do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now—"

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it's not likely that I should be a Patagonian Brother if I was—but the sight of his

hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment, quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" said I, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer; but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was; but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh, Ally dear!" I said to myself with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench; I believe that, at that moment, I scarcely knew where I was, or what I was doing.

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterwards, to go through our scene in the rehearsal. It was a grand Easter piece with a great deal of firing, and real water, and a live camel in the last act; and Griffiths and I were Mozambique slaves, performing before the Rajah in the Hall of Candelabras. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, that is all I ever knew about the plot; and, upon my word, I don't believe that anybody else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, recovered my usual composure; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady. When the rehearsal was over, Mr. Rice called us into his private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderfully merry way with him, and always called us by that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work and extra pay on the sixth—just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of hearty manner that wasn't natural to him. "We're ready for anything. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country, and they call it the trapeze. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a balloon ascent both in one. At some distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden framework, which framework was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of this triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a ligature of strong leather attached to his ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man ascending head downwards, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some band or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were then to go through our customary performances, continuing them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon through the air is so steady and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of being up above the housetops, you will perform almost as comfortably as in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men who know their business, and are not to be dashed by a trifle—hey, Patagonians?"

Griffiths brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, sir," said he, with an oath. "I'm ready to do it alone, if any man here is afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this, with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood up into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night!"

If I was to try from now till this day next year, I never could describe the expression that came over his face as I spoke those words. It seemed to turn all the currents of my blood. I could not understand it then—but I understood it well enough afterwards.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Wurtemberg balloon were to be engaged; fifteen hundred additional colored lamps were to be hired; and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds a-piece for the evening, over and above our general salary.

Poor Ally! In the midst of the excitement, I had forgotten her, and it was not till I was out of the theatre and walking slowly homewards that I remembered she must be told. For my own part, I did not believe there was the slightest danger; but I knew how her fears would magnify everything, and the nearer I came towards Islington the more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I was such a coward—for I always am a coward where women are concerned—that I could not tell her that day, nor even the next; and it was only on Sunday, when we were sitting together after dinner, that I found courage to speak of it. I had expected something of a scene, but I had no idea that she would have taken on as she did, and I declare that, even then, if the posters had not been already out, and myself bound in honor to act up to my engagement, I would have gone straight to Mr. Rice and declined the business altogether. Poor little soft-hearted darling! it was a sore trial to her and to me also, and I was an inconsiderate idiot not to have thought of her feelings in the first instance. But there was no help for it now; so I gave her the only consolation in my power, by solemnly promising that I would be the first man tied to the trapeze. It was of course, the safest position, and when I had assured her of this, she grew calmer. On all other points I kept my own counsel, as you may be certain; and as to John Griffiths, I saw less of him than ever. He even took his meals in the city now, and during the seven days that elapsed between the twentieth and the sixth, never once came face to face with me except upon the stage.

I had a hard matter to get away from home when the afternoon of the sixth came round. My darling clung about me as if her heart would break, and although I did my best to cheer her, I don't mind confessing now that I went out and cried a tear or two in the passage.

"Keep up your spirits, Ally dear," says I, smiling and kissing her the last thing before I left the house. "And don't be spoiling your pretty eyes in that way. Remember that I want you to look well, and that we are to be married to-morrow."

The multitude in the Belvidere Gardens was something wonderful. There they were, men, women and children, thronging the balconies, the orchestra stairs, and every available inch of ground; and there, in the midst of them, rolled and swayed the huge Wurtemberg balloon, like a sleepy, lolling giant. The ascent was fixed for six o'clock, that we might come down again by daylight; so I made haste to dress, and then went to the green-room to see after Mr. Rice, and hear something of what was going forward.

Mr. Rice was there, and three gentlemen with him, namely Colonel Steward, Captain Crawford and Sydney Baird, Esquire. They were fine handsome looking gentlemen, all three—especially Sydney Baird, Esquire, who was, as I have since been told, a play-writer, and one of the cleverest men of the day. I was going to draw back when I saw them sitting there with their wine and cigars; but they would have me in to take a glass of port, and shook hands with me all round as polite as possible, and treated me as handsome as any gentlemen could.

"Here's health and success to you, my brave fellow," says Colonel Steward, "and a pleasant trip to us all!" and then I found that they were going up in the car with Mr. Staines.

And now, what with their light cheerful ways and pleasant talking, and what with the glass of wine that I had taken, and the excitement, and the hum of voices from the crowd outside, I was in first-rate spirits, and as impatient to be off as a racer at the starting-point. Presently one of the gentlemen looked at his watch.

"What are we waiting for?" said he. "It is ten minutes past six already."

And so it was. Ten minutes past the hour, and Griffiths had not yet been seen or heard of. Well, Mr. Rice grew very uneasy, and the crowd very noisy, and so twenty minutes more went by. Then we made up our minds to go without him, and Mr. Rice made a little speech and explained it to the people; and then there was a cheer, and a great bustle; and the gentlemen took their seats in the car; and a hamper full of champagne and cold chicken was put in with them; and I was made fast by one leg to the base of the trapeze; and Mr. Staines was just about to get in himself and give the signal to cut loose, when who should we see forcing his way through the crowd but Griffiths.

Of course there was another cheer at this, and a delay of eight or ten minutes more while he was dressing. At last he came, and it was now just a quarter to seven o'clock. He looked very sullen when he found that he was to be the undermost; but there was no time to change anything now, even if I had been willing; so his left wrist and my right were bound together by a leathern strap, the signal was given, the band struck up, the crowd applauded like mad, and the balloon rose straight above the heads of the people.

Down sank the trees and the fountains, and the pavement of upturned faces. Down sank the roof of the theatre, and fainter grew the sound of the hurrahing and the music. The sensation was so strange that, for the first moment, I was forced to close my eyes, and felt as if I must fall and be dashed to pieces. But that soon passed away, and by the time we had risen to about three hundred feet I was as comfortable as if I had been born and bred in the air with my head downwards.

Presently we began our performances. Griffiths was as cool as possible—I never saw him cooler—and we went through every conceivable attitude; now swinging by our hands, now by our feet, now throwing summersaults one over the other. And during the whole of this time the streets and squares seemed to sink away to the right, and the noises from the living world died on the air—and, as I turned and slung, changing my position with every minute, I caught strange flitting glimpses of the sunset and the city, the sky and the river, the gentlemen leaning over the car and the tiny passengers swarming down below like ants on an ant-hill.

Then the gentlemen grew tired of leaning over, and began to talk and laugh, and busy themselves over their hamper. Then the Surrey hills drew nearer, and the city sank away to the right, farther and farther. Then there were nothing but green fields with lines of railway crossing them here and there; and presently it grew quite damp and misty, and we ceased to see anything, except through breaks and openings in the clouds.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well be getting into the car?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite for some minutes. He didn't seem to hear me; and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly, that even the voices of the gentlemen up above grew muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again, and repeated the question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, so raising himself by degrees, till our faces came nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Waldur," said he hoarsely, "wasn't to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the question, in the dusk and dreadful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, what if it was?" said I, after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms."

He gave a short hard laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," says he, and it seemed to me that he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall, he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downwards, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had no more power than an infant.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole, and let me do the same. My head's on fire!"

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to hiss over the cold blade. "I bought it this evening—I hid it in my belt—I waited till the clouds came round and there was no soul to see. Presently I shall cut you away from the balloon. I took an oath that you should never have her, and I mean to keep it!"

A dimness came over my eyes, and everything grew red. I

felt that in another minute I should be insensible. He thought I was so already, and, letting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and as he rose he drew me along with him; for I was so faint and giddy that I could make no effort for myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him take the knife in his right; I felt the cold steel pass between his wrist and mine, and then

And then the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the framework just as the thong gave way.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the wood-work with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of that hideous struggle, to hear the report of a champagne cork—followed by a peal of a careless laughter—overhead. . . . Oh, it was worse than death, a hundred times over!

I cannot tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand upon the other's throat. It may have been only a few seconds; but it seemed like hours to me. The question was simply which should be strangled first.

Presently his gripe relaxed, his lips became dead white, and a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

Then a cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt round his waist.

"It's all over with me," he groaned between his set teeth. "It's all—over—with me! Take your revenge!" Then his head fell heavily back, and he hung, a dead weight on my arm.

I did take my revenge; but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl, so laden, up the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me for an instant, and I suppose the excitement gave me a sort of false strength while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember climbing over the basket-work, and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned upon me as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burthen in my arms.

He is a penitent man now, an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts.

This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

MATTHEW FORREST.—A COUNTRY STORY.

MATTHEW FORREST loves to tell a story. Dining with him lately, he told me his own, as we sat on his ample lawn, and enjoyed the lovely garden which Mrs. Forrest loves so well.

It was already a week ago since the factory bell—the signal of labor to my excellent father during a long and useful life—had sounded to call together our six hundred "hands" on the occasion of his funeral. Loved in life, in death honored, he was followed to the grave by those who well knew his worth, and regretted his loss. I, his son, and during six years past his partner, was left, in my thirty-first year, owner of Barton Mills, and sole representative of the once numerous family of my parents.

My dear mother, formerly a factory-girl herself—bless her!—sat pale and quiet in her accustomed arm-chair: she and I were left alone, of the numerous household once flourishing at Barton. John, my pet brother—the scapegrace of the family—had died of fever in a foreign land, bequeathing to us a boy, wild, and handsome, and winning as himself. Gerald was now sixteen: we had removed him from school, and taken him into business a year back; but his high spirits and indomitable love of mischief rather interfered with his serious avocations.

Edmund was also one of my household—a quiet, studious youth, the child of my sweet sister Katherine, a lady born in a poor man's house, whose gentle graces had won the heart of Edmund Trevor, our hard-working curate. Edmund was preparing to follow his father's profession. The family was completed by Grace and Mary, twin children of my second brother, George. My mother and I could reckon a long list of our dead, for she had been privileged to have, and fated to lose, a large band of children. My poor mother! how often, when her gray eyes grew wistful, and she sat, gently twisting her wedding-ring on her finger—a common trick of hers—I knew that memory was busy repeopling her nursery, and that voices long since silent rang once more upon her ear—my good, gentle mother!

I was rather anxiously situated just then, and my sorrow for my father was keen; but when my little flock came trooping in to breakfast with their kindly greetings and merry looks—for young creatures like them soon get back to merry looks, and indeed it is a good thing—when the bright band entered, my heart felt very glad and grateful. Gerald, with his accustomed awkwardness, fell over a footstool; near-sighted Edmund peered curiously at his grandmother's arm-chair, and finding her there, took his own seat as usual by her side. Grace and Mary, their arms around each other, sat down by me.

The sunshine streamed in on the snowy breakfast-cloth and polished silver on the table, and the dewdrops sparkled like diamonds on the petals of the bouquet in the centre, gathered and placed there, according to custom, by my two nieces: the habit had been begun to please my father, years ago. I opened the Bible and read our morning chapter; then we prayed together, and, soothed by the devotion, gathered cheerfully round the breakfast table.

"Children," said my mother, "I have one thing to say" (all listened): "you know that your uncle and I have judged it fit to engage a young lady to teach Grace and Mary. She arrived, as you are aware, last night. As she has just lost her father"—my dear mother's voice trembled—"we must all be very kind and considerate to her. Let us try to make her happy among us."

"Where is she?" asked Gerald, presently.

"Not yet up," answered the girls, in one voice.

"A pretty beginning!" said Gerald. "I have a great mind to throw some gravel at her window! It is eight o'clock."

"You had better mind your breakfast," was Edmund's remark. "I think the young lady is coming."

"What quick ears yours are, old fellow, in catching that soft, feminine rustle of skirts and flounces! I believe it is music to you," continued Gerald, whose mad tongue was only checked by the entrance of Helen Blythewaite, the governess.

Poor proud girl! I can comprehend, now, that it was exquisite humiliation for her to greet us in such a character. She looked round coldly, and dropping one general, graceful curtsey, sat down in a chair, which Edmund had drawn to the table for her, by his own side; at which piece of ordinary politeness Gerald looked mischievously merry. Miss Blythewaite's eyelids were swollen; her lips pale and compressed. I have no doubt she had been weeping half the night. Grace and Mary, sitting together at the head of the table, poured out her coffee, which she drank hurriedly and nervously, refusing to eat, in spite of my mother's persuasions and Edmund's active endeavors to tempt her.

My mother seemed very uneasy. She loved that all about her should be happy.

When we began to withdraw from the table, she said, kindly, "Miss Blythewaite, my dear, you must have to-day to make our acquaintance; to-morrow you may speak of lessons."

"Thank you, madam," returned the young lady, in a cold voice; "I shall be glad to have to-day to myself!" and retreating to her own room, we saw no more of her until our early dinner-time, when she seemed just as frigid, and no more hungry than before.

I had not a great deal of time to observe her, however, for I was very anxious and busy. My father—I think it was his only error—had a dislike to the introduction of machinery; and for a few years back, Barton Mills had scarcely kept up their old reputation. I had so many utterly dependent upon me that I felt bound to retrieve lost chances, and having scraped together

—not without a mortgage—money enough to pay my more pressing debts, I began immediately to put in my machinery and start afresh. The arrival of my millwright made me unpopular among our people, who dreaded any innovation, and altogether my position was not the pleasantest in the world; still I trusted in Providence to carry me through my strait, and used every effort to extricate myself from difficulties which I had seen coming for years, but had been unable to deal with during my father's life. Some of our best customers had left us, and I had not much money in reserve when my urgent debts were paid; but I and my children agreed with the grandmother to live very quietly, and save all we could. I sold the carriage and horses, and reduced the establishment to half its former size. These circumstances, I beg to say, little affected our comfort, and we were merry the very day our superfluous domestics left us.

It was Grace and Mary's birthday, and our tea was spread on a table under the great chestnut, now in full leaf. My mother had given a holiday; and according to custom on such occasions, Miss Blythewaite had shut herself in the school-room all day. I was sorry to see this proud unhappy girl throwing away little homely bits of happiness, which might have enlivened her existence; but as she gave her lessons scrupulously, and fulfilled all her duties (in the letter, at least), I scarcely knew how to deal with the case—or rather to advise my mother how to deal with it. My dear mother, the general confidante of our circle, could make no way to Miss Blythewaite's heart.

Grace and Mary had been rendered happy by some lockets I had given them, and we were seated round our table under the tree, when our neat housemaid, who had been sent to summon Miss Blythewaite, returned to us, announcing that if Mrs. Forrest pleased, she would take her tea in-doors.

Grace and Mary were sadly disappointed, for they loved this strange girl, and wished her to share their pleasure; and my good mother looked unhappy.

"I will fetch her," cried Gerald, roughly; but Edmund interfered, and to prevent any serious disagreement between the lads, I went myself.

She was sitting in the pretty room appropriated as the girls' study; not at work—she never amused herself, as some young women do, with a needle; not reading, though several books lay open on the table; but leaning, in an idle listless way, over the table. I had seen a print of "The Poor Teacher," which struck me to the heart; and I had no fancy to have any domestic tragedy of that kind enacted under my kindly roof, where honest work of every sort had been ever religiously respected.

She rose when I entered, with a gesture of exaggerated humility. Foolish girl! I might have spoken somewhat roughly had not those pretty lids shown a purple heaviness which told of tears.

"Are you ill, Miss Blythewaite?" I inquired, in a voice just as little touched with sympathy as I thought the occasion required.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Then why refuse to obey my mother's summons to tea? It hurts her to see you lonely; and you are aware that you ought to consult her feelings a little."

"Surely when my lessons are over——" She looked angry, and was clearly about to make some strong speech; but she checked herself, and said very quietly: "I prefer having my leisure to myself."

Her coolness vexed me. Had she cried she would have conquered; for I never could face feminine tears, and should have left her to her own foolish devices. But the nonchalant air with which she waived off our request, roused the master in me—a portion which is always strong in the composition of a manufacturer.

"I am older than you, Miss Blythewaite, and have seen considerably more of the world. I may be permitted to tell you that your solitary leisure is the worst thing possible for you."

"Perhaps I may also be permitted to judge of that, sir," she answered, just as quickly as before.

"Just tell me," I said, "if you have met with any unkindness? Gerald is rough, or the girls may thoughtlessly have said what I am sure, if it were not kind, they did not mean. I want you to be happy."

"Me happy! I have lived long enough to smile at the word." And she did smile, an unpleasant smile for a girl.

"We have all our own aches and pains, both bodily and mental, I am well aware, Miss Blythewaite; but we should not nurse them up. If you cannot be happy, at least you can help us to be so."

The perverse girl was still untamed; and she said in her low liquid voice, "In most families of any pretensions, I believe, the governess is not compelled to join the family circle."

"We are not a family of 'pretensions'; we are honest English traders. I have no wish to compel you to join us."

"Then I shall decide to remain here."

"Very well, please yourself; but you are acting very unwisely."

"Thank you for your kind advice and counsel."

The little hypocrite! She said it calmly, though she was really angry with me. I left her to her solitary thoughts, and joined the merry party under the chestnut tree. Our young people were gay, and their light laughter banished some rather mournful thoughts which had been filling my brain before. I had lost a large contract, and a house largely in my debt had become bankrupt; but I forgot my perplexities for a while, as we sat in the summer sunshine—we who were left to each other, happy and well. I joined in their games after tea; but when they went indoors, I remained alone, pacing the Cedar Walk in the dusk of the starry summer night, and renewing my interview with the ghosts that tormented me.

I lighted a cigar, having great faith in its powers as an aid to tranquil reflection, and walked slowly to and fro; now and then stopping a moment to smell my favorite clove carnations, but never ceasing to remember the heavy bill due next Monday, or the averted looks of my workpeople, in whose ears the sounds of hammer and anvil were abominations. If I could outride this storm, and once get my machinery fully employed, I might yet hope ultimately to preserve an honest name from disgrace; if not—! My poor mother, who loved Barton House as a tangible proof of her good husband's affection for her and his children; Edmund just ready for college; Gerald fit for nothing but to laugh life away; and the dear little girls—what would become of them all! Such were the thoughts which accompanied me up and down the Cedar Walk.

I was standing a moment to watch a light cloud in the west, shining between the darkness of the cedar boughs, when Miss Blythewaite, wrapped in a shawl, entered the walk, and began to walk hastily up and down. Strange, solitary girl! She could not call this recreation, pacing so hurriedly, with her eyes on the ground, and nothing of all the flush and brilliance of a summer night. Before she reached me, I heard—did I hear?—a low whistle.

Yes, it must have been, for she too looked round; and having apparently satisfied herself that no one was near, opened the postern gate in the wall, and was immediately strained to the breast of one who stood there.

My first impulse was to thrust her from the house at once; my next, to leave the spot now, and to dismiss her quietly to-morrow. Charity suggested that perhaps the stranger might be a relative; but then, what motive for clandestine visits? for in our house she was perfectly free to receive her friends. I doubted whether this girl's coming among us might not bring me trouble; and as I pettishly flung away my cigar, and trampled out its tiny red light, she hastily embraced and dismissed her visitor.

Then I began to feel that another feeling was mingled with my anger.

This strange, proud, stubborn girl had a charm about her—a mystery, which, had I been rich and idle, it would perhaps have amused me to unravel at my leisure. Her rich curved red lips were full of beauty, and the glance of her rarely-lifted eye was like a sunrise. Cool, crystal-clear, dark bluish-gray eyes, with long lashes that gave her a sort of Spanish look; a broad, low, fair brow; sunny brown hair, which, though gathered into formal little curls, according to the fashion of the day, waved and crimped up to the white parting, which went—

"One moonbeam from the forehead to the crown,"

came before my fancy, blotting out my harsh judgment, and making me long to do some violence to that miscreant.

Before I had completed my thought-sentence she looked round

and saw me. One moment she stood irresolute; the next she was standing by my side. She was no coward, and moved as firmly as though she had been detected in a perfectly natural action. I held her two hands and looked sternly into her pale face.

"Who was that man?"

"Who?"

"Yes—I have a right to know. I blush for you."

"You have not the reason you think."

"I might have some reason then? Indeed I cannot doubt it, Miss Blythewaite. Are you fit to be trusted with the care of two innocent children, you who can condescend—"

"Hush! I may seem—I must seem very wrong—but, I am in such trouble—however, I cannot explain without implicating others; I must trust to your forbearance."

"Forbearance? I have not sufficient to trust to in this case. You seem scarcely aware that it is impossible you can continue to hold your situation, unless you fully explain this evening's occurrence. Once more, who was that man and what business had he here?"

"It was my father, and he came for money." This was spoken low and with pain.

"Miss Blythewaite! You are at this moment wearing mourning for your father!"

"Nevertheless it was my father; and as he is just now dependent upon secrecy for life itself, and on me for bread, please let me work here still. Once I never thought—but you do not know—you do not understand—" she arrested her speech at some expression in my eye, and said impatiently, "Surely you believe me?"

"Do not be angry if I say that I cannot. You have mentioned, yourself, that your father was dead."

"No; I said I wore this mourning for him."

"Well, it is a wretched evasion—a falsehood."

"Yes, and it is odious to me. Oh! I am so glad to fling away this black lie to-night! If you knew all, you might blame, but you must pity me."

I loosed her hands, which I had firmly clasped until now, and drew her arm inside my own. That poor girl, so bravely fighting to keep her tears back! Guilty or not guilty, I could not shake off the brave little creature without hearing her story.

"Though you will not believe me, I trust you, and I am sure you will keep my painful secret. I never had a home like yours. I cannot bear to be in your house; for I remember no mother's kiss or care; and when your mother speaks so kindly to you all, I feel that I am 'only the governess.' I hate every one of you. When I was very little, I recollect living with a dark, handsome lady, who sang and played beautifully. One day I called her mamma. She was very angry, and sent me a long way off to nurse. I never saw her again. Papa fetched me from nurse, and took me to school in Brussels. I missed my good nurse, and cried incessantly. There was no mother, no sister, to dry my tears or to speak comfort.

"The school was very dull; but I tried to learn, because papa promised that when I was quite accomplished he would take me home. When I was nineteen he suddenly appeared in the great bare *salon*, of which I was so weary, and I thought I should die with joy. But I had to live and bear sorrow.

"Papa took me to Paris, and at first I was very happy. I thought I should never be tired of the opera and the gay parties we frequented. But by-and-by, though papa loved me dearly, I began to long for quiet; but we were never still. We never went to church. I went one Sunday by accident to the English chapel, and the sermon made me long to be better. Papa's friends are not good people, I am sorry to say. One of them wished to marry me. He was not—at least he did not seem—so bad as some, and I felt a little inclined to have him, as papa very much wished it. Papa was always urging me to marry him. But when the day was fixed and my bridal bouquet gathered even, I heard of a wicked and cruel thing the colonel had done, and I felt that I would rather die than be his wife. Papa was very angry, and so was the colonel. I ran away to England, to the house of a school-fellow whom I loved. Papa followed me. He tells me that he owes the colonel a large sum of money, and, moreover, that this bad man knows of something which poor papa did years ago. I don't know what. I am not to judge him; he was always good to me; but I believe his life

is in danger if he were found out. And he has given up the little he had to appease the colonel's wrath, but to no effect. We wish people to think that papa is dead, for the colonel is hunting him like a stag. And now you know all my history."

"My poor girl! God forgive me my harsh judgment of you. But you must feel at home here, and forget your trouble. And now you have trusted in me you shall have better opportunities of relieving your father."

She quitted my arm, and prepared to go in-doors. I felt hurt.

"Do you go so?"

"How, sir?"

"Without a word of pardon for my harsh thoughts of you."

"They were very natural under the circumstances."

I know not what I might have been tempted to do, had not the girl run away in haste at the sound of the prayer-bell. The almost childish simplicity with which she told her story, her confidence in me, and her pleasant voice, had made a fool of me. I should have made her an offer in another minute. But as she turned and ran in-doors she took my love-dream with her. Beautiful vision! I could have wept as it vanished, leaving in its place a hideous real world of debts and bills and difficulties of all kinds. The prayer-bell should have banished such thoughts. Alas! alas!

Much excuse was unnecessary, for I was really anxious and busy during the next few weeks—how anxious only business men can tell; but to avoid Miss Blythewaite I shut myself in my counting house as much as possible, every post bringing me tidings that were more and more unfavorable. Some of the debts I believed to be best turned out worthless, and my heap of sovereigns underwent a sort of magic process, which turned them into base coin. Providence, sometimes for months together, does thus try us, sending cross upon cross, trial upon trial. My greatest hardship, I think, upon the whole, was the changed manner of my people. My dear father had preserved their affection at his own expense; and I, being compelled in self-defence, and for the sake of those dear to me, to go with the times, had to pay a heavy penalty. Eyes were averted from me, and the pleasant good-morrow grew less frequent. Other masters, who had long had such machinery as I was introducing, had outlived opposition, and were popular enough in their way; but Barton Mills had been regarded as secure from the taint of new-fangled ways, and my elder workmen did not scruple to say that I was "flying in my dead father's face." But I had his dear ones to care for, and was obliged to consult their interests. Whether we could stay at Barton-house was no longer doubtful. For myself I cared nothing, as any four clean walls, echoing my beloved voices, would be home to me; but for my mother I was cut to the soul. Her stout peasant heart had shared her husband's honest ambition, and rejoiced in his success. Every picture on the walls, every gem in the cabinets, registered some era of perseverance and reward. Our beautiful home was the fruit of our father's labor, and it was dear indeed to us, on that account. His favorite plantation, my mother's flower-garden, the spot where Edmund's mother, dear Katherine, had last breathed the open air, the trees the boys had climbed and the girls planted, lay around Barton. How could we leave it?

It was autumn time, when loss upon loss struck home the fact that I was an insolvent man. On discovering this I resolved, at whatever cost, to do my duty. Accordingly I prepared to relinquish all, trusting still to obtain the means of subsistence for my mother and the girls. Poor Edmund's college course had become a wild dream, and Gerald's continental trip a fiction. My little girls, too, could have no masters. When I thought of these things I was ashamed of my manhood, and of my strong right arm. Most of all I dreaded telling my mother. To her bankruptcy was dishonor and disgrace.

Reflecting on my circumstances I had become more and more ashamed of my momentary madness in the Cedar Walk, and had contrived to avoid Miss Blythewaite during some weeks. I had, indeed, communicated with her father for her, and relieved him from the pressure of his want. He seemed to me an unprincipled though not an ungrateful man. But the time came when I must speak to her, and prepare to attend upon my mother in her coming distress. I had sent my boys and girls

out for the day, having nerved myself to do what every hour rendered more and more imperative. Whether I should be able to rent Barton Mills, or whether we should be altogether turned out, I knew not as yet.

It was a damp autumn evening, the night I had looked forward to, and my machinery was just completed. This outlay, instead of relieving me, had only hurried the catastrophe, and although a few months back I had looked forward to this night as my salvation, it seemed now far otherwise. I sent for Miss Blythewaite, and she came, pale and quiet as usual, at my bidding. Her manners had grown much sweeter since our walk under the cedars, and my dear mother had begun to find a friend in her. Yes, those two had their twilight confidences, and sometimes I could almost fancy Katherine had not died when the governess hovered about my mother's chair and waited upon my boys.

In few stern words I told her my position.

"Your dear mother!"

Yes, those were her only words, though once I had seen her lip curl at any little omission of conventionality on my mother's part. But they loved each other now, and Miss Blythewaite seemed to think of none but her in this trouble.

Will it be believed of a cool sensible poverty-stricken Englishman? I felt jealous—jealous of my own dear mother, and said (in a vexed tone, no doubt), "I, too, shall suffer."

She looked at me, and seemed about to offer her hand; but changed her mind, and said, in her provokingly calm tone, "We shall all suffer; but it is worst for her."

"We." I ought to have been pleased at that pronoun, expressing a community of interest; but just then I felt as I ought not; and so I turned away and began making frantic entries in my account books. And she left me.

An hour later I met her on the stairs.

"Have you told her?" I asked.

"No, I cannot; she seems too weak to-night. You must come and tell her yourself."

"None of you will put a finger to my burden, I see."

"Matthew!"

My own plain name from her lips startled me strangely, and I caught her madly to my bosom. I could not help it; for just then I was utterly miserable, and weak enough almost to ask sympathy. In every life I suppose there is such a moment. I looked into her dark gray eyes, and read there one pure and beautiful truth—she loved me. Bankrupt and dishonored, she loved me. There was yet hope between me and the grave.

All this because that strange girl had been frightened by my vehemence into the ejaculation of my Christian name: so said Reason. My heart knew better. One look—which seemed to take in past, present and future—passed between us, and I knew we could never again be strangers, let our fate be what it might.

We went together.

That moment, when she and I held each a hand of my mother, was at once bitter and comforting. My poor mother was very distressed, though she tried to hide it; but even as she smiled a kindly smile to re-assure me of her trust in me, her jaw fell and her limbs grew rigid. I took her in my strong arms and laid her upon her bed, whence she never rose again. She revived to speak a word of farewell, and was gone without a sigh. She had been so much to me that my grief was frantic, and I know not how long I might have sobbed over that honored form had not Helen touched my arm and said, quietly,

"The soldiers you asked for have arrived just in time. The people are burning Barton Mills."

Burning Barton Mills! The speech recalled me to common life, and to the necessity for instant thought.

"And the children?" I faltered.

"Will stay at D—all night, I have sent word. The boys are back and with the soldiers. Oh! what a fearful shouting."

"My poor girl, where can I take you?"

"Matthew, I shall not leave you. You and I are here alone, for the servants have stolen out and left us."

They were daughters of my workpeople, and had quietly joined their families before the struggle began, no doubt.

Helen and I stood a moment in the dusk night, watching the

red leaping of the flames, and the annihilation of my remaining property. Then I opened the window and tried to make myself heard—I, who had sprung from these people, and belonged to them, and loved them; but they would not hear me. My name was execrated, and stones, hurled by malicious hands, entered even the chamber of my sacred dead. I closed the shutters. The cruel morning showed me the charred and blackened walls of Barton Mills, which my dear father had built.

My Helen had comforted me the night through, and was like an angel in my sorrow.

That time was not all bitter. How good my children were! Laughing Gerald took an humble clerkship, and Edmund a tutor's situation. We retired to a very humble cottage, and kept no servant. My little girls were my handmaidens, and I let Barton House to a stranger.

I would have married immediately, but Helen was more cautious. She took another situation, enabled her father to emigrate to America, and helped me to send my little ones to school. My neighbors nobly assisted me to rebuild my mills—in those troublesome times men stood by their order firmly—and in five years I brought home my bride. Trade had flourished in the interval, and I was slowly discharging my old debts. We lived very frugally, indeed, until that end was gained. One night we owed no man a shilling, and then the strangers quitted Barton House, and I and mine returned. Gerald had attained a lucrative post; Edmund was working hard in a curacy which he liked, though it was not lucrative, and the twins were engaged to be married.

And from that day to this all has gone on well at Barton Mills. "The good hand of the Lord was with us in all our trouble."

Here my host removed his hat; the sunlight streamed on his gray hair, and in a second a rosy crowd of boys and girls, fresh from the school-room, came clustering about his knees, while Mrs. Forrest—bonnie creature—stood smiling by his side.

SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.

A ~~fresh~~ example of the extraordinary credulity of the French peasantry was presented recently before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Lisieux (Eure), in the trial of a married woman, named Marguerin, for swindling. This woman, who lived in the town, professed to be a sorceress, and to have the power of curing maladies by incantations. The wife of a man named Boutrin having fallen ill, he called the woman in, and she demanded for her services a hundred francs, which were at once paid. The woman, producing a pack of cards, arranged them in a peculiar manner; then she called for a pound of nails, and placed them in the cover of a saucepan on the fire, until they were red hot; then, with a variety of strange gestures, and muttering incomprehensible words, she cast water on the nails; and then, lastly, removing the sick woman from the bed, she made her plunge a fork into the bubbles created by the water. This done, she declared that the patient would be cured next day, as the fork had stabbed the spirits that had bewitched her; but the next day the patient, to her own astonishment and that of her husband, was considerably worse. On this the pretended sorceress tried a new plan, which she represented to be infallible. She took a wreath of ivy and attached to each leaf a piece of paper, on which was written "Our Lady of Deliverance," "Our Lady of Grace," or the name of some saint. Over each leaf she said an Ave and a Pater, and then plunged the wreath into water, and made sundry incantations over it. After a while she withdrew it, and seeing that some of the leaves had become dark, declared that it was the saints whose names they bore who afflicted the woman, and that she must go on a pilgrimage to their chapels. That operation, however, though it cost some money, did not cure the woman. Several other persons were cheated out of sums by the same or similar means, and one of them out of as much as three hundred francs. Sometimes her dupes, on seeing that her incantations failed, talked of calling in a doctor, but she declared solemnly that if they did so the sick person would instantly die. The consequence of this was, that her dupes were sometimes in serious danger, and one of them actually died in her hands. The tribunal sentenced her to thirteen months' imprisonment and fifty francs fine.

FAIRS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WHEN and where was the first fair? History, tradition, give no record of it. It must have been soon after the great Babel dispersion. And we believe, ourselves, that the first impulse to this assemblage of men and women was not that of traffic or barter, but the desire to look at one another's faces, and hear one another's tongues; to keep up by word, look and greeting, the intercourse with and communion which scrolls, printing-presses, telegraphs and railways have since made so easy. We can fancy at the first fair how curiously the men, whose fathers had been thus suddenly divided into races and tribes, must have regarded each other—how earnestly and how rudely they must have striven to recover the commune which the confusion of tongues had broken—how strangely on ear and eye must have fallen the little differences which the separation had caused to spring up among them. Very soon commerce obtruded itself. The merchant's bale, the pedlar's pack, and the costly boxes of gold, spikenard, frankincense and myrrh appeared among the congregations of men, and became in time the principal causes and objects of their meetings. Still these gatherings were in large spaces, and in the open air, and the various classes and nations met and mingled; and still the social spirit held its own against the invasion of traffic. There were buyers and sellers, money-changers and "the seats of them that sold doves;" and there were, besides, minstrels with their songs, story-tellers with their legends, quacks with their nostrums, mimes, dancers and masquers. Merchandise and products passed on art and skill from nation to nation. Story, legend and custom passed on thought and feeling from man to man. Then came bees and flocks, and opposite them stood mountebanks, fire-eaters, peep-shows, and menageries. It is only now, in the present, that trade has obtained a complete victory. In our youth the forces were equal. The fair was a divided field. In the morning it was given up to oxen and sheep, fleeces and cornsacks; after mid-day, conjurers, cheap Johns, ginger-bread stalls, nut-barrows, and dancing-booths held full sway. We remember watching eagerly the departing droves, and longing to impart a progressive impulse to the juvenile bumpkins, who were generally charged with the exodus; and we remember, too, admiring the enterprise of the man who, ere the retreating herds had vanished, presumed to set up his standard, and blow his trumpet, and appreciating vastly the condescension of the peep-show man, who volunteered to us an improvised performance. We know that there is an illusion about these fairs. Taken in the abstract, stripped to their naked materialism, there is not much about them to kindle mirth or joviality; but the gregarious instinct is still strong in men, and they love to laugh, to dance, to feast and be merry in masses. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." And man hath chosen the fair as a season and time to be merry in congregation, to pour forth the issues of joyfulness in fellowship. Their own hearts throw the illusion of their joy over the materials, however poor they be, radiating a richness on tinsel, calico and sawdust—a delicacy on gingerbread, toffy and alicumpane—a freshness on clown's paint and Punch's fun, and shedding even gentle touches on the beaters of big drums, the players of pan-pipes, and the holders of tambourines. The capacity for this illusion is to us a characteristic of a people or a time. The nature and tempers, strong in endeavor, strong in purpose, strong in brotherhood, will be strong and hearty also in the impulses of gladness. From the hearty workers, the hearty thinkers, and the hearty fighters have come the strongest and most natural expression of mirth, conviviality and fellowship. Back through the long vista of years, we see groups of men shouting, carolling, revelling lustily, eating largely, quaffing largely, greeting loudly, rejoicing heartily, at their gatherings and meetings in the fairs of old. As we go downwards men are more congregated and mixed, the need of these assemblages becomes less, and the shoutings and revellings, and feastings and greetings grow less hearty, until culture and refinement wear out the old illusions altogether, and the fair appears in its coarse reality; the gingerbread is a nasty mixture daubed with gilt leaf—the clown a low fellow with painted face—the woman with the tambourine a dirty harriidan—and the owner of the giant and pink-eyed lady a knavish impostor. They find other sources of mirth and rejoicing.



THE TALIPOT PALM.

THE PALM TREE.

THE palm tree is one of the most wonderful productions of the tropical vegetable world. To the natives of the countries where the tree flourishes, they find in a single specimen a cup of water to the temperate and thirsty traveller, a cup of cream from the pressed kernel, a cup of refreshing and sparkling toddy to the early riser, a cup of arrack to the hardened spirit drinker, and a cup of oil, by the light of which you can extol its merits—five separate and distinct liquids from the same tree!

The cocoa-nut palm requires a sandy and well drained soil; and although it flourishes where no other tree will grow, it welcomes a soil of richer quality, and produces fruit in proportion. Eighty nuts per annum are about the average income from a full bearing healthy tree. This kind of palm delights in the sea breeze, and never attains the same perfection inland that it does in the vicinity of the coast. The wood of the tree is strong and durable: it is dark brown, traversed by longitudinal lines.

The kittool is a peculiar palm; its crest very nearly resembles the drooping plume of a hearse, the foliage being a dark green, fringed with gray. But the most extraordinary in the list of palms (of which there are many varieties), is the talipot. The crest of this beautiful tree is adorned by a crown of nearly circular fan-shaped leaves, of so tough and durable texture, that they are sewed together by the natives, and when thus connected and set on end, seem as portable huts or tents. The circumference of each leaf, at the extreme edge, is from twenty to thirty feet, and even that size is said to be often exceeded. A palm leaf hut of the kind made from these gigantic leaves resembles a large mushroom or an umbrella. One peculiarity about the talipot palm is, that it blossoms only once in a long period of years, and then it dies. No flower surpasses the elegance and extraordinary dimensions of the blossom; its size is proportionate to its leaves, and it entirely usurps the place of the faded crest of green, forming a magnificent crown or plume of snow-white ostrich feathers, which stand upon the summit

of the tall stem, as though they were the natural head of the tree.

There is an interesting phenomenon at the period of the flowering. The great plume already mentioned, prior to its appearing in bloom, is confined in a large case or bud about four feet long. In this case the blossom comes to maturity, at which time the tightened cuticle of the bud can no longer sustain the pressure of the expanding flower, when suddenly it bursts open with a loud report, and the beautiful plume, freed from all restraint, ascends at this signal, and rapidly unfolds its feathers, towering above the drooping leaves, which are now rapidly hastening to decay.

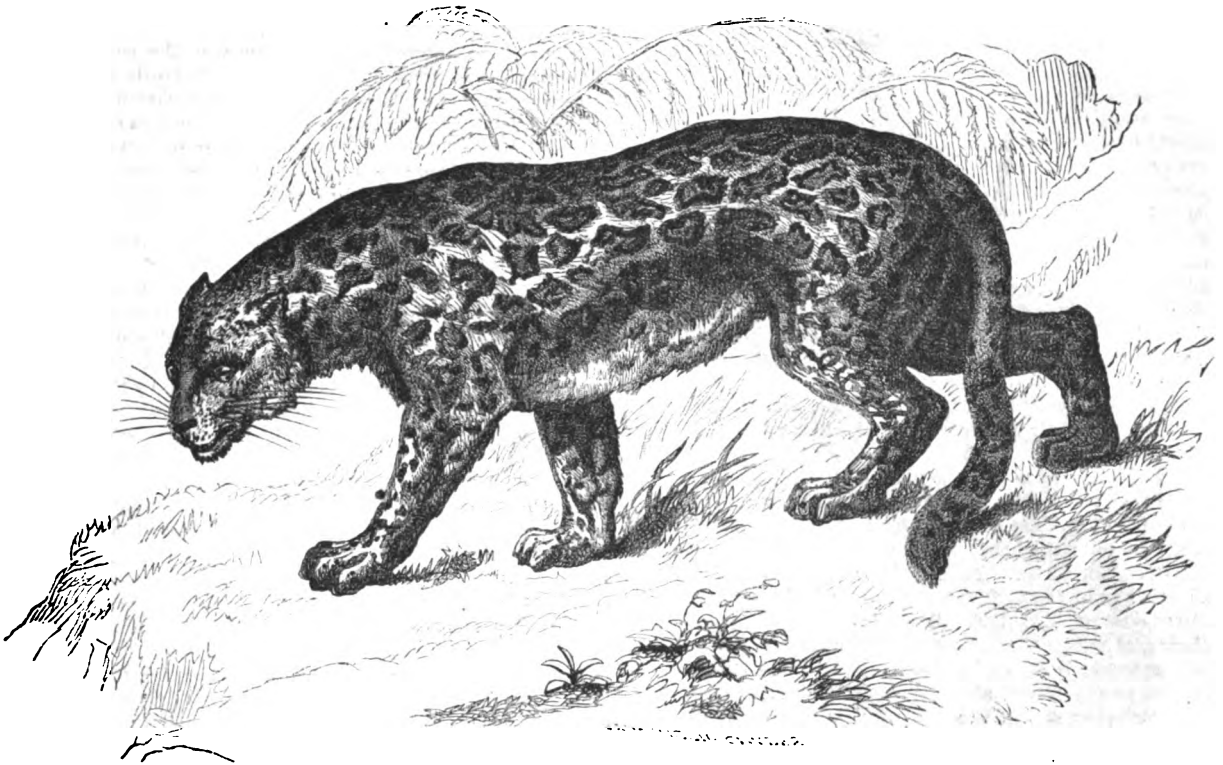
The areca palm is remarkable for its great height and its feathery crest. It possesses the most delicate trunk of all the palm family; a tree of eighty feet in length will not exceed five inches in diameter; nevertheless, in the severest tropical storms, this slender giant of the forest is never torn up by the roots; it yields to the pressure of the hurricane, and when it is over, rises again to its native dignity. This tree produces the celebrated betel-nut. They grow in clusters beneath the crest or leaves, similar in manner to the cocoa-nut, and produce about two hundred a-year. These nuts are similar in size and appearance to nutmegs, and, like the cocoa-nut, are enclosed in a husk of fibrous texture.

The date palm grows only to the height of three or four feet, and its fruit is perfectly worthless. The sago palm is also very dwarfish in its size, seldom reaching more than twenty feet. It produces a nut from which a very superior flour is made. The kernel of the nut is first dried in the sun and then pounded in a mortar, the result is a pure white farina. The dough made from it rises from its own fermentation, and the cake, when baked, tastes like a common wheaten biscuit.

The cultivation of the palm is carried on to a great extent, both by natives and Europeans, on the island of Ceylon; the fruit is worked up into oil. The manufacture of this article is very simple: the kernel is taken from the nut, and being exposed to the sun until the watery particles are evaporated, it is then ground in a mill, and the oil flows into a reservoir. It takes eleven years to bring a cocoa-nut palm plantation to perfection; and it is, therefore, a dangerous speculation to make any outlay that will remain so long invested without producing a return.



THE COCOA-NUT PALM.



THE JAGUAR, OR BRAZILIAN TIGER.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BRAZIL.°

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE beautiful province of Minas-Geraes is the most important of all the inland divisions of the vast empire of Brazil, owing to its mineral and vegetable riches, its countless varieties of birds and insects, its immense herds, its accessibility to market and its population. It contains eight hundred thousand inhabitants, and yet is so extensive that there are within its area of one hundred and eighty thousand square miles, many forests

—perfect wildernesses
—overrun with Indian tribes, and where the wild jaguar roams in undisturbed independence.

A celebrated writer has remarked with great emphasis, that if there be one spot in the world which might be made to surpass all others, Minas is that favored spot. Its climate is mild and healthful, its surface is elevated and undulating, its soil is rich, fertile and capable of yielding the most valuable productions. Its forests abound in choice cabinet timber, balsams, drugs and dyewoods.

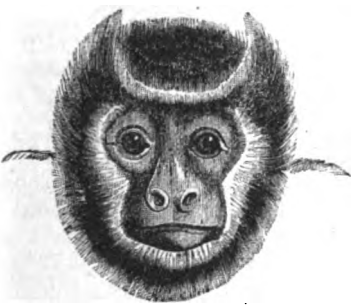
The great staple, however, of Minas-Geraes is coffee, as it is indeed of the whole empire of Brazil. What a history might be written of the voyages, the naturalization, and the uses of this important member of the *Rubiaceæ* family! The coffee tree is not, as is generally supposed, a native of Arabia, but its home is Abyssinia, and particularly that district called Kaffa; whence the name of the beverage-berry. To this day the coffee plant is found growing as far as the sources of the White Nile. It was not taken to Arabia until the fifteenth century, when being cultivated extensively with great success as to quantity and

quality in the province or kingdom of Yemen, and embarked from Mocha, the coffee of that portion of the world obtained a celebrity which it has never lost.

The great coffee regions are Minas, Rio Parahiba and the province of San Paulo. It is planted by burying the seeds or berries (which are double), or by slips. The trees are placed six or eight feet apart, and those plants which have been taken from the nursery with balls of mould around their roots will bear fruit in two years; those detached from the earth will not produce until the third year, and the majority of such shrubs die. In the richest portions of Minas, one thousand trees will yield from 2,560 to 3,200 pounds, in Rio Janeiro from 1,600 to 2,560. In some parts of San Paulo one thousand trees have yielded 6,400. In the province of Rio de Janeiro, trees are generally cut down every fifteen years. As a general rule the coffee tree is not allowed to exceed twelve feet in height, so as to be in reach. When the berry is ripe it is about the size and color of a cherry, and resembles it or a large cranberry; of these berries a negro can daily collect about thirty-two pounds. There are three gatherings in the year, and the berries are spread out upon pavements or a level portion of ground (the *terreno*), from whence they are taken when dry and denuded of the hull by machinery, and afterwards conveyed to market. Nothing can be more beautiful than a coffee plantation in full and virgin bloom. The snowy blossoms all burst forth simultaneously,

and the extended fields seem almost in a night to lay aside their robe of verdure and to replace it by the most delicate mantle of white, which exhales a fragrance not unworthy of Eden. But the beauty is truly ephemeral, for the beautiful snow-white flowers and the delightful odor pass away in twenty-four hours.

Upon the west and north of Minas-Geraes is the large province of Goyas. It abounds in



INHABITANT OF THE FOREST OF GOYAS.



INHABITANT OF THE FOREST OF GOYAS.

° Prepared from "Brazil and the Brazilians," portrayed in historical and descriptive sketches by the Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher, illustrated by one hundred engravings. Childs and Peterson, Philadelphia; Sheldon, Blake and Co., New York.

gold, diamonds and precious stones; but its remoteness from the sea-shore, and its lack of roads, canals and steamboats upon its navigable rivers, are great obstacles to the development of its resources.

Some tall virgin forests are seen upon the banks of its rivers, in which most comical monkeys abound. These animals are pretty large, and are full of ludicrous tricks. In Goyaz the traveller will find plenty of honey made by stingless bees. I do not know that it holds true in Brazil as in North America, that the bee precedes by a few miles the onward march of civilization—advances as the Indian and the wild beast prepares to take their departure—and thus is the pioneer of a better state of things; but it gives of its sweets to sustain and cheer the settler and the *voyageur* in those vast and fertile solitudes. I suppose that the bees of Brazil are indigenous, and not like the honey-bee of the United States, which was unknown before the arrival of the Europeans, and to which the Indians—having no term for it in their language—gave the name of English flies. The greater portion of the Brazilian bees possess, in their absence of weapons, a peculiarity which many a stung sufferer would wish the *Apis mellifica* of North America possessed. Some of these bees make *sour* honey. This species is called the black bee (*Mumbuco*); the honey after being gathered an hour becomes as sour as lemon juice. The *Tinha* (native name) is of the size of a large house-fly and of a grayish color; its honey is delicious. *Manoel d'Abreu*, of a bright yellow color; the honey is very good. *Enchan*, about the size of a wasp, its head black and the body gold colored; it builds its hive in the branches of trees; this is of a papery tissue, about three feet in circumference; its honey is very good. *Cuniara*, black; its honey is too bitter to be eatable; it is a great thief of the honey of other bees.

Most of these honey bees construct their cells in the hollow trunks of old trees, and others in similar situations under ground. It is only the last three kinds that sting, all the others being harmless. The only attempt I ever saw to domesticate these bees was by a Cornish miner in the gold district, who cut off those portions of the trunks of the trees which contained the nest, and fastened them up under the eaves of his house. They thrive very well; but whenever the honey was wanted, it was necessary to destroy the bees. Both the Indians and the other inhabitants of the country are very expert in training these insects to the trees in which they live. They generally mix the honey—which is very fluid—with farina before they eat it; and of the wax they make a coarse kind of taper, about a yard long, which gives a brilliant light and serves in lieu of candles. The country people bring these in large quantities to the villages for sale.

In the northern part of the province of Bahia, in the interior of Brazil, are countless hosts of monkeys, mostly of the howling kind. M. de Castellan, on the head-waters of the Amazon, found the written authentic account of a padre of very early times, who affirmed that there was here a race of Indians which he had seen, who were dwarfish in size, and had tails. He says that one was brought to him whose caudal extremity was the "thickness of a finger," and a palm long, covered with a smooth and naked skin; and he also further sets his seal to the fact that the Indian cuts his own tail once a month, as he did not like it too long. Was not the padre's dwarf the *Brachynrus calvus*, with the short ball-like tail, discovered a few years ago in this region by Mr. Delville?

Early one morning I looked from my window, and saw upon the branch of a bread-fruit tree beneath me, a humming-bird sitting quietly upon her tiny nest. In the midst of the foliage she appeared like a piece of *lapis lazuli* surrounded by emeralds—for her back was of the deepest blue. Everywhere throughout Brazil this little winged gem in many varieties, abounds; while in North America, from Mexico to the fifty-seventh degree of latitude, it is said that there is but one species of the humming-bird. Mr. Gosse calls the long-tailed kind the gem of American ornithology; and well it deserves the title, if we consider the flashes of rich golden green, purplish, black, deep bluish gloss and gorgeous emerald which irradiate from this winged jewel. The males are among the most belligerent of creatures, rarely meeting without having terrible conflicts.

One of the most formidable enemies of man and beast in Brazil is the huge vampire bat. The owner of large possessions in Goyaz, said he could not rear cattle with any success or pro-

fit, from the havoc committed among his calves by the winged demons, the vampires. I have often had my own horses and mules bled and sucked by these sanguinary monsters. They abound from Paraguay to the Isthmus of Darien; and the reports of early travellers and the figurative language of poets, so long discredited, are found to be much nearer the truth than the world has believed. Morning after morning, have I seen beasts of burden go staggering from loss of blood drawn during the night by these hideous monsters. In almost every instance they had taken the life-current from between the shoulders, and when they finished the murderous work the stream had for some time continued to flow. The extremities, however, are the usual points of attack; and the ears of a horse, the toes of a man, and the hump of a cock, are choice morsels for the display of the vampire's phlebotomising propensities. The exact manner by which this bat manages to make an incision has long been a matter of conjecture and dispute. The tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which appear so arranged as to form an organ of suction, and their lips have also tubercles symmetrically arranged. These are the organs by which it is certain the bat draws the life-blood from man and beast, and some have contended that the rough tongue is the instrument employed for abrading the skin, so as to enable it the more readily to draw its sustenance from the living animal. Others have supposed that the vampire used one of its long sharp canine teeth to make the incision, which is as small as that made by a fine needle. Mr. Wallace says he was twice bitten—once on the toe and a second time on the tip of the nose. "In neither case," writes that explorer, "did I feel anything, but woke after the operation was completed. The wound is a small round hole, the bleeding of which it is very difficult to stop. It can hardly be a bite, as that would awake the sleeper; it seems most probable that it is either a succession of gentle scratches with the sharp edge of the teeth, gradually wearing away the skin, or a triturating with the point of the tongue till the same effect is produced. My brother was frequently bitten by them; and his opinion was that the bat applied one of its long canine teeth to the part, and then flew round and round on that as a centre, till the tooth, acting as an awl, bored a small hole, the wings of the bat seeming at the same time to fan the patient into a deeper slumber. He several times awoke while the bat was at work, and though of course the creature immediately flew away, it was his impression that the operation was conducted in the manner above described." There is much in the dental arrangement of these very fiends to make this seem plausible. The molar teeth of the true vampire, or spectre bat, are of the most carnivorous character; the first being short and almost plain, and the others sharp and cutting, and terminating in three and four points. Notwithstanding this, that most accurate naturalist and observer, Dr. Gardener, is of opinion that it wounds its victims in a manner entirely different from the foregoing description. He says that: "From careful observation I am led to believe that the puncture which the vampire makes in the skin of animals, is effected by the sharp-hooked nail of its thumb, and that from the wound thus made, it abstracts the blood by the suction powers of its lips and tongue."

Some of these bats measure two feet between the tips of their wings. There are some persons whom a vampire will not touch, while others are constantly victimized. The alligator-riding Waterton states, that for eleven months he slept alone in the loft of a wood-cutter's abandoned house in the forests, and though the vampires came in and out every night and hovered over his hammock, yet he could never have the pleasure of being bitten—which amusement doubtless he would have foregone if he had had the experience of Mr. Wallace, who says, that a wound on the tip of the toe is very painful, rendering a shoe unbearable for several days, and "forces one to the conclusion that after the first time, for the curiosity of the thing, to be bitten by a bat is very disagreeable."

There are instances in Northern Brazil where individuals for whom the bat entertained a great predilection had to be removed to a different part of the country where the bloodthirsty animals did not abound. One of Mr. Wallace's party—an old negro—was constantly annoyed with them. He was bitten almost every night; and though there were frequently half a

dozen persons in the room, he would be the party favored by their attentions. Once, Mr. Wallace says, "he came to us with a doleful countenance, telling us he thought that the bats meant to eat him up quite, for having covered up his hands and feet in a blanket, they had descended on his hammock of open network, and attacking the most prominent part of his person, had bitten through a hole in his trousers!"

While enumerating the various insects, reptiles and vicious animals of Brazil, the reader who has not visited that land would be led to the belief that it is impossible to stir a foot without being affectionately entwined by a serpent, sprung upon by a jaguar, or bitten by a rattlesnake. In your fancy every bush swarms with chigoes ready to engraft their stock upon your legs, every cranny contains a scorpion waiting to ensconce himself in your pantaloons, and every pool is filled with electric eels prepared to give you a shocking reception. I can only say that when travelling on the sea-coast and in the interior, I never was more annoyed by insects than I had been in the south-western portion of the United States; and that with a moderate degree of care, you may journey fifty days without experiencing anything more deadly than the bite of a mosquito. The sand-flies call forth more complaints from naturalists and travellers, than do either serpents, scorpions or centipedes, and yet all of these are more or less found throughout the interior. But difficulties only seem insurmountable in the distance, disappear when looked boldly in the face, and do not affect the tourist and the naturalist one-tenth as much in reality as in anticipation.

In this connection a few words may be devoted to the anaconda, the largest of the Ophidian family. I confess myself to have been incredulous in regard to the powers and capacities of this huge reptile until I went to Brazil; and I have no doubt that I shall, in the opinion of some, add a few pages to the innumerable snake stories.

The enormous anaconda inhabits tropical America, and particularly haunts the dense forests near the margin of rivers. The boa-constrictor, the *jiboa* of the Indians, is smaller and more terrestrial. The first of these creatures which I saw was a young one belonging to a gentleman in the province of San Paulo. I afterwards saw one in the province of Rio de Janeiro that measured twenty-nine feet. An Italian physician at San Paulo gave me an account of the manner in which the anaconda took his prey.

The giant ophidian lies in wait by the river side, where quadrupeds of all kinds are likely to frequent to quench their thirst. He patiently waits until some animal draws within reach, when, with a rapidity almost incredible, the monster fastens himself to the neck of his victim, coils round it, and crushes it to death. After the unfortunate animal has been reduced to a shapeless mass by the pressure of the snake, its destroyer prepares to swallow it by sliming it over with a viscid secretion. When the anaconda has gulped down a heifer (by commencing with the tail and hind-feet brought together), he lies torpid for a month, until his enormous meal is digested, and then sallies forth for another. The doctor added that the anaconda does not attempt the deglutition and digestion of the horns, but that he lets them protrude from his mouth until they fall off by decay. It has been said by some casual observer, that the anaconda is able to swallow animals whose diameter is many times greater than its own. Mr. Wallace says it is an undisputed fact that they devour cattle and horses; one he had seen in the valley at the foot of the Serra de Santa Brida, reached forty feet in length, but was not alive.

In this valley and the surrounding forests many of the marmoset monkeys abound, and a very small species, sometimes called Otistiti, exceedingly nimble, and not wanting in beauty. The Brazilian girls are fond of pets; and among others a great favorite is this otistiti, which is rarely ever seen in Brazil, even in the best zoological collections. It has a skin like chinchilla fur, and its face presents none of the repulsive features of other monkeys. These little animals become very tame, and sleep upon the lap or shoulders of their mistress. Their actions are most graceful and rapid. Two that a friend of mine embarked for the United States could mount the ship's ropes ten times as rapidly as the nimblest sailor. If birds came on board they hunted them from rope to rope, and passed along under the spar upon which their victim sat, and then pounced

upon it with a certain aim. In their native forests they are fond of insects, which they catch with great expertness. They are excessively timid when roughly handled; one of the two referred to was teased by the sailors, and in consequence died in convulsions. It was pitiful to see the other look at himself in a glass, making a plaintive noise and licking the reflection of his own face. They were so small that a square cigar-box, the length of one "Havana," contained them both. With great care the surviving one still was kept alive through a northern winter. His food was bread, sponge-biscuit, apples, and now and then a chicken's neck of a mouse. It was curious to see him devour the latter. He began at the snout and carefully pushed back the skin, eating the bones and everything, until he reached the tail, which was all that he left inside the skin.

The paca, the capybara and agouti abound in Brazil, and are of the same family as marmots and beavers. The paca attracts the attention of the hunter on account of the difficulty of its capture (as it takes the water and swims and dives admirably), and the excellent nature of its flesh. It is about eighteen inches in height, and two feet in length, and its color is brown spotted with white. The hinder limbs (being considerably bent) are longer than the anterior ones, and its claws are well formed for digging and burrowing. They are easily domesticated, and make pretty lively pets, eating readily out of the hand of those they are accustomed to, but hiding from strangers. A friend bound to the United States had one on shipboard which was a great favorite, and bade fair to weather the voyage and visit the shores of North America; but either the new paint or some salt water that he drank in a storm, cut short the thread of his existence, and poor paca was consigned to the blue waves of the Atlantic.

Among the many edible nuts in the interior of Brazil, there is none more curious than the three-cornered Brazilian nut and the Sapucaga. The latter is a capsule or nut longer than an infant's head, filled with small rich oily eatable grains. With this capsule pretty vases and sugar-bowls are often made.

The Annatto (*arucu*) is another valuable production of Brazil. This is a well-known coloring matter of an orange dye. It is a product of the tree known to botanists as the *Bixa orellana*. This tree grows ordinarily to about the size and form of the quince-tree, and exhibits clusters of red and white flowers. Its coloring matter was extensively used by the aboriginals at the period of discovery. By means of it they formed various kinds of paint.

The Amazonian region produces a tree called the Maparan-driba, and yields a white secretion which so much resembles milk that it is prized for an aliment. It forms, when coagulated, a species of plaster which is deemed valuable. The tree yields the fluid in great profusion. Their botanical character has never been properly investigated. It has been said that the juice of the India-rubber tree is also sometimes used as milk, and that negroes and Indians who work in its preparation are said to be fond of drinking it; but a young lady who drank it at Pará, died from the effects of the coagulation in her stomach. The aboriginal name of this substance was *cauchucu*, the pronunciation of which is nearly preserved in the word *caoutchouc*. At Pará it is now generally called *syringa*. It is the product of the *Liphillia elastica*—a tree which grows to the height of eighty and sometimes one hundred feet. It generally runs up quite erect fifty or sixty feet without branches. Its top is spreading, and is ornamented with a beautiful thick glossy foliage. On the slightest incision the gum exudes, having at first the appearance of thick yellow cream.

It would be an interesting, although an almost endless task, to investigate the botany of the Amazon, or enumerate the number of strange and beautiful objects that abound in the interior. Laurels are yet to be won in this field of science; and it must be set down as by no means complimentary to American botanists, that they have not entered it as competitors. The most thorough exploration of the Amazon and Central Brazil has been by an Englishman—Mr. Alfred R. Wallace—whose attention was directed to Northern Brazil by Mr. Edwards' little book, "A Voyage up the Amazon." With the enthusiasm known only the naturalist, he entered upon this almost untrodden field in 1849; and after devoting himself to the study of the strange wonders which abound in the remote provinces of the interior, in 1852 he gave up his wandering and romantic



TROCHILUS POLYTURUS

life, and returned to England laden with Flora's richest spoil. But alas! the burning of the ship on his homeward voyage not only caused the loss of his entire collection, but for many days his life was exposed in an open boat upon the broad Atlantic. Notwithstanding the great loss he had sustained in his valuable and interesting materials—which every naturalist can fully appreciate—he prepared on Northern Brazil the two most correct and interesting volumes extant.

The waters of the great Amazon river are scarcely less productive than the soil of its banks. Innumerable species of fish and amphibious animals abound in it. The most remarkable of these is the *vaca marina*, commonly called by the Portuguese *prize boi*, or fish-ox. This name is evidently given on account of the animal's size, rather than from any resemblance to the ox or cow other than its mammiferous peculiarities.

The *vaca marina* cannot be called amphibious, since it never leaves the water. It feeds principally upon a water plant that floats on the borders of the stream. It often raises its head above the water to respire, as well as to feed upon this vegetable. At these moments it is attacked and captured. It has only two fins, which are small and situated near its head. The udders of the female are beneath these fins. This has been pronounced the largest fish inhabiting fresh water; but notwithstanding its mammoth dimensions—being, according to the most authentic accounts, from eight to seventeen feet long and two to three feet thick at the widest part—its eyes are extremely small, and the orifices of its ears are scarcely larger than a pin head. Its skin is very thick and hard, not easily penetrated by a musket ball. The Indians used to make shields of it for their defence in war. Its feet and flesh have always been in estimation. It served the natives for beef.

As to the birds of the Amazon, they are everywhere brilliant beyond birds in any other portion of the world. Some, like the dancing cock of the rock, and the curious and little-known umbrella bird, are very difficult to obtain. I can only mention the latter.

This singular bird is about the size of a raven, and is of a similar color; but its feathers have a more scaly appearance, from being margined with a different shade of glossy blue. On its head it bears a crest different from that of any other bird. It is formed of feathers more than three inches long, very thickly set and with hairy plumes curving over at the end. These can be laid back so as to be hardly visible; can be erected and spread out on every side, forming, as has been remarked, "a hemispherical or rather a hemi-ellipsoidal dome," completely covering the head, and even reaching beyond the point of the beak. It inhabits the flooded islands of the Solimoes, never appearing on the mainland. It feeds on fruits, and utters a loud hoarse cry, like some deep musical instrument, whence its Indian name, *Ucrumimbe*, "trumpet-bird."



THE SCORPION.

The waters of the great Amazon river are scarcely less pro-



THE LONG-TAILED MALE HUMMING BIRD.

The whole family of parasitical plants appear in their greatest strength and luxuriance on the borders of the Amazon. They twist around the trees, climbing up to their tops, then grow down to the ground, and taking root spring up again, and cross



THE ELECTRIC FEL.

from bough to bough and from tree to tree, wherever the wind carries their limber shoots, till the vast forests are hung with their garlanding. This vegetable cordage is sometimes so closely interwoven that it has the appearance of a network, which neither birds nor beasts can easily pass through. Some of them are as thick as a man's arm. They are round or square, and sometimes triangular and even pentangular. They grow in knots and screws, twists and indeed in every possible contortion to which they may be bent by the winds of heaven. To break them is impossible. Sometimes they kill the tree which supports them, and occasionally it remains standing erect like a twisted column, after the trunk which they have strangled has mouldered within their involutions. Monkeys delight to play their gambols upon this wild rigging. Occasionally their noisy chatter is heard at a distance, mingled with the shrill cries of birds; but generally a deep stillness prevails, adding grandeur to the native majesty of these lonely forests.

And what can be said of the countless tribes of insects that swarm in the Amazonian forests? The immeasurable and brilliant hosts of Lepidoptera, Coleoptera and Heli-conidae would require volumes to note them.

Near the margin is found the giant of Flora's kingdom, whose discovery a few years since is as notable a fact to the naturalist world, as the regular opening of steam-navigation upon the Amazon to the commercial world.

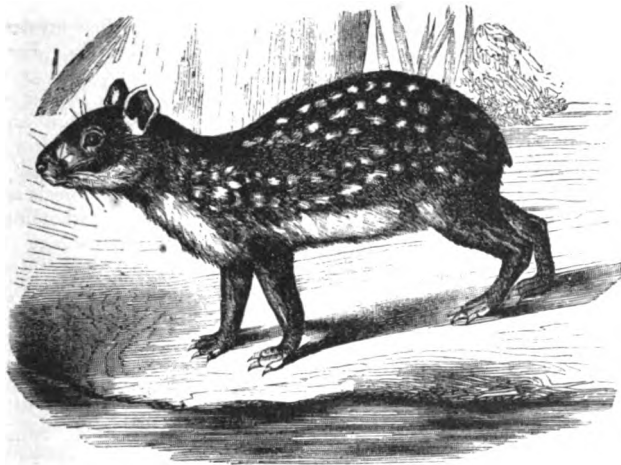
Of all the *Nymphaeaceae*, the largest, richest and the most beautiful, is the marvellous plant which has been dedicated to the Queen of England, and which bears the name of *Victoria Regia*. It inhabits the deep tranquil waters of the shallow lakes formed by the waters of the Amazon and its affluents. Its leaves measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in circumference. Their upper part is of a dark glossy green, the under portion is of a crimson red, furnished with large salient veins, which are cellular and full of air, and have the stem covered with elastic prickles. The flowers lift themselves about six inches above the water, and when full-blown have a circumference of from



THE VAMPIRE BAT.



HEAD OF THE VAMPIRE BAT. SIZE OF LIFE.



THE PACA.

three to four feet. The petals unfold toward evening; their color, at first of the purest white, passes in twenty-four hours through successive hues, from a tender rose tinge to a bright red. During the first day of their bloom they exhale a delightful fragrance, and at the end of the third day the flower fades away and replunges beneath the waters, there to ripen its seeds. When matured, these fruit seeds, rich in fecula, are gathered by the natives, who roast them, and relish them thus prepared.

The description of this magnificent plant explains the admiration experienced by naturalists when beholding it for the first time. The celebrated Hoenke was travelling in a piroque on the



HEAD OF THE UMBRELLA BIRD.

Rio Mamoré, in company with Father Lacueva, a Spanish missionary, when he discovered, in the still waters close by the shore, the magnificent and gigantic flower. At the sight the botanist fell upon his knees, and, as a not very pious French writer very Frenchly records, expressed his religious and scientific enthusiasm by impassioned exclamations and outbursts of adoration to the Creator; an improvised *Te Deum* which must have deeply impressed the old missionary.

In 1845, an English traveller, Mr. Bridges, as he was following the wooded banks of the Yacouma, one of the tributaries of the Mamoré, came to a lake hidden in the deep recesses of the forest, and found upon it a colony of *Victoria Regias*. Carried away by his admiration, he was about to plunge into the limpid waves for the purpose of gathering some of the flowers, when the Indians who accompanied him pointed to the savage alligator lazily reposing upon the surface. This information made

him more cautious, but without abating his ardor he ran to the city of Santa Anna and soon obtained a canoe, which was launched upon the lake which contained the objects of his ambition. The leaves were so enormous that he could place but two of them on the canoe, and he was obliged to make several trips to complete his harvest.

Mr. Bridges soon arrived in England with the seeds, which he had sown in some moist clay. Two of these germinated in the *Aquarium* of the hot-house at Kew. One was sent to the large hot-house of Chatsworth; a basin was prepared to receive it, the temperature was raised, and the plant was placed in its new resting-place on the 10th of August, 1849. Toward the end of September it was necessary to enlarge the basin and to double its size, in order to give space to the leaves, which developed with great rapidity. So large did they become that one of them supported the weight of a little girl in an upright position.

The first had opened on the beginning of November. The flower in bloom was offered by Mr. Paxton (the celebrated designer of the London Crystal Palace) to his monarch, and the great personages of England hastened to Windsor Castle to admire the beautiful homonym of their gracious sovereign.

The name given to this marvellous plant by Lindley was happily chosen; but the natives of the Amazon call it *Uape Japona* (the Jacana's Oven) from the fact that the jacana is often seen upon it. The jacana is a singular spur-winged bird, twice the size of the woodcock, provided with exceedingly long and slender toes (from which the French term it the surgeon bird) which enables it to glide over various water-plants. It inhabits the marshes and solitary lakes, or the woods near the water; and many a time, in the interior, I have seen it stealing over the lily leaves on the margins of rivers.



THE HERCULES BEETLE.

LEKAIN, THE ACTOR, AND THE NOBLE INCOGNITA.

I.

On the night of October 10th, 1768, there was to be a grand performance at the Comédie Française. The piece selected for the occasion was "*Adelaide Duguesclin*," a piece as interesting as inaccurate, and on its revival applauded to the echo, although banished from the stage beneath every indignity on its first performance, by the puns and satire of the parterre. The actor who played the rôle of Vendôme, and in which he made his reappearance after an absence of some duration, was the celebrated



THE BRAZILIAN JACANA.

Lekain, the comedian, whom Voltaire flattered himself with having first introduced on the boards of a theatre, though every means imaginable were used to dissuade him; Lekain, who had made Louis XV. shed tears for the first time in his life, and had made a fortune for the Comédie Française, although, according to the books, he had as yet received but a small part of the vast profits.

The beauty and talent of court and city vied with each other in their efforts to celebrate the great dramatic festival. On the one part because it was fashionable, on the other because they really wished to see, and both united in their admiration of the great actor charged with the principal rôle. The house was crowded from the parterre to its gilded dome with the most brilliant beauties of the day, costumed in all the richness and surrounded by all the luxury of that luxurious period. The boxes seemed one blaze of jewels and bright eyes, bidding defiance to the lights of the gorgeous chandeliers.

A general flutter throughout the house announced the entrance of Lekain, and then a burst of deafening applause before he had time to open his mouth; but the instant he commenced speaking a silence like that of the grave spread over the whole house, for it was no longer Lekain, but Vendome who spoke; not only in costume, but face, figure, voice—all were merged in the character which he was performing. It was this immense power of losing himself in the character which he represented, that placed him on the topmost round of the ladder of fame.

Grimm tells us that the difference between the man on and the man off the stage was almost incredible: off the stage he was more than usually ugly; with a face disagreeable and common, a figure heavy and massive, a voice harsh and coarse, and manner brusque and inelegant. On the stage everything was changed. He became a king, a hero, a very god; with features the most noble or touching, attitudes the most imposing and elegant. His voice was tender, now pathetic, now commanding; in fact, in appearance he was perfection, in manners irresistible. He would draw forth involuntary exclamations on his beauty from those who were perfectly convinced of his ugliness off the stage. The Marquise de Pompadour was heard to remark one night (after having met him but an hour before in one of the galleries of the Chateau of Versailles, and finding him anything but handsome), as he entered, with the turban of Orsmanon,

"Good heavens! what a handsome man. He is almost sublime!"

On the night in question, Lekain performed the character of Vendome more magnificently than ever, exercising over his captive audience that magnetic power which makes actor and listeners one. Now chilling them with terror, anon bearing them with him in his agony, or calling forth their tears with gentle accents of pity, he swayed them by his will, he held them by his transcendent talent. The spell for a moment is broken: prolonged bravos issue from the lips of the now excited audience; unanimous applause from hands hitherto kept silent from etiquette; eyes swimming in tears ever before kept dry by coquetry.

Among those ladies whose emotion betrayed itself the most openly, Lekain, with that eagle glance so habitual to the perfect artist, was not slow to observe in one of the boxes in the first circle a young stranger whose attention seemed so profound that she appeared as though wrapped in a sort of ecstasy. Her beautiful head and classic features, and skin that seemed a blending of the lily and the rose, peeped out, as it were, from clouds of golden ringlets, till it appeared like a half-blown rose half hidden by clustering leaves. The young stranger, judging from her dress and demeanor, and the place she occupied, belonged to the highest class of society. A *demoiselle de compagnie* was seated behind her chair, whilst she herself was leaning at the front of her box, one hand hidden amid the bright, golden tresses of her hair, the other resting half over the cushion with the usual instinct of feminine coquetry. She was as if in a dream—lost to all around her; seeing, thinking but of one—and that one seemed to her a being of another, a better sphere. She trembled with fear lest the slightest word or glance should escape her. There was not a movement or a gesture which did not meet in her a responsive feeling. She seemed by a wave of the hand to prevent the applause of parterre and boxes, lest the illusion should be dispelled.

No person can so fully appreciate attention as an actor; and Lekain soon perceived that from none in that vast hall did he receive such profound attention, as from the young stranger in the first tier of boxes. It seemed to lend him fresh inspiration, and by that mysterious sympathy which sometimes exists between minds of the same calibre, in these two sister strangers there was but one mind, one will. He separated himself, as it were, from his audience, and performed for her alone the tragedy of "Adelaide." This divine gift of abstraction was not new to Lekain, but never had he so fully proved its power as on this night.

This interchange of happy thoughts and sublime inspiration between the actor and the unknown, continued until the end of the piece; and more than one person in the theatre that night remarked the mysterious suspension of magnetic power heretofore established between actor and audience. She alone seemed to absorb every faculty, but she did not seem in the least aware of her influence, so pre-occupied was she in watching his every movement. Now would she express her admiration by a gentle inclination of the head, again a cold chill would seem to pervade every member of her body, then her bosom would rise and fall with the emotion which she did not seek to conceal. With a pride hitherto unknown, he saw her gaze upon him in ecstasy, enshrouded in the floating veil of her reverie. He had at this moment reached 'one of the most powerful and affecting parts of his rôle, and the tears which bathed his own half-closed eyes, were reflected in those of the young stranger, and as the tragedy reached its climax, and his energy and passion were redoubled, he saw her manifestations of terror and of pity multiply. She pressed her hand on her throbbing heart to still its beatings, and then to her eyelashes to wipe away the scalding tears. Sighs and stifled sobs of agony died away on her trembling lips; at length when the curtain fell on the last word of Vendome, she sprang to her feet, unable longer to control her emotion, and joined in the almost frantic applause of the excited audience; for Lekain had this night added another leaf to his wreath of glory.

II.

The morning after this performance, after this night of triumph for the gifted actor, the brightest and happiest which had ever illumined his pathway yet, he received a note containing a poetic ovation to him on his performance of the preceding evening. The letter betrayed itself; the writing, the perfume, the paper, even to its folding; the air of style, its delivery of sentiment, all, all betrayed the fair occupant of the box. Lekain never for one moment doubted who was the author of those impassioned eulogies. There was one thing, however, which seemed to puzzle him. Mingled with the eulogistic praise of his talents, and more especially the manner in which he had made use of them in "Adelaide," the unknown had employed other terms; timid and indirect, but wanting the justness and truth of the others, on his great personal advantages of face and figure. Such words as fine head, superb brain, majestic glance, regal stature, appeared again and again at the end of each verse. The error was evidently committed without the slightest idea of its being such; the fine head of Vendome had made so deep an impression upon the fair unknown, that she could not refrain from making it known to the actor, thinking she could do so without the slightest danger of being herself identified. But as for Lekain he thought of it only as a tribute to his talent, an illusion of the theatre, very common to ladies in those days; and when he remembered that she looked at him only with the unaided eye and not with a lorgnette, he understood at once the cause of her error.

There is no doubt but that any other than Lekain would have turned this illusion and passionate admiration of the unknown to his own advantage, but he was a man of sense as well as gallant. Under both these titles he resolved to tear away the veil of enchantment, to show her the man and not the actor, and thereby prove to her the greatness of his talent. So he determined on the following expedient: After having ascertained beyond a doubt from the coat of arms on the box, the carriage, and the servants' livery, that the beautiful unknown was the Princess of Nooschen, the wife of an ambassador extraordinary from Germany, he sent her privately a superb lorgnette with the following enigmatical words: "To Madame

the Baroness N^{ooo}schen, from Vendome, at the request of Lekain."

III.

On the third day after the preceding events had taken place, "Adelaide" was again performed at the Comédie Française, and the baroness did not fail to make her appearance in the same place as before.

Among the immense crowd which had again assembled to see and hear him, Lekain distinguished two objects the moment he appeared upon the stage—the beautiful face of the baroness, and in her delicate hands the mysterious lorgnette which he had sent her the evening previous. Totally disregarding the prestige of his art, placing himself within the focus of the disenchanting instrument, with the stoicism of a Roman soldier in the presence of an enemy, he laid aside the character of Vendome and appeared simply as Lekain. For the space of a minute he stood before the woman who three days before had been fascinated by his beauty, with the perfect confidence that by his own art he had rent asunder the rose-lined veil of delusion. Stripped of the enchantment which distance lends, he stood such as his Creator had made him. The effect upon the baroness was more violent and decisive than he had imagined. She trembled from head to foot, the lorgnette fell from her hands and she sank back in her box, covering her face with her hands, as if to blot out the sight.

When he saw the effect produced on the baroness, he feared he had been too cruel, and for her, as well as for himself, he hastened to don the mantle of Proteus, to test the power of his incomparable talent. And he succeeded, for he was more sublime than ever. He seemed verily inspired. A deafening shout of applause burst from all parts of the house, and he raised his eyes to where the baroness sat, expecting to see her applause mingle with the others. But judge, if it is possible, of his surprise and disappointment, the box was empty—the baroness had gone.

"Ah, unhappy!" sighed he, forgetting for the first time the verse of Voltaire, notwithstanding the multiplied efforts of the prompter. "She loved Vendome, and Lekain has proved his executioner!"

This supposition was but too true. His self-love was stronger than his modesty. A month passed, but the baroness did not again make her appearance at the Comédie Française, and when Lekain took the liberty to inquire, he was informed that she had returned to Germany.

IV.

SOME fifteen years later, during the first part of the month of February, 1778, Lekain, fatigued by his labors, discouraged by the countless enmities and annoyances of his professional brethren, disenchanted by the triumphs which brought no peace of mind, was retained at home through indisposition. Several weeks had already passed since he had appeared at the theatre, much to the annoyance of the *beau monde* of Paris. This physician, who was seated at the corner of the fire with several of his intimate friends, had just announced to him that the Comédie Française would be compelled to wait some time longer for his re-appearance upon the boards, as he could not allow him to act until his health was quite restored, when a servant entered and handed Lekain a note, marked in haste, and bearing the arms of Strasbourg. He opened it with less curiosity than carelessness. He was scarcely able to repress an exclamation of surprise and joy on reading the following lines:

"The Baroness of N^{ooo}schen will pass through Paris in three days. On the evening of the 5th February, she will be in one of the boxes, in the first tier of the Comédie Française; the following day she will leave for Italy."

"My dear doctor," said Lekain, rising from his chair like a man perfectly recovered, "I am delighted that I am able to prove the untruth of your melancholy prediction; and also to say that I have no more need of your case of prescriptions for the present, and that I shall re-appear on the stage on Saturday next, the 5th of February."

"Have you lost your senses?" exclaimed both the doctor and his friend, alarmed at the unexpected announcement of the actor.

"Not in the least," replied he, with surprising energy; "on the contrary, I have recovered both health and courage, as you see!"

It was utterly impossible to persuade him to the contrary, when everything seemed to prove his entire recovery; and notwithstanding the efforts of both doctor and director, it was decided that Lekain should re-appear on the following Saturday, the 5th of February. He chose the tragedy of "Adelaide Duguesclin," and this pleasant piece of intelligence was spread throughout Paris that same evening.

"It is the character of Vendome in which she shall again see me," exclaimed the great actor, feeling sixteen years younger at the very thought of finding a noble end to his labors, an unknown attraction in the glory of his name.

On the eventful evening, Lekain and the baroness found themselves face to face, absolutely in the same place as on the first meeting, but with a more true sense of enjoyment than before; for besides the pleasure equally shared by both of meeting again after the lapse of so many years, the remembrance of the pure and unalloyed pleasure passed was a memory of priceless worth to both. The ambassadress was now able to contemplate, at her leisure, the poetic personage she had loved in imagination; and the modest actor, who had the courage to awaken her from her dream, had no longer the power to create one. Both were absorbed by the scene. The artist, without an equal in the world, performing for her alone as he had done fifteen years before, displaying before her in this character consecrated to them alone a talent and a power hitherto unknown even to himself.

"I do not hesitate to affirm," said the Baron Grimard, speaking of this performance, "that not only was it the greatest performance ever seen in Europe, but it was the greatest representation of the present century, and probably for centuries to come there will never be such another. I felt that the empire of art had arrived at its utmost perfection, and my feelings were so excited that it was some days before I could calm myself down to the usual contour of everyday life." "On this night," says La Harpe, "the expression of Lekain's face was not only the action of the organs, but it seemed as though his soul was overflowing, containing more than human nature had the power to express. His exclamation and his tears seemed those of real suffering, the smothered fire in his eye, the lightning of his glance, the majesty seated on his brow, the fearful contraction of his muscles, his trembling lips, the rapid change in his features, all, all told of a heart too full, a soul too excited to be held in thralldom on earth, longing to soar away to some bright realm and be at rest. One could almost fancy that he heard the beating of the inward storm and felt its misery, as the soul struggled in vain to soar up to its God. The effect he produced should have been seen to be appreciated and believed. It would be quite impossible to imagine the profound terror and consternation of the beholders, interrupted from time to time by accents of grief responding to those of the actor, by the sighs from the overburdened hearts and the suffocating tears which they had no longer power to repress. What a moment, and what a scene! One would have believed from the tears flowing from the eyes of the audience on all sides of that vast *salle*, from the multiplied signs of universal grief displayed everywhere, that they had come to witness some great calamity."

V.

This fancied calamity soon became a real one, both for art and the public, and the sorrow was no doubt a presentiment, for on that same night, after this triumph, unheard-of in the annals of the theatre, Lekain was attacked with an incurable illness, and died in three days after, a victim to the noble sentiments of his heart and the supreme enthusiasm of his genius.

By a sad but remarkable coincidence, the death of Lekain took place the evening before the return of Voltaire to Paris, so that the humble bier of the actor crossed the triumphal car of the friend who had helped him to a niche in the temple of fame, and who, after thirty years of separation, had returned to see him reign over the scene where he had guided his first steps.

VI.

THE Baroness of N^{ooo}schen delayed her departure from Paris to attend the funeral of Lekain. She followed the funeral cortège, and shed tears of bitterness and sorrow to the memory of one whom she worshipped as the personification of genius in its highest and most attractive form, and whose death was hastened by an act of pure devotion to her service.



PEDRO RESCUING HIS BETROTHED FROM THE AVALANCHE.

BURIED ALIVE.

In the spring of the year 1755, there was a fall of rain at Turin, remarkable alike for its long continuance and great violence; the streets of the city were almost like canals, and heavy branches of trees were beaten down to the ground beneath its fury. As it generally snows in the mountains when it rains in the plain, it is not surprising that during the storm there fell vast quantities of snow on the brows of the old Alps, which of course formed several valancas; one of these valancas occasioned the incidents I am about to relate.

The terrible storm that prevailed in so many districts at length broke in its fury over the little hamlet of Bergemolletto, which is seated in that part of the Alps which separates the valley of Stura and Piedmont from Dauphiné and the country of Nice.

On the 19th day of March, the inhabitants of the pretty hamlet begun for the first time to apprehend that the weight of snow that had already fallen might at length crush through their dwellings, which were built of a stone peculiar to the valley, and only cemented together by mud, and covered with thatch laid on a roof of shingles. They therefore, one and all, set themselves to work to lighten their abodes of the still increasing load that weighed upon them.

At a little distance from the village church stood the house and out-building of one Joseph Roccia, who with a young man who was about to be married to his daughter (the loveliest and wealthiest damsel in the canton by the way) was, like his neighbors, busily employed upon the roof of his dwelling, throwing off the snow to prevent the possibility of its destruction.

As they were thus engaged, the good priest who lived hard by was about leaving his home in order to repair to the church, where most of the females were gathered together for morning prayers, when hearing a strange rumbling noise, which proceeded from the mountain, he looked in the direction indicated, and to his horror descried two huge valancas driving down headlong towards the devoted village. Raising his voice, he gave notice to Joseph Roccia and his son-in-law that was to be, of the impending danger, and then hastened on himself towards the church, as being the safest place of refuge. Joseph and Pedro (for that was the name of the young man) saw their danger at a glance, and hastened to descend from the roof, and after searching the house to inform the mother and daughter of

their danger, without finding them, hurried forth and fled toward the church, judging, of course, that those whom they loved so much dearer than life had long since preceded them to the sanctuary.

They had not advanced forty paces, when turning to see how near the danger was, what was their horror at perceiving the mother and daughter together, with a younger brother, standing quietly in the doorway of the stable, utterly unconscious of the impending avalanche, watching the men who were still throwing the snow from the roofs.

The first impulse of both was to rush at once to the rescue, but before they had time to recover from their dismay, down like a falling mountain came the valanca, and the spot where house and stable stood was now only a broad unbroken field of snow.

Such was the agony of this sight to the distracted parent that he fell down in a swoon, and had to be dragged by Pedro to the house of a neighbor which had escaped destruction. Pedro was very differently constituted from his father-in-law; not that he felt one pang less of agony, but it was no time then for vain lamentations; the crisis demanded strong arms and stout hearts, and he possessed both, and must make use of them.

He at once gathered together the inhabitants of Bergemolletto whom it had pleased God to preserve from the disaster, and set about discovering the extent of the calamity, and every one of the survivors calling over the names of those he knew, twenty-two souls were missing and over thirty houses overwhelmed.

The news of the fearful event soon spread far and wide, and the friends and relatives of the sufferers, together with many others, flocked from the adjacent villages to the number of several hundred, to render what assistance they were able.

Under the direction of Pedro, for to him was at once conceded the management of affairs, they commenced their labors by driving iron rods through the hardened snow, to discover if possible the roofs of the buried houses. But they strove in vain; the great solidity and compactness of the valanca, its vast extent, length, breadth and depth, together with the snow that still continued to fall in great quantities, baffled their efforts, so that after laboring unceasingly for nine days they were obliged to desist until the storm should in a degree, at least, abate.

In vain Pedro entreated and exhorted; completely discouraged and worn out, even the bravest refused to work longer;

then, for the first time, a quiver of despair took possession of the young man's heart; then, for the first time, he realized the fact that his promised bride was buried alive, or perhaps at that moment might be breathing her last under his very feet. At length, however, on the eighteenth day of the month, by unwearied assiduity he induced them to recommence their labors, and they toiled with renewed energy, for the storm had ceased, and warm winds had commenced to sweep through the desolated valley.

This time success crowned their efforts; a melancholy success though, for as one after another the buried houses were brought to light, the bodies of the inhabitants, cold and stiff in death, were borne forth amidst the frantic grief of the living.

Poor Joseph Roccia had long since given himself up to a calm despair, and now even the indomitable heart of Pedro waxed faint with anguish; but still he labored on. The house of Roccia had been buried in the very deepest part of the valanca, and so was the last one reached.

They penetrated to it at length, however, but found no bodies there. Then at once they directed their search towards the stable, at the door of which both wife, daughter and son had last been seen, and Pedro having at last, by almost superhuman exertions, forced a long pole through the snow, until it penetrated the roof, what was his surprise to hear issuing through the opening he had made, a languid voice which seemed to say, "Help, help me, dear Pedro!"

The young man, as well as those about him, were thunder-struck; but thus encouraged by a voice, as it were, from the grave, they redoubled their exertions, and it was not long before they had excavated an opening wide enough to permit of Pedro descending into the pit. It was so dark that he could see nothing, but he spoke in a loud tone, and to his ineffable joy the voice of his betrothed answered him, saying, "Pedro, my beloved, is it you? I knew that God would make you the instrument of our salvation."

By this time the passage was sufficiently enlarged to admit of their being taken from their living tomb.

The daughter, however, insisted that both her mother and brother should be first removed, as they were much weaker than herself, in fact, neither of them were able to articulate a word, and having seen them carefully carried forth, she in turn allowed herself to be borne in Pedro's arms to the nearest dwelling.

Everything that love and attention could do was done for these poor sufferers thus marvellously restored to life, and very soon they were sufficiently recovered to give an account of the manner in which they had kept the spark of life from dying wholly out.

They had subsisted all this time on the milk of two goats that were entombed with them, and some dozen or two of chestnuts which they found in the manger, where also they discovered some hay on which to feed the goats.

The day before that of their deliverance, however, all their stores were exhausted, and both the goats had died, so that they gave themselves up for lost, and had in fact prayed heaven to terminate their sufferings by a speedy death.

It is not necessary for me to dilate upon the happiness of old Joseph Roccia, it is more easily imagined than described; but I will add that as soon as his daughter recovered the full bloom of health and strength, he bestowed her with a handsome wedding portion upon Pedro, her brave deliverer; and though there were many sad hearts in the hamlet, not one was so selfish in its grief as not to wish long life and happiness to the young couple.

It was summer when they were married, and all trace of the avalanche had disappeared, the fields smiled with peace and plenty, the peaks of the lofty mountains glittered in the sunshine, and lovely children scattered the fairest flowers in the pathway, as Pedro and his beautiful bride emerged from the portico of the little church, and smiled a welcome to their many friends.

I have but to add to this story (the only merit of which is its truth), that the poorer sufferers by the valanca were immediately relieved by the munificence of the King of Sardinia, their sovereign, and so were enabled to rebuild their houses and set all their affairs to rights. True, royal bounty could not bring the dead to life, but all that could be done to cheer and console

the survivors, that he caused to be attended to, and received in return the firm and lasting love of many honest hearts, which, to his honor be it said, he valued more than he did his diamond.

THAT HOUSE AT THE CORNER.

THAT house at the corner was built about seven years ago. At first it was quite a cheerful-looking house, and fully justified the advertisement inserted week after week in our local paper, which described it as a "desirable residence, situated in a small country town, and well-adapted to a genteel family." But somehow no one took it, and as time wore on its cheerful look wore off. The paint became dingy, the bricks lost their freshness, the brass knocker was purloined, the windows were all broken. By-and-by things became worse; grass grew in the yard, sparrows roosted in the chambers, general mildew and desolation pervaded the whole building, and finally a report arose that the house was haunted by the ghost of old Tom Cope, who hanged himself in an adjacent stable. For a year or two it was said quite confidently that the tenant was coming next week; but as he never came, people began to look on it rather in the light of a ruin than as a place to be inhabited. The landlord was sanguine longer than anybody else, but as time passed on, and still no tenant came, even he lost all hope, and, though he still advertised it now and then, coincided in the general opinion that no one ever would take that house at the corner.

At last, however, a tenant came—a Mr. Leigh, from London. And such a man, too, with such a lofty white forehead, such curly black hair, such magnificent whiskers! And Mrs. Leigh, such a ladylike person, so genteel. Their merits were recognized at once. The gentlemen all said what an excellent fellow Leigh was—so frank, so agreeable. The ladies all said what a delightful person Mrs. Leigh was—so ladylike, so refined. Leigh's manners were insinuating to the last degree; even towards gentlemen they were something to wonder at, but towards ladies they begged all description. Then he was so clever—could do everything. He frequented the bowling-green—his bowling was incomparable; he joined the billiard-club—his play was perfection; he spoke at the meeting of the Anti-Cooking on Sunday Society—his speech was the theme of universal applause. When he danced, one thought of Vestris; when he sang, all were ravished; when he rode, the town was wretched with noble horsemanship. In short he was a kind of cross between Lord Chesterfield and the admirable Crichton. He was very popular, but not more so than Mrs. Leigh. Mrs. Leigh had mixed in the highest society—it was evident from her graceful manners and her perfect breeding. Mrs. Leigh bowed with inimitable grace, and left a card with a taste that defied emulation. As for dress, who could wear a bonnet in so ravishing a style as Mrs. Leigh did, or put on a shawl so divinely as Mrs. Leigh could? No one. In our mind's eye we see her now, gliding down the street with her light airy motion, her exquisite smile, her fairylike parasol. Alas! who could—but we anticipate.

The tradesmen all contended for the honor of the Leighs' custom, and seemed anxious only to supply the goods, treating payment as entirely a secondary consideration. "Oh! don't pay now, Mr. Leigh; allow it to be set down, and stand over till Christmas." Mr. Leigh would have preferred paying ready money—indeed, would have much preferred paying ready money, as it was his regular custom to do so—but did allow it to be set down, did allow it to stand over till Christmas. Butchers obtained a footing by bribing the cook; grocers sought the connection by feeding the housemaid; milliners were obsequious, dressmakers were reverential, and as for drapers, they were quite etherial to Mrs. Leigh when she called at their shop; "She was so ladylike, was Mrs. Leigh, so obliging, so polite; really it was quite a pleasure to wait on Mrs. Leigh." Little Tom Ward was so elated at receiving a large order from Leigh (he liked to encourage tradesmen, so always gave large orders), that he went to the Free and Easy Club, and got so helplessly drunk, that his quarterly attack of *delirium tremens* came on a fortnight earlier than it ought to have done. The milliner always modelled her bonnets after Mrs. Leigh's bonnet; the

dressmaker always cut her dresses after Mrs. Leigh's dress. Ah! they were very popular, were the Leigh's—very, very popular, very!

Their popularity remained undiminished for eight or nine months. At the end of that time, a strange, a horrid rumor crept into circulation. It was whispered that Leigh was a "do;" and that the tradesmen would find themselves done. The tale was, however, rejected with scorn, as an evident slander, a mere figment woven by envy. "Mr. Leigh a do! Preposterous! My little account, seventeen pounds odd, I look on as so much cash in hand." "Send in your bill!" "Ay, and lose their custom. Smith sent his in. They paid him instantly, and now they go to another shop. Pooh, sir! they are as safe as the bank." Still the malicious refused to let the calumny die away—indulging in mysterious hints and knowing things whenever the Leighs were mentioned.

Christmas came. Mr. Leigh called on all his tradesmen and gave them strict injunctions to send in their bills early. "He made a point of letting nothing run on to another year. He invariably settled all accounts on New Year's Day, and particularly wished the bills to be sent in before that time." Even the voice of envy was now hushed. No one was now bold enough to express any doubt of the Leighs. No one dared even conceive such a doubt. Their popularity rose higher than ever.

New Year's Day in the morning. There's a wail at the butcher's, a wail at the baker's, the tailor's, the draper's, the candlestick-maker's. The Leighs are gone, the Leighs are vanished, the Leighs are dissolved "into air, into thin air; and like an unsubstantial pageant faded, have left no rack behind!" What is worse, they have left no goods behind, save what belong to the upholsterer, who came down last night and took possession. Those who had predicted that he would prove a do, now exulted in the fulfilment of their prophecy; those who had trusted him, in the belief that he was not a do, now bewailed their fond credulity. Amongst the tradesmen there was an unanimous cursing, and swearing, and howling, and gnashing of teeth. "He owes me ten pounds!" shouts one; "me fifteen," groans another; "me twenty, if a shilling," adds a third. "He's a scamp, an impostor, a rogue, a villain! We'll follow him, we'll catch him; we'll prosecute him; we'll transport him; damn him, we'll hang him! He's the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth!" Little Tom Ward wandered about in a wild state, bewailing his losses to everybody who would listen, and drinking rum-and-warm-water *sans* intermission. All day long the house at the corner was beleaguered by swindled tradesmen, who growled incessantly, and denounced unheard-of vengeance on the Leighs. But all was of no avail. Mr. Leigh was gone, Mrs. Leigh was gone, and by sunset, the goods were gone, the upholsterer removing them in the teeth of all the creditors, to whom nothing was left but the misty hope of catching and transporting "the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth," a hope which, we may add, has not hitherto been realised.

The house at the corner was again advertised. For a few weeks it seemed to be relapsing into its primitive loneliness; but at length, a tenant came. He went over the house, was satisfied with it, and took it on lease. His furniture came in a day or two, and his family followed the furniture. The house at the corner was again inhabited.

There was no mistake about this tenant; he was unquestionably a man of pounds, shillings and pence. *Hæbat animam in extremis digitis*; verily his soul was in his fingers' ends. He talked of money, thought of money, dreamed of money. But, though rich, he was by no means popular, his manners neutralising the effects which pounds, shillings, and pence generally produce. He had a rooted conviction that everybody wanted to impose on him; and he adopted a line of conduct suited to the emergency, regularly and consistently denying the justice of every charge, and the truth of every statement. His wife was a remarkably sharp lady, who came down on butchers in the most remorseless way imaginable. No human persuasion would induce Mrs. Jenkins to have a fraction more bone in a joint than was warranted by the strictest anatomical principles. Oh, dear, no! Mrs. Jenkins always would have sixpennyworth for sixpence, and in all disputes about price was inflexible as adamant. Young Jenkins was a fallow youth of nineteen or

twenty, who prided himself on being "wide awake, sir," and "up to a thing or two, rather," and who spent his time chiefly in smoking cheap cigars, cultivating an abortive moustache, and mourning the absence of a "theater." Except the "theater," the only subjects on which young Jenkins ever conversed were the "life" he had seen at different "rooms" in Birmingham, and the intimate acquaintance he had with various stars of the Birmingham P. R., who frequented a public-house kept by the Brummagem Crusher; taking great delight in illustrating the felicitous manner in which the Crusher got in with his left. The Misses Jenkins were scraggy, sharp-featured girls, who wore electro-plate chains, and violently over-dressed themselves. If the Misses Jenkins, however, were not very ladylike, they possessed all the family sharpness, and soon impressed their dressmaker with a due sense of the danger she would incur by attempting to misappropriate any of the materials which the Misses Jenkins entrusted to her care. The Misses Jenkins knew to an inch, ay, to a thread, how much material was required for any given article of dress. They knew to a minute how long it took to make the said article, and knowing what they could get it for in Birmingham, indignantly scouted the idea of paying any more for it in Pinkotowns. No other young ladies associated with the Misses Jenkins, but the Misses Jenkins cared very little about that, consoling themselves with the reflection that "our pa could buy and sell their pas five times over."

Jenkins had got his money in the button trade at Birmingham, where he had carried on a flourishing business, under the name of Jenkins & Co.; the Co. meaning nothing in particular, but being used, like a Greek particle, merely to give emphasis to the other word. He had now retired from business, and, poor wretch, he enjoyed just as much happiness as generally falls to the lot of men who, after spending the best half of their life in the active pursuits of a manufacturing town, retire into the country, without education, without taste for country life, and too old to adapt themselves to the change of habits. He was something like Dr. Johnson's tallow-chandler, who, retiring from business, found his time hang so heavy on his hands that he requested his successor to allow him to come to town once a week to boil the tallow. The button-maker's only sources of occupation or amusement were bullying his servants and quarrelling with the rate-collector, the policeman, or any other public official. He had conceived a notion that all rates were illegal; so, when the poor-rate was called for, he absolutely refused to pay it, stigmatising the rate as "an infernal robbery," the guardians as "infernal scoundrels," and the collector as "an infernal tool;" and it was only when an execution was taken out against him, that he consented to settle the matter. Another idea of his was, that the postman ought to go along the street in which he (Jenkins) lived, before going up a certain other street hard by. He represented this to the postman, but the postman refused to alter his route. He applied to the postmaster, but the postmaster declined to interfere. Nothing daunted, he wrote to the postmaster-general, and not receiving any answer continued writing three times a week, until he got a communication to the effect that "if he found any pleasure in writing such absurd nonsense, he was at liberty to write it, but that no attention whatever could be paid to his application." Wasn't Jenkins outrageous when he got this reply!

The other members of the family were subject to almost as many annoyances as Jenkins himself. Young Jenkins, in the exuberance of his sharpness, amused himself one night by climbing a score or two of lamp-posts, and turning off the gas; a joke of undeniable pith and humor, but a joke which the magistrates failed to appreciate, and which they made the pretext for fining young Jenkins, I don't know how many shillings, to the boiling indignation of the whole Jenkins family. Mrs. Jenkins got insulted by her butcher. She had always declaimed bitterly (and he said unjustly) on the toughness of his meat, regularly taxed his bills on unfounded charges of disproportionate bone, invariably ridiculed the notion of paying him odd coppers, and so harassed him in various other ways, that, goaded beyond human endurance, he actually refused to supply her with meat, and told her to her face contumeliously, that "his motty was to live and let live; but her motty was to skin a flint and arter that bile it." The Misses Jenkins went to the annual ball. Half the company the Misses Jenkins

wouldn't dance with, as not being rich enough; the other half wouldn't dance with the Misses Jenkins, as not being genteel enough; so that the Misses Jenkins had perhaps some cause for describing the annual ball as "atfeul." The family at length began to think of leaving a neighborhood in which their importance was so ill appreciated; and a circumstance that decided them soon occurred. It was this: Jenkins happened to send the ironmonger down the street an order for some goods, accompanied by a message that they "needn't think of doing him, for he'd been in the trade, and knew what was what as well as they did." The ironmonger down the street replied, that he "should be happy to serve Mr. Jenkins, and would not attempt to do him; but as he had suffered a serious loss by trusting the last tenant of the house at the corner, he could not think of sending any goods to the present one, unless they were paid for on delivery." Down to the shop went Jenkins in a towering rage. "What the devil did they mean by sending him such a message? He could buy them up, and their shop, too, and think nothing of it. He wouldn't have their damned goods now, even if they would give 'em him." Having damned the goods, damned the shop, damned the ironmonger, and damned the assistants all round, he went down to Birmingham, where he took a house, to the great joy of all the family, who immediately packed up their goods, shook the dust from their feet, and left our town to its fate—the Misses Jenkins both declaring that of all the towns they ever knew, they never knew one that "they 'ated 'alf so much as they 'ated Pinkotowns."

The button-maker let the house at the corner, for the remainder of his lease, to a Mr. Baxter, an unspeakably pious man; a man all charity to his fellow-creatures—overflowing with the very cream of human kindness. To see that man going to church on Sunday, with a Bible in one hand, a prayer-book in the other, and a hymn-book sticking out of each pocket, left on the mind an impression never to be erased. To hear him talk, as he always did, like Dr. Watts' hymns and the "Whole Duty of Man," made one think better of human nature ever afterwards. He was indeed a pious man.

He soon became amazingly popular. He was appointed secretary to the Tract Society; treasurer to the Schrunchumup Indian Conversion Society; and general manager of the Anti-Devilandallhisworks Society. At church his "amen" was deep—so emphatic, that it edified all the congregation ten pews round. He composed a number of the most beautiful tracts ever "left;" amongst them, those celebrated works, the "Converted Navy," and the "Collier's Only Safety Lamp." Then the speeches he made at meetings, the graces he said at tea-drinkings! Well might all pious ladies adore him, well might all the district visitors declare with one voice that he was the nicest man in all the world!

About this time the two missionaries who were supported by Pinkotowns became martyrs to their zeal. One of them was killed by the Schrunchumup Indians for the wedding of some chief who was about to take an additional wife or two; the other died in the interior of Australia, from living too exclusively on raw kangaroo and blackberries. Mr. Baxter convened a meeting of the godly, to consider the propriety of sending out two successors in their ministry. Numerous speeches were made, but none were equal in force or pathos to that of the divine Baxter. How touching, how eloquent was the description he gave of the untimely fate which had overtaken the late lamented martyrs! Beginning with the victim of the Schrunchumups, he drew an affecting picture of him perishing under their clubs and cooking in a pit of red-hot stones, after the fashion described in Cook's voyages. "Remorseless wretches—barbarous hands—saintly blood. Heathen—benighted—brute appetite. Red-hot stones—fiery pit—callous—heartrending—murder—blood—fire—another missionary—liberal subscription." Then passing to him of the kangaroos: "Deserts—swamps—morasses. Serpents—snakes—alligators. Kangaroos—blackberries—water. No comforts—no physic—not even warming-pans. Chords—heart—vibrate—sympathy. Another missionary—liberal subscription." The effect was tremendous; all gave their tears, and most of them their cash. Meekchild put his name down for twenty pounds, and was appointed treasurer on the spot. A committee of ladies were appointed to perambulate the town and exact contributions. The committee of ladies was eminently successful. People who had never given before gave this time;

and those who had formerly given shillings now gave half-crowns. In a short time the subscriptions amounted to more than three hundred pounds.

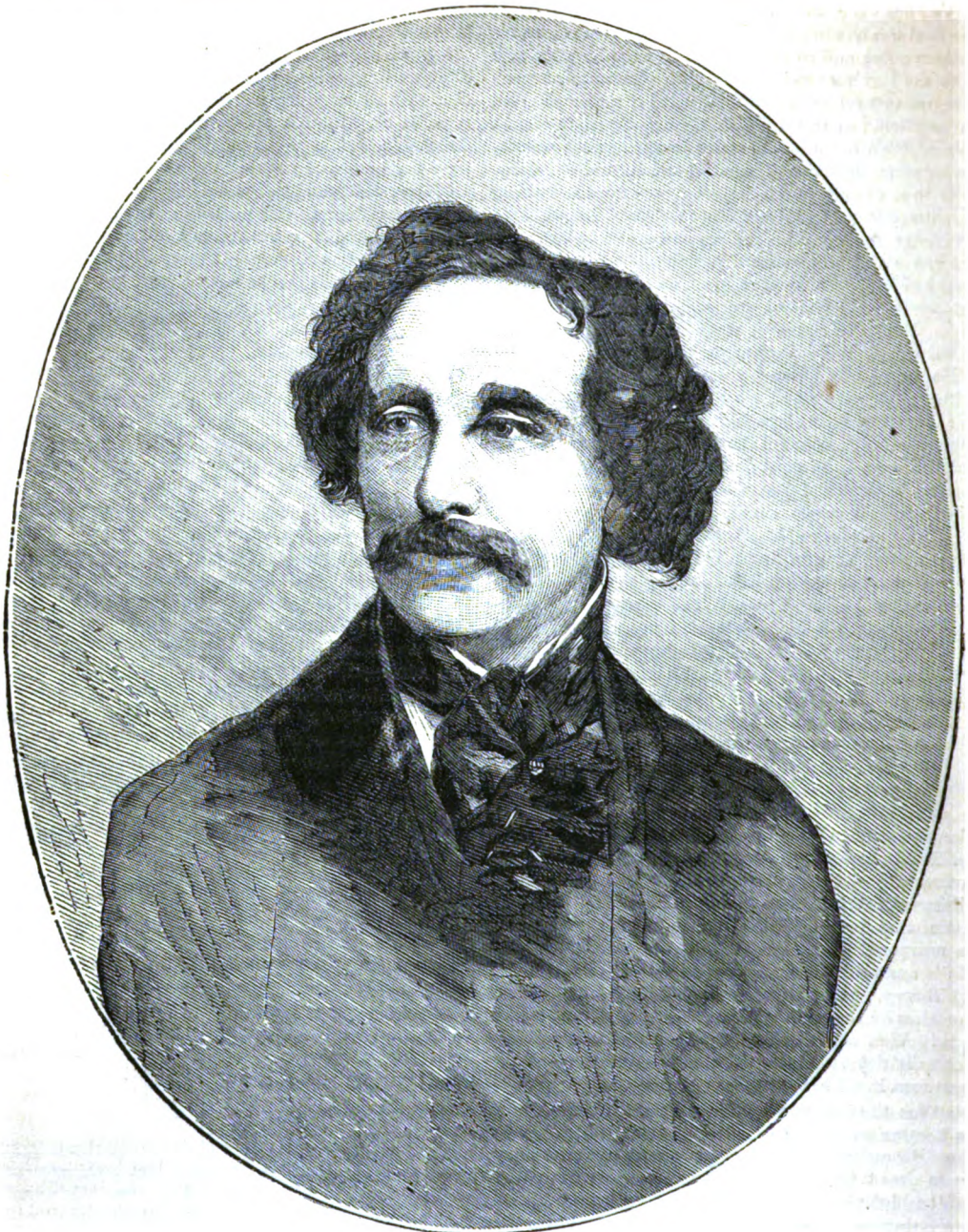
Mr. Baxter was now looked on as a saint of the first order. The district visitors had a tea-party in his honor, and presented him with a silver tea-pot. The speech which he made on that occasion ought to be written in letters of gold; the affecting allusions which he made to the self-sacrificing nature of woman drew tears from the eyes of every district visitor present; indeed, one district visitor was so much affected, that she fainted on the tea-things, and excited so much sympathy that two other district visitors were going to faint likewise, but the rest of the district visitors were down on them prematurely with smelling-bottles and cold water. Mr. Baxter wept himself—at least, he wiped his eyes a great many times, and snivelled twice quite audibly. The oldest district visitor in the room could not recollect such a speech.

The subscription list being now closed, Mr. Baxter undertook the task of selecting the missionaries. He was a long time absent—so long, indeed, that various malignant rumors got afloat. "He won't come back," said his enemies. "He will come back," said his friends. "Then, what's he stopping for?" inquired the enemies. "He wishes to use the greatest care," replied the friends. "As soon as he's got his missionaries, he'll come back, and bring 'em with him. Only wait a day or two." The day or two became a week or two, the week or two became a month or two, and still no Baxter appeared; so that even his warmest admirers were obliged to confess that his absence was, to say the least, unaccountable. The uncertainty might have lasted some time, but a period was put to it by the button-maker, who came over for his rent, and, on learning the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Baxter, instantly resolved to act with vigor. "The people here might think Baxter would come back, but he (the button-maker) wasn't quite so green. He'd take the law into his own hands, break open the door, and take his rent out of the furniture." He did take the law into his own hands, and took the furniture, too, into his own hands, but failed to take his rent out of it, as it consisted but of two old chairs, one old mug without a handle, one old handle without a mug, and twelve neat Venetian blinds, the remainder of the goods having been skilfully spirited away by the pious but eccentric Baxter.

Since the time of Baxter, the godly, that house at the corner has been without a tenant. Its constitutional propensity to look shabby is developing itself with greater vigor than ever. Grass again grows in the yard, sparrows again roost in the chambers; the knocker is gone, the windows are broken, mildew is everywhere, and "That House at the Corner" is again dirty, lonely, shabby and miserable.

THE ANIMAL CENTRE.—It is stated as a curious fact that in the common fly we have a creature just half way between the smallest and the largest animal known. The smallest is the twilight monad, and the largest is the rorqual, which is about one hundred feet in length. So it seems that "the busy, curious fly" is the central point of the animal kingdom! Let naughty boys think of this when they stick a pin through it and set it a buzzing around its own centre. It seems impossible that any living thing can exist as much smaller than the fly as the rorqual is larger. The latter is a whale of a fellow, and sometimes attains the length of one hundred and five feet. The twilight monad is the simplest kind of minute animalcule, beside which the fly becomes a creature of monstrous size, and it would probably take as many monads to make the bigness of a fly as it would take flies to make the bulk of a whale. Everything is great or small only by comparison with some other thing.

A TRAVELLER in Palestine says, that not far from the probable site where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, the guide plucked two flowers, supposed to be of that species to which our Lord alluded when he said, "Consider the lilies of the field." The calyx of this lily resembles crimson velvet, and the gorgeous flower was of white and lilac, and truly no earthly monarch could have been arrayed more gloriously than one of these. Such is the testimony of nature to the words spoken by our Lord.



CHARLES DICKENS.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.—CHARLES DICKENS.

ALTHOUGH every age is, more or less, one of transition, there are certain periods in history when human progress makes a grander stride, and these epochs are marked by the production of some mightier development of intellect.

Some metaphysicians have contended that "the hour makes the man," while others maintain "the man makes the hour." That these extraordinary men appear in extraordinary times is undoubted, since the merest glance at history proves it; but as it is more natural for a great age to produce a great man, than for a great man to create the age he adorns, we believe the result is owing to that unusual activity of the national mind which attains its culminating point in some particular man. Without putting the question in a pedantic light, we may be permitted to liken a nation to an individual, who, in his successive stages of infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and age, is typical of a nation's rise, progress and decline. Indeed, even physically, the parallel may be carried out, by comparing the various processes of teeth-cutting, measles, small-pox, and the

other "ills that flesh is heir to," saying nothing of those mental and moral effervescences of sonnet-writing, love, friendship, fast living, avarice, &c., which clear the man's blood of its impurities, in these chemical actions, just as insurrections, revolutions, wars, persecutions, regicides, treasons and heresies purify a nation, and seat it on the eminence of time. A careful examination of history will demonstrate that, through these stages only, have an Assyria, Greece, Rome and Spain toiled up to their zenith, to sink, like the sun or the moon, into decline, decrepitude and night. Hitherto every nation, like every dog, has had its day, and rejoiced in its ante-meridian and post-meridian; while, as though to carry out to the exact letter the parallel, it sinks into a night, only cheered by the stars of its heroes, statesmen and poets.

A young nation depends upon its action—like America; a mature one, on its prestige, organization and wealth—like England; an old one, on its memories—like Rome! It is a mournful spectacle, when a decrepid and superannuated nation like Spain has nothing to be remembered by but its vices and its excesses, only redeemed by the lucky adventure, the dis-

covery of America, and two men, Cervantes and Charles V. How far the conservative influence of commerce and Protestantism may preserve England from a doom hitherto unerring, it is impossible to say; as yet, she has exhibited no symptoms of decay, but seems to have grown wiser from generation to generation; and as the old earth itself swings in its orbit, producing crop upon crop of grain, flower, herbage and tree, freshened by a never-ending series of showers, thunderstorms and sunshine, it is possible that a farmer so matter-of-fact as John Bull may turn his hereditary idea to good account, and thus, like an electric cable, through the metallic conductor convey the lightning of perpetual youth and brightness. We have simply to observe, that Protestantism has never yet been made an element in national life before. Nations have been born, educated, lived and died upon rigid principles; but we think we are justified by a prophetic arithmetic in stating, that there are elements in the English and American races expressly formed to defy the ravages of time.

We have thought it right, in noticing so great a feature in human progression as Charles Dickens, to make these remarks, since we do not consider him as belonging merely to English literature, but to the world. This is due to rigid truth, since as the Protestant fermentation three centuries ago resulted in its crowning apex Shakespeare, so has the common-sense humanitarianism of the nineteenth century given us Charles Dickens as the exponent of its leading principles and passions. This influence, therefore, will be chiefly felt in the coming age, which, indeed, is the case with all great writers.

There is a natural curiosity in the mind of all to know the "why and whereabouts" of those who become, through their spiritual presence in books, music or painting, our companions. However unnecessary, therefore, for the mere understanding of his works, we give a few particulars of the prose Shakespeare of our age.

Charles Dickens was born, February 12, 1812, slightly before he was due, at Landport, near Portsmouth, and was, when only three weeks old, carried to Rochester, Kent. His father was Mr. John Dickens, who had from his earliest youth been in the government service of England. Being a clerk in the Navy Office, he was, during the Napoleonic war, compelled to change his quarters almost as often as a recruiting sergeant. He was thus, at a minute's notice, sent to Devonport, Portsmouth, Milford, Sheerness or Chatham, as the exigencies of the public service required.

Being much attached to his wife, and the stay at these places uncertain, he generally, if not invariably, was accompanied by her; a compliment she deserved, as she was a most admirable and devoted woman. As we may have a separate chapter on the originals of some of Dickens's most celebrated characters, we shall content ourselves now by remarking, that the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Macawber are genuine portraits of the parents of the author of *David Copperfield*. We can bear witness to the accuracy of the likenesses.

It is interesting to trace how much Kentish scenery has shadowed itself in the wonderful mind of our author. Rochester is to him what Stratford-on-Avon was to Shakespeare, and we remember, on an occasion when the great novelist and ourselves had toiled up the rugged steep of Rochester Castle, which is still, as Byron says,

A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,

he said, looking down on the cathedral, which rests at its foot, "There, my boy, I mean to go into dust and ashes." And, we may add, that the castle and cathedral, time-defying as they seem, will pass away into dust before the name of Dickens will be forgotten or unhonored.

Let us give our readers a sketch of the Dickens family: John Dickens, the father, was a portly gentleman, full of anecdote and reminiscences. He could tell you many *bon mots* of Sheridan, who was for a short time the head of his department, in Somerset House. He was a *bon vivant*, rejoiced in white waistcoats and a well brushed hat, was courteous in his manners, had a clean-shaved rosy face, beaming good-humor, and could stow away under his ample white vest an unusual quantity of port wine or brandy and water, but which never seemed to have more effect on him than Croton does on Greeley and Beecher. He was also slightly addicted to borrowing money on his note of hand, which he considered as payment in full. Indeed such

was his faith in these little specimens of penmanship, that when he was badgered by an impertinent and unreasonable tradesman into giving his promissory note at three months, he said to our informant, upon the dun's departure, "Well, thank Heaven, that is now off my mind!" He, generally, however, had it brought before him again in the shape of a writ, which too frequently ended in a prison. Like many men of this class he was of a generous nature, and believed that all felt as much pleasure in lending as he did. A friend of ours twice paid a debt of his to relieve him from his prison bonds, but of late years he managed to make both ends meet by his engagement on the *Daily News*, while his wife had an allowance from her illustrious son. Mr. Dickens died some two or three years ago of congestion of the lungs.

Mrs. Dickens, the novelist's mother, is a tall, thin lady, very much given to dress with a juvenile taste. She had a very keen perception of the advantage of wealth and position, and was an affectionate mother. Her children were very much attached to her.

Their children consisted of Fanny (the eldest), who married Mr. Burnett, a solicitor; he was a very excellent musician, and before her marriage taught music. The second was Charles, the great novelist; then Letitia, married to Mr. Austin, an architect; Frederick, a clerk in the Foreign Office; Alfred, an engineer, and settled at Malton; while the youngest was Augustus, a clerk in the house of John Chapman & Co., of Leadenhall street. All these possess a vein of talent as remarkable as the Coleridge family. Augustus, especially, had many traits in common with his illustrious brother. They seem to have imbibed a love of banter, which ran riot on every occasion.

Dickens spent some of his earliest years in Chatham, in which dockyard his father was employed as clerk. It is interesting to trace how constantly the neighboring scenery is impressed on his works. Rochester adjoins Chatham, and indeed they may almost be considered as one town with two names. They stand on the banks of the Medway, a river in Kent, which winds its way through green meadows, as though it had nothing to do but take a leisurely country stroll. Near the bridge the old castle rears its lofty battlements, which stand almost uninjured, for the outside shell is as perfect as ever, and the walls of massive thickness seem calculated to defy another thousand years.

The county of Kent has been alluded to by Shakespeare thus:

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Is termed the vilest part of all this isle.

It will be remembered that many of the most exciting scenes in *Pickwick* are laid in Kent. *Pickwick* puts up at the Mitre, Rochester; near Chatham is the duel scene between Slammer and Winkle; Dingley Dell is near Chatham; it was through Rochester, Chatham and Maidstone, that the foot-sore David Copperfield travels to Dover; it was at Portsmouth that Nicholas Nickleby played Romeo, and Smike the starved apothecary; and in one of his latest fictions, it was at Rochester that the seven Poor Travellers meet to tell their stories beneath the kindly shelter of Richard Watt's Charity.

It can hardly be said that Charles Dickens had any regular education; a common school, such as disgraced England forty years ago, was all he had the advantage of. He knows nothing of Latin, and less of Greek; he has taught himself French, and can speak it very well; but no author, not even excepting Shakespeare, has ever had so wonderful a grasp on the English vernacular. He throws aside every new and foreign word, and on the basis of the common Saxon tongue he has reared the greatest superstructure of thought ever known. With the exception of the Bible, his works are the greatest mines of idiomatic English existing. It has been asserted by one of our most profound linguists, that Dickens has used fewer words than any modern writer. A page of his writings will at once confirm our assertion. Like Paganini on his one string, so does Charles Dickens, with his simple idiom, produce broader effects than any novelist of the time.

In his thirteenth year he was sent to a lawyer's office, Bedford row, Holborn, where he picked up that legal knowledge and slang of which he now and then makes such excellent use. Some biographers of Shakespeare have surmised that the Bard of Avon picked up his legal phrases in a similar manner.

This life was not suited for so active a minded youth, and in his seventeenth year we find him as a reporter for an ultra-radical paper called the *True Sun*; from this he went to the *Morning Chronicle*, where his energy and wonderful quickness made him soon indispensable. It was in this paper he first published his sketches under the *nom de plume* of Boz. As every trifle is worthy of recital when connected with so brilliant an author, we may mention that he adopted this name out of affection for his youngest brother Augustus, whom he had nicknamed Moses, after the hero of the Vicar of Wakefield, but which the little fellow pronounced Boses; hence the abbreviation of Boz.

Dickens has, in his own inimitable manner, given a vivid account of the delight he experienced in reading his first printed production; and all who have passed through the same ordeal can understand his feelings as he retired into Bolt court to see his own beloved thoughts living in the form of print. His first productions were his Sketches by Boz, which appeared in the *Chronicle* as separate essays on men and manners. He then wrote a brochure, called Sunday under Three Heads, a biting satire upon the cant and hypocrisy of the Sabbatarians. This was addressed to the Bishop of London in a mock dedication. He is now evidently ashamed of it, since he has not republished it in any shape.

At this time Mr. Seymour, the artist, was engaged by Chapman & Hall to make some sketches caricaturing Cockney manners, and Charles Dickens was selected to write the accompanying letter-press. The idea of the Pickwick Club was originated by the artist, and intended to satirise the Philosophical Society of England, which made various peregrinations throughout the island, holding their meetings in different towns every year. The lamentable suicide of that clever caricaturist threw the the illustrations into the hands of Mr. Browne, who has since then, with one exception, illustrated all of Mr. Dickens's works.

In 1835 Mr. Dickens married Miss Catharine Hogarth, with whom he lives in great harmony. He has a numerous family, and is irreproachable as a father and husband. He indulges in the rather pardonable weakness of naming his sons after some of his distinguished friends, having christened two Alfred Fennyson and Francis Jeffrey. This may prove inconvenient, if either of them turn out to be dunces. This proclivity to bestow eminent names on their offspring is a besetting sin in the colored race, and we often hear of Julius Caesar Sambo, or Alexander Pompey Cuffee, and we all know how absurd the Gustavus Adolphus affixed to his name has made Scroogs—it reminds us of "In the name of the Prophet, figs!"

Dickens has wonderful invention, but little imagination; he is also deficient in constructiveness. He cannot form a plot—in this respect James and Bulwer are infinitely his superiors. Neither can he create—he is earthy, like Antæus—he must have seen something resembling the character he draws; but from a hint, a peculiarity, or a trait, he will produce those finished portraits which are part and parcel of our living world. With but two exceptions, all his novels have rather grown up from month to month, than been planned, filled in and finished as Scott's and Bulwer's are. The result is, we have a far greater freshness of incident and force of dialogue, owing to the subject and treatment being new to the author's mind. In a letter to a friend who had lectured him upon his want of artistic study, he candidly said, "he knew his own powers best, and that he never could please himself in his dialogue or description, if he had forecast it in his own mind. He never premeditated a line." This is doubtless true, and is a great evidence of his exhaustless genius. When sundry critics, therefore, say he will write himself out, they do not know the difference between talent and genius. A Southey can and did write himself out, but a Shakespeare and Dickens write well to the last—Art is bounded, Nature perpetual.

It is remarkable that all of Mr. Dickens's novels are based on some prominent idea; in this respect again resembling Shakespeare, who has in his plays read the world so many grand sermons, the texts of which are the passions of men. Thus, while our great dramatist has exposed the evil effects of ambition and superstition in Macbeth; jealousy in Othello; filial ingratitude and parental dotage in Lear; theoretic speculation and diseased philosophy in Hamlet; avarice in the Merchant of Venice; and

clandestine love in Romeo and Juliet—in like manner, the prose Shakespeare of our day has selected as the moral of his works a practical evil, to expose and lay prostrate in the dust. In this respect his novels are so many assaults upon that system of fraud and wrong which has become, through the agency of time, almost part and parcel of human government. Our space will only allow us to refer to Nicholas Nickleby, Chuzzlewit, Dombey & Son; in short, to every one of his masterly expositions.

We must not forget to mention that, in 1846, Mr. Dickens tried his hand as a political editor, prefixing his name to the London *Daily News*, a paper started on the joint-stock principle, the chief contributor being the famous East Indian prince, Dwargarnoth Tagore. A singular error in the very first number occurred in that most important item, the price of stocks; this was an unpromising *début*; certainly, but when Mr. Dickens, in the second number, in his Letters from Italy, confessed to commencing his journey on the Sabbath, everybody saw that so bold a despiser and denouncer of outward shows would never suit that grand personification of Phariseism, the British public. In the third number the great novelist abdicated his position as editor, and Mr. John Foster, of the *Examiner*, reigned in his stead. He has also tried his hand as a playwright, and produced a farce, called Flamborough Head, at the Lyceum Theatre or Adelphi, we forget which. It was unequivocally damned.

As an amateur actor he is unsurpassed, and we are satisfied that had he devoted himself to the profession, he would have earned a fame nearly equal to what he has already acquired in his own legitimate circle.

Mr. Dickens is a cheerful companion and a good mimic; he is, however, deficient in conversational power; he cannot reason, jumping at conclusions, like a harlequin, but it must be confessed, he goes through the subject in his leap; he tells a story with a humorous exaggeration perfectly delightful. He is very good-tempered, and yet, strange to add, very vindictive. He is painfully addicted to flattery and terribly susceptible of ridicule, somewhat singular in so unsparing and minute a satirist.

His taste in dress is likewise remarkable, since he is slightly given to loud vests and jewellery—peculiarities which invariably, if displayed by another, provoked his banter. In this respect he is an exemplar of Burns's lines:

Oh, that some power the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us.

As an illustration of this self-blindness, we may mention that, having received some favor from a friend whom he wished to make an acknowledgment to, he gave him a vest of the same pattern as the last he had ordered for himself. Upon his friend appearing in it at a party at Talfourd's, the donor commenced to joke him upon its "splendid pattern." He could see its excessive smartness when on another person, but not when on his own.

In his early career he suffered considerably from his extravagance, but since the establishment of *Household Words* he has become rich and independent. He has a great penchant for lords and millionaires, and when quizzed by a sour poet one day, upon his waiting for Lord John Russell, and not having waited for Landor, Dickens said, "My dear fellow, a lord's watch may be a little out of order, and be slow, but a poet has no idea of time. Wait for Russell—ah, that won't exceed half an hour; wait for Landor—he may drop in accidentally to-morrow at lunch time, to say he wasn't here to-night. No, no. A lord is a rational being—a poet isn't."

The result proved his sagacity: Lord John Russell came just as the soup was cooling—Landor never called upon Dickens till a week afterwards, and then to hand him a sonnet he had written to Robert Browning, altogether oblivious of the last week's dinner party, when he had been asked to meet some of his own special friends.

This illustrates the chief fact of Dickens's mind—his immense common sense; in like manner Shakespeare is prominent. Both had hard struggles in their youth and manhood; their original genius surmounted all, and finally carried them triumphantly to the head of the age. It must, however, be observed, that both of these great English minds were Saxon—no Celticism—indeed, neither has introduced an Irishman into any of their numerous works. So far as Dickens is concerned, he hates an Irishman as he does the devil, and may be considered as the

the most inspired and bitter Cockney that ever wrote a pot-hook!

Rogers was not particularly fond of Dickens, although at one time the latter paid him many compliments; among others he dedicated one of his novels to him. Rogers once told Wordsworth: "My dear sir, I want you to meet a young man who has been so officious as to dedicate a series of police sketches to me; his name is Dickens, he is reporter for the *Chronicle*. Our friend Black is responsible for the introduction."

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the solemn old gentleman, William Wordsworth, had no desire to meet a common reporter, and that, the story gaining wind, the poet laureate and Dickens had a mutual dislike for each other. The fact was, neither could understand the other. Our limits warn us that we must not indulge in this little chitchat, and we therefore hasten to an end. We must not fail to give a sketch of the *personnel* of so renowned a man.

It has become a fashion to compare Dickens and Thackeray, in their operation upon the world. We confess we see no tangible points of resemblance. Thackeray is a mere feature of society; Dickens may be likened to the full face reflecting the wants, sufferings, impulses and thoughts of the present generation. Even in their accidental encounters with human folly, cruelty and wickedness, they display their difference of action. Thackeray may be likened to a man who lashes a culprit or a fool with a demoniacal pleasure in giving him pain; Dickens lays on the lash as unsparingly, but it is tempered with the intention of reform. Thackeray delights in vengeance; Dickens in justice and amendment. One is an executioner, the other a surgeon. The author of *Vanity Fair* appeals to the brain, the author of *Dombey & Son* to the heart. Never author so completely carried out the poet's motto of, "I am a man, and whatever relates to man interests me." Nevertheless, with all his humanitarianism, there is not the least approach to sentimentalism or lackadaisical sympathy with folly or crime. He never confounds vice with virtue. These great elements stand with the line of demarcation boldly and clearly defined. He sometimes possibly allows his geniality to carry him into joviality, his scorn of mock gentility into vulgarity, and his hatred of cant into a species of mild profanity, and no writer has treated the clerical profession with such marked disrespect; he never misses an opportunity of showing up the hollowness and false pretences of all professed religionists. Whether it appears in a Reverend Mr. Stiggins or a Mrs. Vardon, the same unsparing contempt is poured upon them, and no depth of degradation is considered too marked for them. In some respects this is to be regretted, although we know some clergymen, such as Mr. Corey, whose liberal mind overlooks the offence; this, however, may spring from apathy.

Mr. Dickens's head and face give little evidence of his genius: his forehead is small but compact, his lips sensual, his chin feeble, his mouth is constantly on the move; the great force of his face are his eyes, which are large, brilliant, restless and full of power and expression. Their glance suffers nothing to escape. Jerrold once complimented him on his queer way, by telling him "he would have made a model policeman." His face is also deeply marked, as though thought had gashed it on each cheek. We understand, from Charles Mackay, that he has lately become much stouter, and that he has assumed a heavy Louis Napoleon moustache; he wears his hair, which is dark brown, very long. Altogether, he is an interesting-looking man, apart from his great celebrity. In conversation, he has a way of jerking out his words, which gives a piquancy to them foreign to the thought; he frequently says things full of that peculiar humor for which he is so famous. The *Quarterly Review* several years ago contained a very bitter attack on his writings, which ended with the remark, that "the fame of Mr. Dickens would be like that of a certain firework which goes up a sky-rocket but comes down a stick." Dickens jocularly remarked, that when that stick came down he should break it across the editor's shoulders. He is an admirable after-dinner speaker, and dashes off a description as a postilion cracks his whip. He is humane and charitable to the distressed, and the recital of oppression brings the tear to his eye, like a veritable onion; but woe to the friend who has wounded his *amour propre*, or who has underrated his works in any private or public criti-

cism. He is then capable of any cruelty, like every other tyrant or spoilt child.

We shall not recapitulate Mr. Dickens's works. They are patent to the world; all who can run alone read him. We may, however, mention that his last Christmas story shows his undiminished power. To an English reader it has a deeper significance—the Pirates are the Sepoys, and the relator of the story is an English yeoman, who cannot read or write. Lord Canning and the aristocracy are Pordago, the Commissioner.

We are glad to record that the man who has so delighted the world, lives in handsome style in Tavistock House, Tavistock Square. We hope he will carry out our Shakespearean parallel by retiring to Rochester, and living and dying a country gentleman, away from the seductions of London. He can then, in that peaceful retirement, welcome his Thackerays, Fosters, Macreadys, Fonblanques, Tennysons and Marstons, just as gentle Willie did his Ben Johnson, Mike Drayton, and the rest of his "hail fellows."

We may remark that Dickens has not much taste for the higher order of poetry; he has not a speculative mind. His favorite play is Browning's *Blot on the Scutcheon*; he also admires Marston's *Patrician's Daughter*; thinks much of Paul de Kock, Balzac and George Sand; opines that Shakespeare is obsolete, over-rated and tedious; that Walter Scott was merely a feudal harpist in prose; and that Alfred Tennyson is the greatest poet of the day, Macready an inspired actor, and John Foster a most wonderful critic and faithful friend. But as a man of genius has nearly as much right as a dunce to his own opinion, we can forgive the author of *A Christmas Carol* any vagaries he chooses to indulge in.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Ninoveh was fifteen miles long, eight wide, and forty miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and three hundred feet high, with one hundred brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was four hundred and twenty-nine feet to the support of the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and six hundred and fifty-three on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are two hundred and eight. It employed three hundred and thirty thousand men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains three hundred chambers, and twelve halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins twenty-seven miles round. Athens was twenty-five miles round, and contained three hundred and fifty-nine thousand citizens and four hundred thousand slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of five million of dollars, and Nero carried away from it two hundred statues. The walls of Rome were thirteen miles round.

THE INDUSTRY OF INDIA.—Whatever may be the turbulence of some classes of Hindoos, and the indolence of others, says the London *Economist*, it is certain that there are in India persevering and industrious laborers. Within the last twenty years the amount of the products of other countries consumed in India, has increased from twenty million to eighty-five million dollars, and her native productions have more than kept pace with it. Every nation which trades with her becomes her debtor. In 1835, the surplus produce of India was forty million dollars; in 1855, it exceeded one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Last year the balance due India for the excess of the exports over the imports, was forty-one million dollars. The specie importations, which may be regarded as a sure indication of the balance of trade, have increased from fourteen million dollars in 1846, to sixty-two million dollars in 1856. Such statistics show that there is progressive industry in India, which the present mutiny must affect disastrously.

A FAMILY prayer from the heart of a pure and pious wife, for a husband engrossed in the pursuits of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that link his name every day with the name of God. He may snap it three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, for many years, but the chances are that in time he will mark the sundered filaments, and seek to re-unite them in an everlasting bond.

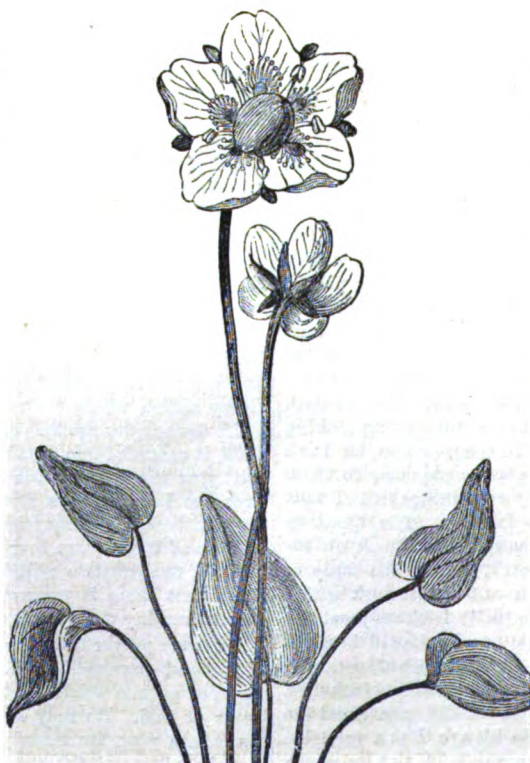


MOUNT PARNASSUS.

MOUNT PARNASSUS.

PARNASSUS was one of the most celebrated mountains in ancient Greece, sacred to the Muses and Apollo, and from the numerous objects of classical interest of which it formed the theatre, considered "holy" by the Greeks. On its side stood the city of Delphi, near which flowed the Castalian spring, the grand source of ancient inspiration, and from this circumstance, in metaphorical language, the word Parnassus is used to signify poetry itself. On the southern declivity of the mountain is the Corycian cave, a stalactite grotto three hundred and thirty feet in length, and nearly two hundred in width. From the summit of Parnassus can be seen a most magnificent view, commanding, as it does, nearly all Hellas, the Corinthian gulf and the northern part of the Morea.

A modern, more particularly an American, travelling in Greece, cannot comprehend the vast importance which was given to certain objects by the ancients, which have invested them with an im-



GRASS OF PARNASSUS.

mortal mental interest, that far surpasses the grandeur of vastly superior natural objects. Mount Parnassus, but for the association of classic poetry, would attract but little notice of the modern traveller, and the Castalian fountain or the Corycian cave would be passed by altogether, not making even a momentary impression on his mind.

A visit to Mount Parnassus, however, is vividly remembered by all who have the opportunity of treading its "sacred sides," and a memento from its now sterile surface is treasured with care. Peculiar to the mountain is a beautiful wild flower, or "grass of Parnassus," as it is poetically called, which, from its peculiarity, and the fact that it is seldom met with elsewhere than in Greece, is considered particularly valuable; and when pressed within the leaves of a herbarium and well preserved, is shown with greater pride than perhaps any other botanical treasure, although more pretentious, and on superficial examination more likely to attract the eye.

ODE TO SPRING.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

WELCOME sweet Spring! loved time! old Winter drear
With chill and frost and biting northern blast—
Unwelcome, spite the log-fire's genial cheer—
Is gone, for thou, viewless Leonoclast,
Breakest his altars and his idols everywhere.

Thou breathest on the earth, and lo! the flowers
Are born of that sweet breath; changeful thy time,
For sunny smiles tread fast on gentle showers—
Tears never wept in Summer's riper prime,
When the hot sun rides high through panting hours!

Thou art compared unto the nascent child:
The poets call thee youth, and paint thee so,
With flowing robe, and tresses floating wild,
Scatt'ring fair flowers upon the earth below,
In perfect, joyous beauty, undefiled.

I love thee much for that thou cheerest all,
Making this earth so like a paradise,
That those who have the cold world's iron thrall
Upon their hearts, feel now their spirits rise,
As though the future never could appal.

I love thee more, for that, through scenes long gone,
In thy sweet time, I live and move again;
Each childish sport—each joyous face or tone,
Or scene, or scent awake from memory's chain;
Though friends and joys have perished one by one.

Yes I do love thee, for thou usherest in
The lovers' trysting-time—sweet odorous May!—
When winds with sweets are sick, and murmurous din
Of busy insects give a voice to-day—
And trees are clothed, as bare they ne'er had been.

I love thee more with every passing year,
For that thy coming makes my heart grow young;
Thou whisperest a promise in mine ear
Which erst in youth and early manhood rung
And filled my heart with trembling, hope and fear.

But ever as the Summer comes it dies—
As some sweet flower which the Spring mature—
The form but beams—but flashes on mine eyes
And ere possession the sweet dream assures,
The dreamer wakes, and the fond vision flies!

Still love I thee, Vertumnus, Youth or Spring,
Childhood of Time—what'er the name may be
By which mankind has known thee! I do sing
A soulfelt, simple psalm unto thee,
And bring my joy of heart as a fit offering.

VERE EGERTON; OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF A
LIFETIME.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.—THE WAR-MINISTER AT HOME.



CEPT at the crisis of great convulsions, when the man with the bayonet is the only individual that clearly knows what he has got to do and how to do it, the soldier is but the puppet upon the stage, while the diplomatist pulls the strings from behind the scenes. Before Sebastopol the armies of England, France and Sardinia keep watch and ward, ever ready for action; at Vienna, the spruce *attaché* deciphers and

makes his *precis* of those dispatches which decide the soldier's fate. Is it to be peace or war? Has Russia entered into a league with the Austrian Government, or is the Kaiser, in his youthful enthusiasm, eager for an appeal to arms, and, forgetful of his defenceless capital, not thirty leagues from the Polish frontier, and innocent of a single fortified place between its walls and the enemy, prepared to join heart and hand with France and England against the common foe? These are questions everybody asks, but nobody seems able to answer. On the Bourse they cause a deal of gambling, and a considerable fluctuation in the value of the florin as computed with reference to English gold. Minor capitalists rise and fall, and Rothschild keeps on adding heap to heap. Money

makes money, in Austria as in England; nor are those moustached and spectacled merchants smoking cigars on the Bourse one whit less eager or less rapacious than our own smooth speculators on the Stock Exchange. The crowd is a little more motley, perhaps, and a little more demonstrative, but the object is the same.

"And what news have you here this morning, my dear sir?" observes a quiet-looking, well-dressed bystander who has just strolled in, to a plethoric individual, with a double chin, a double eyeglass, and a red umbrella, who is making voluminous entries in a huge pocket-book. The plethoric man bows to the ground and becomes exceedingly purple in the face.

"None, honorable sir, none," he replies with a circular sweep of his hat that touches his toes; "the market is flat, honorable sir, flat, and money, if possible, scarcer than usual."

Whereat the stout man laughs, but breaks off abruptly, as if much alarmed at the liberty he has taken. The well-dressed gentleman turns to some one else with the same inquiry, and, receiving a less cautious answer, glances at his fat friend, who pales visibly under his eye. They are all afraid of him here, for he is no other than our old acquaintance Monsieur Stein, clean, quiet, and undemonstrative as when we saw him last in the drawing-room at Eldeldorf. Let us follow him as he walks out and glides gently along the street in his dark civil attire, relieved only by a bit of ribbon at the button-hole.

All great men have their weaknesses. Hercules, resting from his labors, spun yarns with Omphale; Antony combined fishing and flirtation; Porson loved pale ale, and refreshed himself copiously therewith; and shall not Monsieur Stein, whose Protean genius can assume the characters of all these heroes, display his taste for the fine arts in so picturesque a capital as his own native Vienna? He stops accordingly at a huge stone basin ornamenting one of its squares, and, producing his note-book, proceeds to sketch with masterly touches the magnificent back and limbs of that bronze Triton preparing to launch his harpoon into the depth below. Sly Monsieur Stein! is it thus that you spread your nets for the captivation of unwary damsels, and are you always rewarded by so ready a prey as that well-dressed *soubrette* who is peeping on tiptoe over your shoulder, and expressing her artless admiration of your talent in the superlative exclamations of her Teutonic idioms?

"Pardon me, honorable sir, that I so bold am, as to overlook your wondrously-beautiful design, permit me to see it a little nearer. I thank you, love-worthy sir."

Monsieur Stein is too thoroughly Austrian not to be the pink of politeness. He doffs his hat, and hands her the note-book with a bow. As she returns it to him an open letter peeps between the leaves, and they part and march off on their several ways with many expressions of gratitude and politeness, such as two utter strangers make use of at the termination of a chance acquaintanceship; yet is the *soubrette* strangely like Jeannette, Princess Vocqsal's *femme de chambre*; and the letter which Monsieur Stein reads so attentively as he paces along the sunny side of the street, is certainly addressed to that lady in characters bearing a strong resemblance to the handwriting of Victor, Count de Rohan.

Monsieur Stein pockets the epistle. It might be a receipt for *sour-kroust* for all the effect its perusal has on his impassible features, and proceeds, still at his equable, leisurely pace, to the residence of the war-minister.

While he mounts the steps to the second floor, on which are situated the apartments of that functionary, and combs out his smooth moustaches, waiting the convenience of the porter who answers the bell, let us take a peep inside.

The war-minister is at his wit's end. His morning has been a sadly troubled one, for he has been auditing accounts, to which pursuit he cherishes a strong disinclination, and he has received a letter from the minister of the interior conveying contradictory orders from the emperor of which he cannot make head or tail. Besides this, he has private annoyances of his own. His intendant has failed to send him the usual supplies from his estates in Galicia; he is in debt to his tailor and his coach-maker, but he must have new liveries and an English carriage against the next court ball; his favorite charger is lame, and he does not care to trust himself on any of his other horses; and, above all, he has sustained an hour's lecture this very morning, when drinking coffee in his dressing-gown,

from madame la baronne, his austere and excellent spouse, commenting in severe terms on his backslidings and general conduct, the shortcomings of which, as that virtuous dame affirms, have not failed to elicit the censure of the young emperor himself. So the war-minister has drunk three large tumblers of *schwartz-bier*, and smoked as many cigars stuck up on end in the bowl of a *meerschau* pipe, the combined effects of which have failed to simplify the accounts, or to reconcile the contradictory instructions of the court.

He is a large, fine-looking man, considerably above six feet in height. His gray-blue uniform is buttoned tightly over a capacious chest, covered with orders, clasps and medals; his blue eyes and florid complexion denote health and good humor, not out of keeping with the snowy moustaches and hair of some threescore winters. He looks completely puzzled, and is bestowing an uneasy sort of attention, for which he feels he must ere long be taken to task, upon a very charming and well dressed visitor of the other sex, no less a person, indeed, than that "odious intrigante," as madame la baronne calls her, the Princess Voeqsl.

She is as much at home here in the war-minister's apartments as in her own drawing-room. She never loses her *aplomb* or her presence of mind. If his wife were to walk in this minute she would greet her with amiable cordiality; and, to do madame la baronne justice, though she abuses the princess in all societies, her greeting would be returned with the warmth and kindness universally displayed towards each other by women who hate to the death. Till she has got her antagonist down, the female fencer never takes the button off her foil.

"You are always so amiable and good humored, my dear baron," says the princess, throwing back her veil with a turn of her snowy wrist, not lost upon the old soldier, "that you will, I am sure, not keep us in suspense. The prince wishes his nephew to serve the emperor; he is but a boy yet. Will he be tall enough for the cavalry? A fine man looks so well on horseback!"

The baron was justly proud of his person. This little compliment and the glance that accompanied it were not thrown away. He looked pleased, then remembered his wife, and looked sheepish, then smoothed his moustache, and inquired the age of the candidate.

"Seventeen next birthday," replied the princess. "If it were not for this horrid war we would send him to travel a little. Do you think the war will last, monsieur le baron?" added she naively.

"You must ask the foreign minister about that," replied he, completely thrown off his guard by her innocence. "We are only soldiers here, we do not pull the strings, madame. We do what we are told, and serve the emperor and the ladies," he added with a low bow and a leer.

"Then will you put him in the cuirassiers immediately, monsieur?" said the princess with her sweetest smile; "we wish no time to be lost—now do, please me."

The baron was rather in a dilemma; like all men in office, he hated to bind himself by a promise, but how to refuse that charming woman anything?—at last he stammered out—"Wait a little, madame, wait, and I will do what I can for you; it is impossible just now, for we are going to reduce the army by sixty thousand men."

While he spoke, Monsieur Stein was announced, and the princess rose to take her leave; she had got all she wanted now, and did not care to face a thousand baronesses. As she went down-stairs, she passed Monsieur Stein without the slightest mark of recognition, and he, too, looked admiringly after her as if he had never seen her before. The baron by this time pining for more *schwartz-bier*, and another cigar, devoutly hoped that his new visitor, with whose person and profession he was quite familiar, would not stay long; and the princess, as she tripped past the *huissier* at the entrance, muttered, "Sixty thousand men—then it will be peace; I thought so all along. My poor baron! what a soft old creature you are! Well, I have tried everything now, and this speculating is the strongest excitement of all, even better than making Victor jealous!" but she sighed as she said it, and ordered her coachman to drive on at once to her stock-broker.

The presence of Monsieur Stein did not serve to re-establish either the clear-headedness or the good humor of the war

minister. The ostensible errand on which he came was merely to obtain some trifling military information concerning the garrison at Pesth, without which the co-operation of the police would not have been so effectual in annoying still further the already exasperated Hungarians; but in the course of conversation, Monsieur Stein subjected the baron to a process familiarly called "sucking the brains," with such skill that, ere the door was closed on his unwelcome visitor, the soldier felt he had placed himself—as indeed was intended—completely in the power of the police agent. All his sins of omission and commission, his neglect of certain contracts, and his issuing of certain orders; his unpardonable lenity at his last tour of inspection, his unlucky expressions of opinions at direct variance with those of his young imperial master—all these failures and offences he felt were now registered in letters never to be effaced—on the records of Monsieur Stein's secret report; and what was more provoking still, was to think that he had, somehow or another, been insensibly led on to plead guilty to half a dozen derelictions, which he felt he might as consistently have denied.

As he sat bolt-upright in his huge leathern chair, and turned once more to "sublime tobacco" for consolation and refreshment, his thoughts floated back to the merry days when he was young and slim, and had no cares beyond his squadron of Uhlands, no thought for the morrow but the parade and the ball. "Ah!" sighed the baron to himself as he knocked the ash off his cigar with a ringed fore-finger, "I would I were a youngling again; the troop accounts were easily kept, the society of my comrades was pleasanter than the court. One never meets with such beer now as we had at Debreczin; and oh! those Hungarian ladies, how delightful it was to waltz before one grew fat, and flirt before one grew sage. I might have visited the charming princess then, and no one would have found fault with me; no one would have objected—Heigh-ho! there was no madame la baronne in those days—now it is so different. Sapperment! Here she comes!"

Though the baron was upwards of six feet, and broad in proportion—though he had distinguished himself more than once before the enemy, and was covered with orders of merit and decorations for bravery—nay, though he was the actual head of the six hundred thousand heroes who constituted the Austrian army, he quailed before that little shrivelled old woman, with her mouth full of black teeth, and her hair dressed a *l'Impératrice*.

We profane not the mysteries of Hymen—"Caudle" is a name of no exclusive nationality. We leave the baron, not without a shudder, to the salutary discipline of his excellent mistress.

CHAPTER XLII.—WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

We must follow Monsieur Stein, for that worthy has got something to do; nay, he generally has his hands full, and cannot, indeed, be accused of eating the bread of idleness. It is a strange system of government, that of the Austrian empire; and is, we believe, found to answer as badly as might be expected from its organization. The state takes so paternal an interest in the sayings and doings of its children, as to judge it expedient to support a whole staff of officials, whose sole duty it is to keep the government informed respecting the habits, actions, everyday life, and secret thoughts and opinions of the general public. Nor do these myrmidons, whose number exceeds belief, and who add seriously to the national expenditure, fail to earn their pay with praiseworthy diligence. In all societies, in all places of pleasure or business, where half-a-dozen people may chance to congregate, there will be an agent of police, always in plain clothes, and generally the least conspicuous person in the throng. The members of this corps are, as may be supposed, chosen for their general intelligence and aptitude, are usually well-informed, agreeable men, likely to lead strangers into conversation, and excellent linguists. As an instance of their ubiquity, I may mention an incident that occurred within my own knowledge to an officer in the British service, when at Vienna, during the war. That officer was dining in the salon of an hotel, and there was present besides his own party, consisting of Englishmen, and one Hungarian much disaffected to the government, only two other strangers, sitting quite at the further extremity of the room, and apparently out of ear-shot. The con-

versation at my friend's table was, moreover, carried on in English, and turned upon the arrest of a certain Colonel Turr, by the Austrian authorities at Bucharest, a few days previously.

This Colonel Turr, be it known, was a Hungarian who had deserted from the Austrian service, and entering that of her Majesty Queen Victoria, had been employed in some commissariat capacity in Wallachia, and taken prisoner at Bucharest by the very regiment to which he had previously belonged. The question was much vexed and agitated at the time, as to the Austrian right over a deserter on a neutral soil, and Colonel Turr became for the nonce an unconscious hero. The officer to whom I have alluded, having listened attentively to the pros and cons of the case, as set forth by his friends, dismissed the subject with military brevity in these words: "If you say he deserted his regiment before an enemy, I don't care what countryman he is, or in whose service, the sooner they hang him the better!" This ill-advised remark, be it observed, was made *solto voce*, and in his own language. His surprise may be imagined when, on perusing the government papers the following morning, he read the whole conversation translated into magniloquent German, and detailed at length as being the expressed opinion of the British army and the British public on the case of Colonel Turr.

I am happy to be able to observe *en passant*, that the latter gentleman was not hanged at all, but escaped, after a deal of diplomatic correspondence, with a six weeks' imprisonment in the fortress of Comorn, and has since been seen taking his pleasure in London and elsewhere.

To return to Monsieur Stein. It is evening, and those who have permission from the police to give a party, have lighted their lamps and prepared their saloons for those receptions in which the well-bred of all nations, and particularly the ladies, take so incomprehensible a delight. At Vienna, every house must be closed at ten o'clock; and those who wish to give balls or evening parties must obtain a direct permission to do so, emanating from the emperor himself. So when they do go out, they make the most of it, and seem to enjoy the pleasure with an additional zest for the prohibition to which it is subject.

Let us follow Monsieur Stein into that brilliantly-lighted room, through which he edges his way so unobtrusively, and where, amongst rustling toilettes, crisp and fresh from the dressmaker, and various uniforms on the fine persons of the Austrian aristocracy, his own modest attire passes unobserved. This is no *bourgeois* gathering, no assemblage of the middle rank, tainted by mercantile enterprise, or disgraced by talent, which presumes to rise superior to blood. No such thing; they are all the "*haute volée*" here, the "*crème de la crème*," as they themselves call it in their bad French and their conventional jargon. Probably Monsieur Stein is the only man in the room that cannot count at least sixteen quarterings, no such easy matter to many a member of our own House of Peers; and truth to tell, the Austrian aristocracy are a personable fine-looking race as you shall wish to see. Even the eye of our imperturbable police-agent lights up with a ray of what in any other eye would be admiration, at the scene which presents itself as he enters. The rooms are spacious, lofty, and magnificently furnished in the massive, costly style that accords so well with visitors in full dress. The floors are beautifully inlaid and polished; as bright, and nearly as slippery, as ice. The walls are covered with the *chef-d'œuvres* of the old masters, and even the dome-like ceilings are decorated with mythological frescoes, such as would convert an enthusiast to paganism at once. Long mirrors fill up the interstices between the panellings, and reflect many a stalwart gallant, and many a "lady bright and fair." There is no dancing, it is merely a "reception;" and amongst the throng of beauties congregated in that assembly, impassible Monsieur Stein cannot but admit that the most captivating of them all is Princess Voeqsal.

So thinks the war-minister, who, forgetful of accounts and responsibilities, regardless even of the threatening glances darted at him from the other end of the room by his excellent wife, is leaning over the back of the princess's seat, and whispering, in broad Viennese German, a variety of those soft platitudes which gentlemen of three-score are apt to fancy will do them as good service at that age as they did thirty years ago. The baron is painfully agreeable, and she is listening, with a sweet smile and a pleasant expression of countenance, assumed for very sufficient

reasons. In the first place, she owes him a good turn for the information acquired this morning, and the princess always pays her debts when it costs her nothing; in the second, she wishes, for motives of her own, to strengthen her influence with the court-party as much as possible; and lastly, she enjoys by this means the innocent pleasure of making two people unhappy—viz., madame la baronne, who is fool enough to be jealous of her fat old husband; and one other watching her from the doorway with a pale, eager face, and an expression of restless, gnawing anxiety which it is painful to behold.

Victor de Rohan, what are you doing here, like a moth fluttering round a candle? wasting your time and breaking your heart for a woman that is not worth one throb of its generous life-blood; that cannot appreciate your devotion, or even spare your feelings? Why are you not at Eledorf, where you have left her sad and lonely, one tear on whose eyelash is worth a thousand of the false smiles so freely dealt by that heartless, artificial, worn woman of the world? For shame, Victor! for shame! And yet, as our friend the Turk says, "*Kismet!*" It is destiny!

He is dressed in a gorgeous hussar uniform, his own national costume, and right well does its close fit and appropriate splendor become the stately beauty of the young Count de Rohan. At his side hangs the very sword that flashed so keenly by the waters of the Danube, forward in the headlong charge of old Iskender Bey. On its blade is engraved the princess's name; she knows it as well as he does, yet ten to one she will pretend to forget all about it should he allude to the subject to-night. Ah! the blade is as bright as it was in those merry campaigning days, but Victor's face has lost for ever the lightsome expression of youth; the lines of passion and self-reproach are stamped upon his brow, and hollowed round his lip, and he has passed at one stride from boyhood to middle age.

He makes a forced movement, as though to speak to her, but his button is held by a jocose old gentleman, whose raptures must find vent on the engrossing topic of Marie Taglionis graceful activity; and he has to weather the whole person and draperies of a voluminous German dowager ere he can escape from his tormentor. In the meantime, Monsieur Stein has been presented to the princess, and she allows him to lead her into the tea-room, for a cup of that convenient beverage which Continental nations persist in considering as possessed of medicinal virtue.

"I have the unhappiness to have escaped madame's recollection," observed the police agent, as he placed a chair for the princess in a corner secure from interruption, and handed her cup; "it is now my good fortune to be able to restore something that she has lost," and he looked at her with those keen gray eyes, as though to read her very soul, while he gave her the letter which had been placed in his pocket-book by faithless Jeannette. "If she cares for him," thought Monsieur Stein, "she will surely show it now, and I need take no further trouble with her. If not, she is the very woman I want, for the fool is madly in love with her, and upon my word it is not surprising!"

Monsieur Stein looked at women with hypercritical fastidiousness, but, as he himself boasted, at the same time, quite "*en philosophe*."

The princess, however, was a match for the police agent; she never winced, or moved a muscle of her beautiful countenance. With a polite "Excuse me," she read the letter through from beginning to end, and turning quietly round, inquired, "How came you by this, monsieur?"

Unless it leads to a revoke, a lie counts for nothing with a police agent, so he answered at once, "Sent to my bureau from the office, in consequence of an informality in the postmark."

"You have read it?" pursued the princess, still calm and unmoved.

"On my honor, no!" answered he, with his hand on his heart, and a low bow.

She would have made the better spy of the two, for she could read even his impassible face, and she knew as well as he did himself that he had, so she quietly returned him the letter, of which she judged, and rightly, that he had kept a copy; and laying her gloved hand on his sleeve, observed, with an air of bewitching candor: "After that affair at Comorn, you and I can have no secrets from each other, monsieur. Tell me frankly

what it is your employers require, and the price they are willing to pay for my co-operation."

She could not resist the temptation of trying her powers, even on Monsieur Stein; and he, although a police agent, was obliged to succumb to that low, sweet voice, and the pleading glance by which it was accompanied. A little less calmly than was his wont, and with almost a flush upon his brow, he began:

"You are still desirous of that appointment we spoke of yesterday for the prince?"

"*Ma foi*, I am," she answered with a merry smile; "without it we shall be ruined, for we are indeed overwhelmed with debt."

"You also wish for the earliest intelligence possessed by the government as to the issues of peace and war?"

"Of course I do, my dear Monsieur Stein; how else can I speculate to advantage?"

"And you would have the attainer taken off your cousin's estates in the Banat in your favor?"

The princess's eyes glistened, and a deep flush overspread her face. This was more than she had ever dared to hope for. This would raise her to affluence, nay, to splendor, once again. No price would be too great to pay for this end, and she told Monsieur Stein so, although she kept down her raptures and stilled her beating heart the while.

"All this, princess, I can obtain for you," said he; "all this has been promised me, and I have got it in writing. In less than a month the government will have redeemed its pledge, and in return you shall do us one little favor."

"*C'est un trahison n'est ce pas ?*" she asked quickly, but without any appearance of shame or anger; "I knew it by the price you offer. Well, I am not scrupulous—say on."

"Scarcely that," he replied, evidently emboldened by her coolness; "only a slight exertion of feminine influence, of which no woman on earth has so much at command as yourself. Listen, princess; in three words I will tell you all. Count de Rohan loves you passionately—madly. You know it yourself; forgive my freedom; between you and me there must be no secrets. You can do what you will with him." (He did not see her blush, for she had turned away to put down her cup). "He will refuse you nothing. This is your task: there is another conspiracy hatching against the government; its plot is not yet ripe, but it numbers in its ranks some of the first men in Hungary. Your compatriots are very staunch; even I can get no certain information. Several of the disaffected are yet unknown to me. Young Count de Rohan has a list of their names; that list I trust to you to obtain. Say, princess, is it a bargain?"

She was fitting her glove accurately to her taper finger.

"And the man that you were good enough to say adores me so devotedly, monsieur," she observed, without lifting her eyes to his face; "what will you do with him? shoot him as you did his cousin in 1848?"

"He shall have a free pardon," replied the police-agent, "and permission to reside on his lands. He is not anxious to leave the vicinity of the Waldenberg, I believe," he added, mischievously.

"*Sou*," responded the princess, as she rose to put an end to the interview. "Now, if you will hand me my *bouquet* we will go into the other room."

As he bowed and left her, Monsieur Stein felt a certain uncomfortable misgiving that he had been guilty of some oversight in his game. In vain he played it all again in his own head, move for move, and check for check; he could not detect where the fault lay, and yet his fine instinct told him that somewhere or another he had made a mistake. "It is all that woman's impassible face," he concluded at last, in his mental soliloquy, "that forbids me to retrieve a blunder or detect an advantage. And what a beautiful face it is!" he added, almost aloud, as for an instant the official was absorbed in the man.

In the meantime, Victor was getting very restless, very uncomfortable, and, not to mince matters, very cross.

No sooner had the princess returned to the large *salon* than he stalked across the room, twirling his moustaches with an air of unconcealed annoyance, and asked her abruptly, "How she came to know that ill-looking Monsieur Stein, and why he

had been flirting with her for the last half-hour in the tea-room?"

"That gentleman in plain clothes?" answered she, with an air of utter unconsciousness and perfect good-humor, "that is one of my ancient friends, monsieur le comte; shall I present him to you?"

This was another refined method of tormenting her lovers. The princess had one answer to all jealous inquiries as to those whom she favored with her notice—"Un de mes anciens amis," was a vague and general description, calculated to give no very definite or satisfactory information to a rival.

"Have a care, madame," whispered Victor, angrily; "you will make some of your ancient friends into your deadliest enemies if you try them so far."

She looked lovingly up at him, and he softened at once.

"Now it is you that are unkind, Victor," she said, in a low soft voice, every tone of which thrilled to the young count's heart. "Why will you persist in quarrelling with me? I, who came here this very evening to see you and to do you a kindness?"

"Did you know I should be in Vienna so soon?" he exclaimed eagerly. "Did you receive my letter?"

"I did, indeed," she replied, with a covert smile, as she thought of the mode in which that missive had reached her, and she almost laughed outright (for the princess had a keen sense of the ludicrous) at the strange impersonation made by Monsieur Stein of Cupid's postman; "but Victor," she added, with another beaming look, "I go away to-morrow. Very early in the morning I must leave Vienna."

He turned paler than before, and bit his lip. "So I might as well have stayed at home," he exclaimed in a voice of bitter annoyance and pique, none the less bitter that it had to be toned down to the concert pitch of good society. "Was it to see you for five minutes here in a crowd that I travelled up so eagerly and in such haste? To make my bow, I suppose, like the merest acquaintance, and receive my *congé*. Pardon, madame la princesse, I need not receive it twice. I wish you good evening; I am going now!"

She, too, became a shade paler, but preserved the immovable good-humor on which she piqued herself, as she made him a polite bow, and turning round to speak to the Russian minister, who, covered with orders, at that moment came up to offer his obeisance to the well-known Princess Vooqual. Had he not constant advices from his intriguing court to devote much of his spare time to this fascinating lady? And had she not once in her life baffled all the wiles of St. Petersburg, and stood untempted by its bribes? Ill-natured people affirmed that another power paid a higher price, which accounted satisfactorily for the lady's patriotism, but the autocrat's minister had his secret orders notwithstanding.

And now she is deep in a lively argument, in which polished sarcasm and brilliant repartee are bandied from lip to lip, each pointed phrase eliciting a something better still from the princess's soft mouth, till her audience—diplomats of many years' standing, warriors shrewd in council and dauntless in the field, gray ambassadors and beardless *attachés*—hang enraptured on her accents, and watch her looks with an unaccountable fascination; whilst Victor de Rohan, hurt, moody, and discontented, stalks fiercely to the doorway and mutters to himself, "Is it for this I have given up home, friends, honor, and self-respect? To be a mere puppet in the hands of a coquette, a woman's plaything, and not even a favorite plaything, after all!"

Ladies have a peculiar gift which is enjoyed by no other members of the creation whatsoever. We allude to that extraordinary property by which, without any exertion of the visual organs, they can discern clearly all that is going on above, below, around and behind them. If a man wants to see a thing he requires to look at it. Not so with the other sex. Their subtler instinct enables them to detect that which must be made palpable to our grosser senses. How else could Princess Vooqual, whose back was turned to him, and who was occupied in conversation with the *élus* of Austrian diplomatic society, arrive at the certainty that Victor was not gone, as he had threatened—that he still lingered unwillingly about the doorway, and now hailed as deliverers those prosy acquaint-

ances from whom, in the early part of the evening, he had been so impatient to escape?

And yet he despised himself for his want of manhood and resolution the while; and yet he reproached himself with his slavish submission and unworthy cowardice; and yet he lingered on in hopes of one more glance from her eye, one more pressure from her soft gloved hand. He had parted with her in anger before, and too well he knew the bitter wretchedness of the subsequent hours; he had not fortitude enough, he dared not face such an ordeal again.

So she knew he was not going yet; and, confident in her own powers, pleased with her position, and proud of her conquests, she sparkled on.

"That's a clever woman," said an English *attaché* to his friend, as they listened in the circle of her admirers.

And the friend, who was a little of a satirist, a little of a philosopher, a little of a poet, and yet, strange to say, a thorough man of the world, replied:

"Too clever by half, my boy, or I'm very much mistaken. Ninety-nine women out of a hundred are natural-born angels, but the hundredth is a devil incarnate, and that's her number, Charlie, you may take my word for it!"

And now a strange movement rises in that crowded assembly. A buzz of voices is heard—lower, but more marked than the ordinary hum of conversation. Something seems to have happened. A lady has fainted, or an apoplectic general been taken suddenly ill, or a candelabrum has fallen, and the magnificent hotel is even now on fire? None of these casualties, however, have occurred. Voices rise higher in question and reply, "Is it true?" "I can't believe it!" "They knew nothing of it to-day on the Bourse." "Another stock-jobbing report." "Immense loss on both sides." These are the disjointed sentences that reach the ear, mingled with such terms as the *Malakhoff*—the *Redan*—the north side—General *Pellissier*, &c. &c. English and French diplomatists exchange curious glances, and at length rumor takes a definite form, and it is boldly asserted that intelligence has that day arrived of the fall of Sebastopol.

Tongues are loosened now. Surmise and speculation are rife upon future events. Men speak as they wish, and notwithstanding the presence of Monsieur Stein and several other secret agents of police, many a bold opinion is hazarded as to the intentions of the government and the issue of the great contest. Princess Vooqsal scarcely breathes while she listens. If, indeed, this should lead to peace, her large investments will realize golden profits. She feels all the palpitating excitement of the gambler, yet does the hue not deepen on her cheek, nor the lustre kindle brighter in her eye. Monsieur Stein, who alone knows her secrets, as it is his business to know the secrets of every one, feels his very soul stirred within him at such noble self-command.

For a moment he thinks that were he capable of human weaknesses he could love that woman; and in pure admiration, as one who would fain prove still further a beautiful piece of mechanism, he steps up to the princess, and informs her that, "Now, indeed, doubt is at an end, for reliable intelligence has arrived that Sebastopol has fallen!"

"Sebastopol has fallen," she repeats with her silver laugh; "then the war has at last really begun!"

Her audience applaud once more.

"*Ma foi, ce n'est pas mal*," says the French minister, and Monsieur Stein is on the verge of adoration; but there is by this time a general move towards the door: carriages are being called, and it is time to go away, the departure of the guests being somewhat accelerated by the important news which has just been made public. Victor is still lingering on the staircase. Many a bright eye looks wistfully on his handsome form, many a soft heart would willingly waken an interest in the charming young Count de Rohan, but the Hungarian has caught the malady in its deadliest form—the "love fever," as his own poets term it, is wasting his heart to the core, and for him, alas! there is but one woman on earth, and she is coming down stairs at this moment, attended by the best-dressed and best-looking *attaché* of the French legation.

Somewhat to this young gentleman's disgust, she sends him to look for her carriage, and taking Victor's arm, which he is too proud to offer, she bids him lead her to the cloak-room, and shawl her as he used to do with such tender care.

He relents at once. What is there in this woman that she can thus turn and twist him at her will? She likes him best thus—When he is haughty and rebellious, and she fears that at last she may have driven him too far and have lost him altogether, the uncertainty creates an interest and excitement, which is pleasure akin to pain, but it is so delightful to win him back again, such a triumph to own him and tyrannize over him once more! It is at moments of reconciliation such as these that the princess vindicates her woman nature, and becomes a very woman to the heart.

"You are angry with me, Victor," she whispers, leaning heavily on his arm, and looking downwards as she speaks; "angry with me, and without a cause. You would not listen to me an hour ago, you were so cross and impatient. Will you listen to me now?"

The tears were standing in the strong man's eyes. "Speak on," he said; "you do with me what you like, I could listen to you for ever."

"You were irritated because I told you I was about to leave Vienna. You have avoided me the whole evening, and left me to be bored and annoyed by that wearisome tribe of the diplomatists, with their flat witticisms and their eternal politics. Why did you not stay to hear me out? Victor, it is true I go to-morrow, but I go to the Waldenberg."

How changed his face was now; his eye sparkled and his whole countenance lightened up. He looked like a different man. He could only press the arm that clung to his own; he could not speak.

"Will you continue to *bouder* me?" proceeded the princess in a playful, half-malicious tone; "or will you forgive me and be friends for that which is, after all, your own fault? Oh, you men! how hasty and violent you are; it is lucky we are so patient and so good-tempered. The Waldenberg is not so very far from Edeldorf. You might ask me there for your *jour de fête*. I have not forgotten it, you see. Not a word more, Count de Rohan; I must leave you now. Here is my carriage. Adieu—no, not adieu, *mon ami*, au revoir!"

Why was it such a different world to Victor from what it had been ten short minutes ago, from what it would assuredly be the next time they met, and her caprice and *coquetterie* were again exhibited to drive him wild? Was it worth all these days of uncertainty and anxious longing; all these fits of jealousy and agonies of self-reproach; to be deliciously happy every now and then for a short ten minutes? Was any woman on earth worthy of all that Victor de Rohan sacrificed for the indulgence of his guilty love? Probably not, but it would have been hard to convince him. He was not as wise as Solomon; yet Solomon, with all his wisdom, seems to have delivered himself up a willing captive to disgrace and bondage—fettered by a pair of white arms—held by a thread of silken hair. Oh, vanity of vanities! "this is also vanity and vexation of spirit."

CHAPTER XLII.—"TOO LATE."

FOR a wounded campaigner on crutches, or a wasted convalescent slowly recovering from an attack of Crimean fever, there are few better places for the re-establishment of health than the hotel at Therapia. It is refreshing to hear the ripple of the Bosphorus not ten feet distant from one's bed-room window; it is life itself to inhale the invigorating breeze that sweeps down, unchecked and uncontaminated, from the Black Sea; it is inspiring to gaze upon the gorgeous beauty of the Asiatic coast, another continent not a mile away. And then the smaller accessories of comfortable apartments, good dinners, civilized luxuries, and European society, form no unwelcome contrast to the Crimean tent, the soldier's rations, and the wearisome routine of daily and hourly duty.

But a few days after the taking of Sebastopol, I was once more in Turkey. Ropsley, the man of iron nerves and strong will—the man whom danger had spared, and sickness had hitherto passed by, was struck down by fever—that wasting, paralyzing disease so common to our countrymen in an Eastern climate, and was so reduced and helpless as to be utterly incapable of moving without assistance. He had many friends, for Ropsley was popular in his regiment and respected throughout the army; but none were so thoroughly disengaged as I; it seemed as if I could now be of little use in any capacity, and

to my lot it fell to place my old schoolfellow on board ship, and accompany him to Therapia, *en route* for England on sick leave.

My own affairs, too, required that I should revisit Somersetshire before long. The wreck of my father's property, well nursed and taken care of by a prudent man of business, had increased to no contemptible provision for a nameless child. If I chose to return to England, I should find myself a landed proprietor of no inconsiderable means, should I be enabled to assume a position such as many a man now fighting his way in the world would esteem the acme of human felicity, and for me it would be but dust and ashes! What cared I for broad acres, local influence, good investments, and county respectability—all the outward show and empty shadows for which people are so apt to sacrifice the real blessings of life! What was it to me that I might look round from my own dining-room on my own domain, with my own tenants waiting to see me in the hall? An empty heart can have no possessions; a broken spirit is but a beggar in the midst of wealth, whilst the whole universe, with all its glories, belongs alone to him who is at peace with himself. I often think how many a man there is who lives out his threescore years and ten, and never knows what real life is, after all. A boyhood passed in vain aspirations—a manhood spent in struggling for the impossible—an old age wasted in futile repinings, such is the use made by how many of our fellow creatures of that glorious streak of light which we call existence, that intervenes between the eternity which hath been, and the eternity which shall be? Oh! to lie down and rest, and look back upon the day's hard labor, and feel that something has been wrought—that something has been won! and so to sleep, happy here—happy for ever more. Well, on some natures happiness smiles even here on earth—God forbid it should be otherwise!—and some must content themselves with duty instead. Who knows which shall have the best of it when all is over? For me, it was plain at this period that I must do my devoir, and leave all to Time, the great restorer in the moral, as he is the great destroyer in the physical, world. The years of excitement (none know how strong) that I had lately passed, followed by a listless, hopeless inactivity, had produced a reaction on my spirits which it was necessary to conquer and shake off. I resolved to return to England, to set my house in order—to do all the good in my power, and first of all, strenuously to commence with that which lay nearest my hand, although it was but the humble task of nursing my old schoolfellow through an attack of low fever.

My patient possessed one of those strong and yet elastic natures which even sickness seems unable thoroughly to subdue. The Ropsley on a couch of suffering and lassitude, was the same Ropsley that confronted the enemy's fire so coolly in the Crimea, and sneered at the follies of his friends so sarcastically in St. James's street. Ill as he was, and utterly prostrated in body, he was clear-headed and ready-witted as ever. With the help of a wretchedly bad grammar he was rapidly picking up Turkish, by no means an easy language for a beginner; and, taking advantage of my society, was actually entering upon the rudiments of Hungarian, a tongue which it is next to impossible for any one to acquire who has not spoken it, as I had done, in earliest childhood. He was good-humored and patient, too, far more than I should have expected, and was never anxious or irritable, save about his letters. I have seen him, however, turn away from a negative to the eager inquiry, "any letters for me," with an expression of heart-sick longing that it pained me to witness on that usually haughty and somewhat sneering countenance.

But it came at last. Not many mornings after our arrival at Therapia there was a letter for Ropsley, which seemed to afford him unconcealed satisfaction, and from that day the guardsmen mended rapidly, and began to talk of getting up and packing his things, and starting westward once more.

So it came to pass that, with the help of his servant, I got him out of bed and dressed him, and laid him on the sofa at the open window, where he could see the light caiques dancing gaily on the waters, and the restless sea-fowl flitting eternally to and fro, and could hear the shouts of the Turkish boatmen, adjuring each other, very unnecessarily, not to be too hasty; and the discordant cries of the Greek population scolding, and cheating, and vociferating on the quay.

We talked of Hungary. I loved to talk of it now, for was it not *her* country of whom I must think no more? And Ropsley's manner was kinder, and his voice softer, than I had ever thought it before. Poor fellow! he was weak with his illness, perhaps, but hitherto I had remarked no alteration in his cold, impassible demeanor.

At last, he took my hand, and in a hollow voice he said—"Vere, you have returned me good for evil. You have behaved to me like a brother. Vere, I believe *you* really are a Christian!"

"I hope so," I replied quietly, for what had I but that?

"Yes," he resumed, "but I don't mean conventionally, because your godfathers and godmothers at your baptism said you were—I mean really. I don't believe there is a particle of humbug about you. Can you forgive your enemies?"

"I have already told you so," I answered; "don't you remember that night in the trenches? besides, Ropsley, I shall never consider you my enemy."

"That is exactly what cuts me to the heart," he replied, flushing up over his wan, wasted face. "I have injured you more deeply than any one on earth, and I have received nothing but kindness in return. Often and often I have longed to tell you all—how I had wronged you, and how I had repented, but my pride forbade me till to-day. It is dreadful to think that I might have died, and never confessed to you how hard and how unfeeling I have been. Listen to me, and then forgive me if you can. Oh! Vere, Vere, had it not been for me and my selfishness, you might have married Constance Beverley!"

I felt I was trembling all over, I covered my face with my hands and turned away, but I bade him go on.

"Her father was never averse to you from the first. He liked you, Vere, personally, and still more for the sake of your father, his old friend. There was but one objection. I need not dwell upon it; and even that he could have got over, for he was most anxious to see his daughter married, and to one with whom he could have made his own terms. He was an unscrupulous man, Sir Harry, and dreadfully pressed for money. When in that predicament people will do things that at other times they would be ashamed of, as I know too well. And the girl too, Vere, she loved you—I am sure of it—she loved you, poor girl, with all her heart and soul."

I looked him straight in the face—"Not a word of her, Ropsley, as you are a gentleman!" I said. Oh, the agony of that moment! and yet it was not all pain.

"Well," he proceeded, "Sir Harry consulted me about the match. You know how intimate we were, you know what confidence he had in my judgment. If I had been generous and honorable, if I had been such a man as you, Vere, how much happier we should all be now; but no, I had my own ends in view, and I determined to work out my own purpose, without looking to the right or left, without turning aside for friend or foe. Besides, I hardly knew you then, Vere. I did not appreciate your good qualities. I did not know your courage, and constancy, and patience, and kindness. I did not know yours was just the clinging, womanly nature, that would never get over the crushing of its best affections—an I know it now too well. Oh, Vere, you never can forgive me. And yet," he added, musingly, more to himself than to me, "and yet, even had I known all this, had you been my own brother, I fear my nature was then so hard, so pitiless, so uncompromising, that I should have gone straight on towards my aim, and blasted your happiness without scruple or remorse. Remorse," and the old look came over him, the old sneering look, that wreathed those handsome features in the wicked smiles of a fallen angel—"If a man means to repeat of what he has done, he had better not do it. My maxim has always been, 'never look back'—'*vertigin nulla retrorsum*,' and yet to-day I cannot help retracting, ay, and bitterly regretting the past."

"I have told you I had my own ends in view, I wished to marry the heiress myself. Not that I loved her, Vere—do not be angry with me for the confession, I never loved her the least in the world. She was far too placid, too conventional, too like other girls, to make the slightest impression on me. My ideal of a woman is, a bold strong nature, a keen intellect, a daring mind, and a dazzling beauty that others must fall down and worship. I never was one of your sentimentalists. A violet

may be a very pretty flower, and smell very sweet, but I like a camellia best, and all the better because you require a hot-house to raise it in. But, if I did not care for Miss Beverley, I cared a good deal for Beverley Manor, and I resolved that, come what might, Beverley Manor should one day be mine. The young lady I looked upon as an incumbance that must necessarily accompany the estate. You know how intimate I became with her father, you know the trust he reposed in me, and the habit into which he fell, of doing nothing without my advice. That trust, I now acknowledge to you, I abused shamefully; of that habit I took advantage, solely to further my own ends, totally irrespective of my friend. He confided to me in very early days his intention of marrying his daughter to the son of his old friend. He talked it over with me as a scheme on which he had set his heart, and, above all, insisted on the advantage to himself of making, as he called it, his own terms with you about settlements, &c. I have already told you he was involved in difficulties, from which his daughter's marriage could alone free him, with the consent of her husband. I need not enter into particulars. I have the deeds and law-papers at my finger's end, for I like to understand a business thoroughly if I embark on it at all, but it is no question of such matters now. Well, Vere, at first I was too prudent to object overtly to the plan. Sir Harry, as you know, was an obstinate, wilful man, and such a course would have been the one of all others most calculated to wed him more firmly than ever to his original intention; but I weighed the matter carefully with him day by day, now bringing forward arguments in favor of it, now striking objections, till I had insensibly accustomed him to consider it by no means as a settled affair. Then I tried all my powers upon the young lady, and there, I confess to you freely, Vere, I was completely foiled. She never liked me even as an acquaintance, and she took no pains to conceal her aversion. How angry she used to make me sometimes! I hated her so, that I longed to make her mine, if it were only to humble her, as much as if I had loved her with all my heart and soul. Many a time I used to grind my teeth and mutter to myself, "Ah! my fair enemy, I shall live to make you rue this treatment;" and I swore a great oath that, come what might, she should never belong to Vere Egerton. I even tried to create an interest in her mind for Victor de Rohan, but the girl was as true as steel. I have been accustomed to read characters all my life, women's as well as men's, it is part of my profession;" and Ropsley laughed once more his bitter laugh, "and many a trifling incident showed me that Constance Beverley cared for no one on earth but you. This only made me more determined not to be beat; and I little by little, with hints here and whispers there, assisted by your own strange, solitary habits, and the history of your poor father's life and death, I persuaded Sir Harry that there was madness in your family, and that you had inherited the curse. From the day on which he became convinced of this, I felt I had won my race. No power on earth would then have induced him to let you marry his daughter, and the excuse which he made you on that memorable afternoon, when you had so gallantly rescued her from death, was but a gentlemanlike way of getting out of his difficulty about telling you the real truth. Vere, that girl's courage is wonderful. She came down to dinner that night with the air of an empress, but with a face like marble, and a dull stony look in her eyes that made even me almost rue what I had done. She kept her room for a fortnight afterwards, and I cannot help feeling she has never looked as bright since.

"When you went away I acknowledged I thought the field was my own. In consideration of my almost ruining myself to preserve him from shame, Sir Harry promised me his daughter if I could win her consent, and you may depend upon it I tried hard to do so. It was all in vain; the girl hated me more and more, and when we all met so unexpectedly in Vienna, I saw that my chance of Beverley Manor was indeed a hopeless one. Sir Harry, too, was getting very infirm. Had he died before his daughter's marriage, his bills for the money I had lent him were not worth the stamps on which they were drawn. My only chance was her speedy union with some one rich enough to make the necessary sacrifices, and again I picked out Victor de Rohan as the man. We all thought then you were engaged to his sister, Valérie."

Ropsley blushed scarlet as he mentioned that name.

"And it was not my part to conceal the surmise from Miss

Beverley. 'She was so glad, she was so thankful,' she said, 'she was so happy, for Vere's sake;' and a month afterwards she was Countess de Rohan, with the handsomest husband and the finest place in Hungary. It was a *mariage de convenance*, I fear, on both sides. I know now what I allow I did not dream of then, that Victor himself was the victim of an unfortunate attachment at the time, and that he married the beautiful Miss Beverley out of *pique*. Sir Harry died, as you know, within three months. I have saved myself from ruin, and I have destroyed the happiness on earth of three people that never did me the slightest harm. Vere, I do not deserve to be forgiven, I do not deserve ever to rise again from this couch; and yet there is one for whose sake I would fain get well—one whom I must see yet again before I die."

He burst into tears as he spoke. Good heaven! this man was mortal after all—an erring, sinful mortal, like the rest of us, with broken pride, heartfelt repentance, thrilling hopes, and agonizing fears. Another bruised reed, though he had stood so defiant and erect, confronting the whirlwind and the thunder-bolt, but shivered up, and cowering at the whisper of the "still small voice." Poor fellow! poor Ropsley! I pitied him from my heart, while he hid his face in his hands, and the big tears forced themselves through his wasted fingers; freely I forgave him, and freely I told him so.

After a time he became more composed, and then, as if ashamed of his weakness, assumed once more the cold satirical manner, half-sarcastic, half-pleasantry, which has become the conventional disguise of the world in which such men as Ropsley delight to live. Little by little he confided to me the rise and progress of his attachment to Valerie—at which I had already partly guessed—acknowledged how, for a long time, he had imagined that I was again a favored rival, destined ever to stand in his way; how my sudden departure from Vienna and her incomprehensible indifference to that hasty retreat had led him to believe that she had entertained nothing but a girl's passing inclination for her brother's comrade; and how, before he reached his regiment in the Crimea, she had promised to be his on the conclusion of the war. "I never cared for any other woman on earth," said Ropsley, once more relapsing into the broken accents of real, deep feeling. "I never reflected till I knew her what a life mine has been. God forgive me, Vere; if we had met earlier, I should have been a different man. I have received a letter from her to-day. I shall be well enough to move by the end of the week. Vere, I must go through Hungary, and stop at Edelhof on my way to England!"

As I walked out to inhale the evening breeze and indulge my own thoughts in solitude by the margin of the peaceful Bosphorus, I felt almost stunned, like a man who has sustained a severe fall, or one who wakes suddenly from an astounding dream. And yet I might have guessed long ago at the purport of Ropsley's late revelations. Diffident as I was of my own merits, there had been times when my heart told me, with a voice there was no disputing, that I was beloved by Constance Beverley; and now it was with something like a feeling of relief and exhilaration that I recalled the assurance of that fact from one himself so interested and so difficult to deceive as Ropsley. "And she loved me all along," I thought, with a thrill of pleasure, sadly dashed with pain. "She was true and pure, as I always thought her; and even now, though she is wedded to another, though she never can be mine on earth, perhaps—" And here I stopped, for the cold, sickening impossibility chilled me to the marrow, and an insurmountable barrier seemed to rise up around me and hem me in on every side. It was sin to love her, it was sin to think of her now. Oh! misery! misery! and yet I would give my life to see her once more! So my good angel whispered in my ear, "You must never look on her again; for the rest of your time you must tread the weary path alone, and learn to be kindly, and pure, and holy for her sake." And self muttered, "Where would be the harm of seeing her just once again?—of satisfying yourself with your own eyes that she is happy?—of learning at once to be indifferent to her presence? You must go home. Edelhof lies in your direct road to England; you cannot abandon Ropsley in his present state, with no one to nurse and take care of him. Victor is your oldest friend, he would be hurt if you did not pay him a visit. It would be more courageous to face the countess at once, and get it over." And I listened now

to one and now to the other, and the struggle raged and tore within me the while I paced sadly up and down "by the side of the sounding sea."

"Egerton! how goes it? Let me present you to my friends," exclaimed a voice I recognized on the instant, as, with lowered head and dreamy vision, I walked right into the centre of a particularly smart party, and was "brought up" as the sailors say, "all standing," by a white silk parasol and a mass of flounces that almost took my breath away. When you most require solitude, it generally happens that you find yourself forced into society, and with all my regard for our *ci-devant* usher, I never met Manners, now a jolly colonel of Bashi-Bazouks, with so little gratification as at this moment. I am bound to admit, however, that on his side all was cordiality and delight. Dressed out to the utmost magnificence of his gorgeous uniform, spurs clanking, and sabre-tasche jingling, his person stouter, his beard more exuberant, his face more florid and prosperous than ever, surrounded, too, by a bevy of ladies of French extraction and Pera manners, the "soldier of fortune," for such he might fairly be called, was indeed in his glory. With many flourishes and compliments in bad French, I was presented successively to Mesdemoiselles Philippine, and Josephine, and Seraphine, all dark-eyed, black-haired, sallow-faced, but by no means bad-looking, young ladies, all apparently bent upon the capture and destruction of anything and everything that came within range of their artillery, and all apparently belonging equally to my warlike and fortunate friend. He then took me by the arm, and dropping behind the three graces aforesaid, informed me, in tones of repressed exultation, how his fortune was made at last, how he now commanded (the dearest object of his ambition) a regiment of actual cavalry, and how he was on the eve of marriage with one of the young ladies in front of us, with a dowry of a hundred thousand francs, who loved him to distraction, and was willing to accompany him to Shumla, there to take the lead in society, and help him to civilize his regiment of Bashi-Bazouks.

"I always told you I was fit for something, Egerton," said Lieutenant-Colonel Manners, with a glow of exultation on his simple face; "and I have made my own way at last, in despite of all obstacles. It's pluck, sir, that makes the man! pluck and muscle," doubling his arm as he spoke, in the old Everdon manner. "I have done it at last, and you'll see, my dear Egerton, I shall live to be a general."

"I hope, from my heart, you may," was my reply, as I bade him "farewell," and congratulated him on his position, his good fortune, and his bride; though I never made out exactly whether it was Mademoiselle Josephine, or Philippine, or Seraphine who was to enjoy the unspeakable felicity of becoming Mrs. Colonel Manners.

CHAPTER XLIII.—"THE SKELETON."

It is one of the conventional grievances of the world to mourn over the mutability of human affairs, the ever-recurring changes incidental to that short span of existence here which we are pleased to term Life, as if the scenes and characters with which we are familiar were always being mingled and shifted with the rapidity and confusion of a pantomime. It has often struck me that the circumstances which encircle us do not by any means change with such extraordinary rapidity and facility—that, like a French road, with its mile after mile of level fertility and unvarying poplars, our path is sometimes for years together undiversified by any great variety of incident, any glimpse of romance; and that the same people, the same habits, the same pleasures, and the same annoyances seemed destined to surround and hem us in from the cradle to the grave. Which is the most numerous class, those who fear their lot may change, or those who hope it will? Can we make this change for ourselves? Are we the slaves of circumstances, or is not that the opportunity of the strong which is the destiny of the weak? Surely it must be so—surely the stout heart that struggles on must win at last—surely man is a free agent; and he who fails, fails not because his task is impossible, but that he himself is faint and weak and infatuated enough to hope that he alone will be an exception to the common lot, and achieve the prize without the labor, *Sine pulvere palmam*.

The old castle at Edeldorf, at least, is but little changed from what I recollect it in my quiet boyhood, when with my

dear father I first entered its lofty halls and made acquaintance with the beautiful blue-eyed child that now sits at the end of that table a grown-up, handsome man. Yes, once more I am at Edeldorf. Despite all my scruples, despite all the struggles between my worse and better self, I could not resist the temptation of seeing her in her stately home; of satisfying myself with my own eyes that she was happy, and of bidding her a long and last farewell. Oh! I thirsted to see her just once again, only to see her, and then to go away and meet her never, never more. Therefore Ropsley and I journeyed through Bulgaria and up the Danube, and arrived late at Edeldorf, and were cordially welcomed by Victor, and dressed, and came down to dinner, and so I saw her.

She was altered, too; so much altered, and yet it was the well-known face, her face still; but there were lines on the white forehead I remembered once so smooth and fair, and the eyes were sunk and the cheek pale and fallen; when she smiled, too, the beautiful lips parted as sweetly as their wont, but the nether one quivered as though it were more used to weeping than laughing, and the smile vanished quickly, and left a deeper shadow as it faded. She was not happy. I was sure she was not happy, and, shall I confess it? the certainty was not to me a feeling of unmixed pain. I would have given every drop of blood in my body to make her so, and yet I could not grieve as I felt I ought to grieve, that it was otherwise.

Perhaps one of the greatest trials imposed on us by the artificial state of society in which we live, is the mask of iron that it forces us to wear for the concealment of all the deeper and stronger feelings of our nature. There we sit in that magnificent hall, hung around with horn of stag and tusk of boar, and all the trophies of the chase, waited on by Hungarian retainers in their gorgeous hussar uniforms, before a table heaped to profusion with the good things that minister to the gratification of the palate, and conversing upon those light and frivolous topics beyond which it is treason to venture, while the hearts probably of every one of us are far, far distant in some region of pain unknown and unguessed by all save the secret sufferers, who hide away their hoarded sorrows under an exterior of flippant levity, and affect to ignore their neighbor's wounds as completely as they veil their own. What care Ropsley or Valérie whether *perdrix aux champignons* is or is not a better thing than *dindon aux truffes*? They are dying to be alone with each other once more—she, all anxiety to hear of his illness; he, restless and pre-occupied till he can tell her of his plans and prospects, and the arrangements that must be concluded before he can make her his own. Both, for want of a better grievance, somewhat disgusted that the order of precedence in going to dinner has placed them opposite each other, instead of side by side. And yet Valérie, who sits by me, seems well pleased to meet her old friend once more; if I had ever thought she really cared for me, I should be undeceived now, when I mark the joyous frankness of her manner, the happy blush that comes and goes upon her cheek, and the restless glances that ever and anon she casts at her lover's handsome face through the *épergne* of flowers and fruit that divides them. No, they think as little of the ball of conversation which we jugglers toss about to each other, and jingle and play with and despise, as does the pale stately countess herself, with her dark eyes and her dreamy look apparently gazing far into another world. She is not watching Victor, she seems scarcely aware of his presence; and yet many a young wife as beautiful, as high-spirited, and as lately married, would sit uneasily at the top of her own table, would frown, and fret, and chafe to see her handsome husband so pre-occupied by another as is the count by the fair guest on his right hand—who but wicked Princess Vocqsal?

That lady has, according to custom, surrounded herself by a system of fortification wherewith, as it were, she seems metaphorically to set the world at defiance: a challenge which, to do her justice, the princess is ever ready to offer, the antagonist not always willing to accept. She delights in being the object of small attentions, so she invariably requires a footstool, an extra cushion or two, and a flask of *eau de Cologne*, in addition to her bouquet, her fan, her gloves, her pocket handkerchief, and such necessary articles of female superfluity. With these outworks and defences within which to retire on the failure of an attack, it is easy to carry out a system of aggressive warfare; and whether it is the presence of his wife that makes the amuse-

ment particularly exciting, or whether Count de Rohan has made himself to-day peculiarly agreeable, or whether it is possible, though this contingency is extremely unlikely, that the prince has told her not, certainly madame la princesse is taking unusual pains, and that most unnecessarily, to bring Victor into more than common subjection to her fascinations.

She is without contradiction the best dressed woman in the room; her light gossamer robe, fold upon fold, and flounce upon flounce, floats around her like a drapery of clouds; her gloves fit her to a miracle; her exquisitely-shaped hands and round white arms bear few ornaments, but these are of the rarest and costliest description; her blooming, fresh complexion accords well with those luxuriant masses of soft brown hair escaping here and there from its smooth shining folds in large glossy curls. Her rich red lips are parted with a malicious smile, half playful, half coquettish, that is inexpressibly provoking and attractive; while although the question as to whether she does really rouge or not, is still undecided, her blue eyes seem positively to dance and sparkle in the candle-light. Her voice is low and soft and silvery; all she says racy, humorous, full of meaning, and to the point. Poor Victor de Rohan!

He, too, is at first in unusually high spirits; his courteous well-bred manner is livelier than his wont, but the deferential air with which he responds to his neighbor's gay remarks is dashed by a shade of sarcasm, and I, who know him so well, can detect a tone of bitter irony in his voice, can trace some acute inward pang that ever and anon convulses for a moment his frank, handsome features. I am sure he is ill at ease, and dissatisfied with himself. I observe, too, that, though he scarcely touches the contents of his plate, his glass is filled again and again to the brim, and he quaffs off his wine with the eager feverish thirst of one who seeks to drown reflection and remorse in the Lethean draught. Worst sign of all, and one which never fails to denote mental suffering, his spirits fall in proportion to his potations, and that which in a well-balanced nature "makes glad the heart of man," seems but to clog the wings of Victor's fancy, and to sink him deeper and deeper in the depths of despondency. Ere long he becomes pale, silent, almost morose, and the charming princess has all the conversation to herself.

But one individual in the party attends thoroughly to the business in hand. Without doubt, for the time being he has the best of it. Prince Vocqsal possesses an excellent appetite, a digestion, as he says himself, that, like his conscience, can carry a great weight and be all the better for it; a faultless judgment in wine, and a tendency to enjoy the pleasures of the table, enhanced, if possible, by the occasional fit of gout with which this indulgence must unfortunately be purchased. Fancy-free is the prince, and troubled neither by memories of the past, misgivings for the present, nor anxieties for the future. Many such passive natures there are—we see them every day. Men who are content to take the world as it is, and, like the ox in his pasture, browse and bask and ruminate, and never wish to overleap the boundary that forbids them to wander in the flowery meadow beyond. And yet it may be that these too have once bathed in the forbidden stream, the lava-stream that scorches and scars where it touches; it may be that the heart we deem so hard, so callous, has been welded in the fire and beaten on the anvil, till it has assumed the consistency of steel. It winced and quivered once, perhaps nearly broke, and now it can bid defiance even to the memory of pain. Who knows? who can tell his neighbor's history or guess his neighbor's thoughts? who can read the truth, even in the depths of those eyes that look the fondest into his own? Well, there is one that knows all secrets, and He will judge, but not as man judges.

So Prince Vocqsal thinks not of the days that are past, the hearts he has broken, the friends he has lost, the duels he has fought, the money he has squandered, the chances he has thrown away; or if he does allow his mind to dwell for an instant on such trifles, it is with a sort of dreamy satisfaction at the quantity of enjoyment he has squeezed out of life, tinged with a vague regret that so much of it is over. Why, it was but to-day that, as he dressed for dinner, he apostrophized the grimacing image in his looking-glass—"Courage, *mon gaillard*," muttered the prince, certainly not to his valet, who was tightening his waistbelt, "courage! you are worth a good many of

the young ones still, and your appetite is as good as it was at sixteen!"

He is splendid now, though somewhat apoplectic. His wig curls over his magnificent head in hyacinthine luxuriance, his dyed whiskers and moustaches blush purple in the candle-light; his neckcloth is tied somewhat too tight, and seems to have forced more than a wholesome quantity of blood into his face and eyes, but its whiteness is dazzling, and the diamond-studs beneath it are of extraordinary brilliance; nor does his waistbelt, though it defies repletion, modify in any great degree the goodly outline of the corpulent person it enfolds. Altogether he is a very jolly-looking old gentleman, and the only one of the party that seems for the nonce to be "the right man in the right place."

Constance listens to him with a weary, abstracted air; perhaps she has heard that story about the bear and the waterfall once or twice before, perhaps she does not hear it now, but she bends her head courteously towards him, and looks kindly at him from out of her deep, sad eyes.

"Champagne, if you please," says the prince, interrupting the thread of his narrative by holding up his glass to be replenished; "and so, madame, the bear and I were *vis-à-vis*, at about ten paces apart, and my rifle was empty. The last shot had taken effect through his lungs, and he coughed and held his paw to the pit of his stomach, so like a Christian with a cold, that, even in my precarious position, I could not help laughing outright. Ten paces is a short distance, madame, a very short distance, when your antagonist feels himself thoroughly aggrieved, and advances upon you with a red, lurid eye and a short angry growl. I turned and looked behind me for a run, I was always a good runner," remarks the prince, with a downward glance of satisfaction, the absurdity of which, I am pained to see, does not even call a smile to his listener's pale face—"but it was no question of running here, for the waterfall was leaping and foaming forty feet deep below, and the trees were so thick on either side that escape by a flank movement was impossible. It was the very spot, Victor, where I killed the woodcocks right and left the morning you disappointed me so shamefully, and left me to have all the sport to myself." Victor bows courteously, drinks her husband's health, and glances at the princess with a bitter smile. "The very spot where I hope you will place me to-morrow at your grand *chasse*. Peste! 'tis strange how passionately fond I still am of the chase. Well, madame, indecision is not usually my weakness, but before I could make up my mind what to do, the bear was upon me with his huge hairy arms, and I felt his hot breath against my very face. My rifle was broken short off by the stock, and I heard my watch crack in my waistcoat-pocket. I thought it was my ribs. I have seen your wrestlers in England, madame, and I have once assisted in your country at an exhibition of "The Box," but such an encounter as I now had to sustain was more terrible than anything I ever witnessed fought out fairly between man and man. Fortunately a ball through the back part of the head, and through the lungs, had somewhat diminished the natural force of my adversary, or I must have succumbed; and by a great exertion of strength on my part, I managed to liberate one hand and make a grasp for my hunting knife. Horror! it had fallen from the sheath, but, by the mercy of Heaven and the blessing of St. Hubert, it had caught in my boot, and I never felt before how dear life was as when I touched the buck-horn handle of my last friend: three, four times in succession I buried the long keen blade in the bear's side; at each thrust he gave a quick convulsive sob, but he strained me tighter and tighter to his body till I thought my very bloodvessels would burst with the fearful pressure. At last we fell, and rolled over and over towards the waterfall. In the hasty glance I had previously cast behind me, I had remarked a dead fir-tree that stood within a yard or so of the precipice; I remember the thought had darted through my mind that if I could reach it I might be safe, and the reflection as instantaneously followed, that a bear was a better climber than a Hungarian. Never shall I forget my sensations when, in our last revolution, I caught a glimpse of that naked tree. I shut my eyes then, for I knew it was all over, but I gave him one more stab, and a hearty one, with my hunting-knife. Splash! we reached the water together, and went down like a couple of stones, down, down to the very bottom, but fortunately it was the deepest

part of the pool, and we unclosed our embrace the instant we touched the surface—the bear, I believe, was dead before he got there, and I thought myself fortunate in being able to swim ashore, whilst the brown body of my late antagonist went tumbling and whirling down the foaming torrent below. I recovered his skin, madame, to make a cover for my arm-chair, but I have never been fond of water since. Give me a glass of Tokay, if you please."

"And did you sustain no further harm from your encounter?" asked Constance, rousing herself from her abstraction with an effort, and bending politely towards the prince, who was drinking his Tokay with immense satisfaction.

"Only the marks of his claws on my shoulder," replied he, smacking his lips after his draught. "I have got them there to this day. Is it not so, Rose?" he added, appealing to his wife with a hearty laugh.

She turned her head away without condescending to notice him. Victor bit his lip with a gesture of impatience, and the countess, rising slowly and gracefully, gave her hand to the prince to lead her back to the drawing-room, whither we all followed in the same order as that in which we had proceeded to dinner.

"Do you not feel like a wounded man, once more?" observed Valérie, gaily, to me, as I stood, coffee-cup in hand, with my back to the fireplace, like a true Englishman. "Is it not all exactly as you left it? the easiest arm-chair and my eternal embroidery-frame, and your own sofa where you used to lie so wonderfully patient, and look out of the window at the sunset. Constance has established herself there now, and considers it her peculiar property. Oh, Vere (I shall always call you Vere), is she not charming? I am so fond of her!"

Slow torture! but never mind, it is but for to-night—this experiment must never be repeated. Go on, Countess Valérie, happy, unconscious executioner.

"You English people are delightful, when one knows you well, although at first you are so cold and undemonstrative. Now, Constance, though she is so quiet and melancholy-looking, though she never laughs and rarely smiles, has the energy and the activity of a dozen women when it is a question of doing good. You have no idea of what she is here amongst our own people. They worship the very ground she walks on—they call her 'the good angel of Eldeldorf.' But she over-exerts herself; she is not strong: she looks ill, very ill. Vere, do you not think so?"

For the first time since we entered the drawing-room I glanced in the direction of the Countess de Rohan, but her face was turned from me; she was still occupied with Prince Voceuil, who, old enough to appreciate the value of a good listener, was devoting himself entirely to her amusement. No, I could not see the pale, well-known face, but the light streamed off her jet-black hair, and memory probed me to the quick as its shining masses recalled the wet, heavy locks of one whose life I saved in Beverley Mere.

"Come and play the march in the *Hunyady*," said Ropsley, leading his *fiancé* gaily off to the pianoforte. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*," but I really cannot allow you to flirt with Egerton any more," he added, with a smile of such thorough confidence and affection in his promised bride as altered the whole expression of his countenance, and lit it up with a beauty I had never before imagined it to possess.

"Not that," she answered, looking anxiously round, "but 'Cheer, boys! cheer!' as often as you like, now we have got you back again." And they walked away together, a happy, handsome pair as one should wish to see.

I could not have borne it much longer. I gasped for solitude as a man half-stifled gasps for air. With an affectation of leisurely indifference, I strolled into the adjoining billiard-room. I passed close to the countess, but she never turned her head, so engrossed was she with the conversation of Prince Voceuil. I walked on through the spacious conservatory. I even stopped to examine an exotic as I passed. At length I reached a balcony in which that structure terminated, and sinking into a chair that stood in one corner, out of sight and interruption, I leaned my forehead against the cold iron railing, and prayed for fortitude and resignation to my lot.

The fresh night air cooled and composed me. A bright moonlight flickered and glistened over the park. The tones of

Valérie's pianoforte, softened by distance, stole sadly yet soothingly on my ear. The autumn breeze, hushed to a whisper, seemed to breathe of peace and consolation. I felt that the strength I had asked would be given; that though the fight was not yet over, it would be won at last; that although, alas! the sacrifice was still to be offered, I should have power to make it, and the higher the cost, the holier, the more acceptable it would be. More than once the Devil's sophistry prompted me to repine; more than once I groaned aloud to think that she, too, was sacrificed unworthily, that her happiness, like my own, was lost beyond recall. "Oh," I thought, in the bitterness of my agony, "I could have given her up to one that loved her, I could have rejoiced in her welfare and forgotten myself in the certainty of her happiness. I could have blessed him thankfully for his care and tenderness towards that transplanted flower, and lived on contented, if not happy, to think that I had not offered up my own broken heart in vain; but to see her neglected and pining—her dignity insulted—her rights trampled on—another, immeasurably her inferior, filling the place in her husband's affections, to which she had an undoubted right. Victor! Victor! you were my earliest friend, and yet I can almost curse you from my soul!"

But soon my better nature triumphed; I saw the path of duty plain before me, I determined to follow it, and struggle on, at whatever cost. I had lived for her all my life. I would live for her still. Perhaps when I became an old gray man she would know it; perhaps—never in this life—perhaps she might bless me for it in another; but it should be done! Could I but make a certainty of Victor's *liaison* with the princess, could I but obtain a right to speak to him on the subject! I would make him one last appeal that should force him back to his duty. I would, if necessary, tell him the whole truth, and shame him by my own sacrifice into the right path. I felt a giant's strength and a martyr's constancy; once more I leaned my head upon the cold iron rail, and the opportunity that I asked for seemed to come when I least expected it.

In such a mood as I then was in, a man takes no note of time: I could not tell how long I had been sitting there in the solemn peaceful night, it might have been minutes, it might have been hours, but at length the click of billiard-balls, which had been hitherto audible in the adjoining apartment, ceased altogether, a man's step and the rustle of a lady's dress were heard in the conservatory, and when they reached within six paces of me, Victor placed a chair for Princess Voceuil under the spreading branches of a brilliant azalia, and seated himself at her side. She dropped her bracelet on the smooth tessellated floor as she sat down; he picked it up and clasped it on her arm; as he did so I caught a glimpse of his face: he was deadly pale, and as he raised his eyes to hers, their wild mournful appealing glance reminded me of poor Bold's last look when he died licking my hand. The princess, on the contrary, shone if possible more brilliant than ever; there was a settled flush, as of triumph, on her cheek, and her whole countenance bore an impress of determined, uncompromising resolution, which I had already remarked as no uncommon expression on those lovely features.

My first impulse was to confront them at once, and take my departure; but I have already said I suffered from constitutional shyness to a great degree, and I was unwilling to face even my old friend with such traces of strong emotion as I knew must be visible on my exterior. I was most unwilling to play the eavesdropper. I felt that, as a man of honor, I was inexcusable in not instantly apprising them of my presence; yet some strange, inexplicable fascination that I could not resist, seemed to force me to remain where I was, unnoticed and unsuspected. Ere they had spoken three words I was in possession of the whole truth, that truth which a few minutes earlier I had been so anxious to ascertain. I do not attempt to excuse my conduct, I am aware that it admits of no palliation, that no one can be guilty of an act of espionage and still remain a gentleman; but I state the fact as it occurred, and can only offer in extenuation the fever of morbid excitement into which I had worked myself, and my unwavering resolution to save Victor, in spite of his own infatuation, for her sake in whose behalf I did not hesitate thus to sacrifice even my honor.

"Anything but that, Rose, my beloved Rose; anything but that," pleaded the count; and his voice came thick and hoarse,

whilst his features worked convulsively with the violence of his feelings. "Think of what I have been to you, think of all my devotion, all my self-denial. You cannot doubt me: it is impossible; you cannot mistrust me now; but, as you have a woman's heart, ask me for anything but that."

She was clasping and unclasping the bracelet he had placed upon her arm, her head drooped over the jewel, but she raised her soft lustrous eyes to his, and with a witching, maddening glance, of which he knew too well the power, murmured—

"Give it me, Victor, dear Victor! you have never refused me anything since I have known you."

"Nor would I now, were it anything that is in my power to give," he burst out hurriedly, and in accents of almost childish impatience; "I tell you, that for your sake I would cast everything to the winds—fortune, friends, home, country, life itself. Drop by drop, you should have the best blood in my body, and I would thank you and bless you for accepting it; but this is more than all, Rose—this is my honor. Could you bear to see me a disgraced and branded man? could you bear to feel that I deserved to have my arms reversed and my name scouted? Could you care for me if it were so? Oh, Rose, you have never loved me if you ask for this!"

"Perhaps you are right," she answered, coldly, "perhaps I never did. You have often told me I am very hard-hearted—Victor," she added, after a pause, with a sudden change of manner, and another of those soft fond looks that made such wild work with her victim—"do you think I would ask a man I did not care for to make such a sacrifice? Oh, Victor! you little know a woman's heart—you have cruelly mistaken mine."

The fond eyes filled with tears as she spoke. Victor was doomed. I knew it from that moment. He scarcely made an effort to save himself now.

"And you ask for this as a last proof of my devotion. You are not satisfied yet. It is not enough that I have given you the whole happiness of my life, you must have that life itself as well—nay, even that is too little," he added, with bitter emphasis, "I must offer up the unstained honor of the De Rohans in addition to all!"

Another of those speaking, thrilling glances. Oh, the old, old story. Samson and Dalilah—Hercules and Omphale—Antony and Cleopatra, on the ruins of an empire—or plain Jack and Gill at the fair. Man's weakness is woman's opportunity, and so the world goes on.

"Victor," she said, "it is for my sake."

The color mounted in his cheek, and he rose to his feet like a man. The old look I had missed all the evening on his face came back once more, the old look that reminded me of shouting squabblers by the Danube, and a dash to the front with Ali Merser and brave Iskender Bey. His blood was up, and his lance in rest now, stop him who can!

"So be it," he said, calmly and distinctly, but with his teeth clenched and his nostrils dilated like that of a thoroughbred horse after a gallop. "So be it! and never forget, Rose, in the long dark future, never forget that it was for your sake; and I now listen to me. I betray my own and my father's friends, I complete an act of treachery such as is yet unknown in the annals of my country, such as her history shall curse for its baseness till the end of time. I devote to ruin and death a score of the noblest families, a score of the proudest heads in Hungary. I stain my father's shield, I break my own oaths. Life, and honor, and all, I cast away at one throw, and Rose, it is for your sake!"

She was weeping now—weeping convulsively, with her face buried in her hands; but he heeded it not, and went on—

"All this I am willing to do, Rose, because I love you; but mark the consequences. As surely as I deliver you this list," he drew a paper from his breast as he spoke—"so surely I proclaim my treachery to the world, so surely I give myself over to the authorities, so surely I march up to the scaffold at the head of that devoted band who were once my friends, and though they think it shame that their blood soak the same planks as mine, though they turn from me in disgust, even on the verge of another world, so surely will I die amongst them as boldly, as unflinchingly, as the most stainless patriot of them all!"

"No, no," she sobbed out; "never, never; do you think I

have no feeling? do you think I have no heart? I have provided for your safety long ago. I have got your free pardon in a written promise, your life and fortune are secure, your share in the discovery will never be made known. Victor, do you think I have not taken care of you?"

Even then his whole countenance softened. The man, whose proud spirit she had so often trampled on, whose kind heart she had so often wounded, from whom she asked so much—ay, so much as his bitterest enemy would have shrunk from taking, was ready and willing to give her all, and to bless the very hand that smote him to the death. He spoke gently and caressingly now. He bent over her chair, and looked down at her with kind, sad eyes.

"Not so," he said, "Rose, not so. I am glad you did not sacrifice me. I like to think you would have saved me if you could; but I cannot accept the terms. To-morrow is my birthday, Rose. It is St. Hubert's day, and I have a grand chase here, as you now know. Many of these devoted gentlemen will be at Eldelforf to-morrow. Give us at least that one day. In twenty-four hours from this time you can forward your information to Vienna; after that, you and I will meet no more on earth. Rose, dear Rose," he murmured, as he placed the paper in her hand, "it is the last present I shall give you—make the most of it!"

Why did she meddle with politics, woman as she was in her heart of hearts? What had she to do with Monsieur Stein, and government intrigues, and a secret police, and all that complicated machinery which is worked by gold alone, and in which the feelings count for nothing? State information might go to other quarters; fortunes be made on the Bourse by other speculators; her husband wait for his appointment till doomsday, and the attainder remain unreversed on the estates in the Banat as long as the Danube flowed downwards from its source; what cured Princess Voevstal? She looked up, smiling through her tears, like a wet rose in the sunshine. She took the list from his hand; once, twice, she pressed the paper to her lips, then tore it in a thousand fragments, and scattered them abroad over the shining floor of the conservatory, to mingle with the shell blossoms of the azalia, to be swept away with the decayed petals of camelias, to be whirled hither and thither by the breeze of morning to oblivion, but to rise up between her and him who now stood somewhat aglance by her side, never, never more!

She put her hand almost timidly in his. "Victor," she said, in a soft low voice, "you have conquered. I am yours now in defiance of all. Oh, Victor, Victor, you do indeed love me!"

He looked startled, scared, almost as if he could not understand her; he shook in every limb, whilst she was composed and even dignified.

"Yes," she said, rising from her chair, "I will trifle with you no longer now. I know what to do; I see the gulf into which I plunge. Misery, ruin, and crime are before me; but I fear nothing. Victor de Rohan! when I leave Eldelforf, I leave it with you, and with you I remain for ever!"

They walked out of the conservatory side by side. I do not think they exchanged another word; and I remained stunned, motionless, stupefied, like a man who wakes from some ghastly and bewildering dream.

The striking of the castle clock roused me to consciousness—to a conviction of the importance of time, and the necessity for immediate action. It was now midnight. Early to-morrow we should all be on the alert for the grand *battue* on the Walenberg, for which preparations had been making for several days. I should scarcely have an opportunity of speaking in private to my friend, and the day after it might be too late. No, to-night I must see Victor before he slept; to-night I must warn him from the abyss into which he was about to fall, confess to him the dishonorable act of which I had been guilty, sustain him in anger and contempt as I best might, and plead her cause whom I must never see again. More than once—I will not deny it—a rebellious feeling rose in my heart. Why are these things so? Why is she not mine whom I have loved so many dark and lonely years? Why must Victor, after the proof he has given to-night of more than human devotion, never be happy with her for whose sake he did not hesitate to offer up all that was far dearer to him than life? But I had long learnt the true lesson, that "Whatever is, is right"—that Providence sees not with our eyes, nor judges with our judgment; and that we

must not presume to question, much less dare to repine. I hurried through the billiard-room towards Victor's apartments; I had then to traverse the drawing-room, and a little snug retreat in which it used to be our custom to finish the evening with a social cigar, and to which, in former days, Valerie was sometimes to be prevailed upon to bring her work. Here I found Ropsley and Prince Vocqsal comfortably established, apparently with no idea of going to bed yet for hours. They had never met till to-day, but seemed to suit each other admirably, all that was ludicrous in the prince's character and conversation affording a ceaseless fund of amusement to the guardsman; while the latter's high prowess as a sportsman and intimate acquaintance with the turf rendered him an object of great interest and admiration to the enthusiastic Hungarian. Ropsley, with restored health, and his lady-love under the same roof with him, was in the highest spirits, and no wonder.

"Don't run away, Vere," said he, catching me by the arm as I passed behind his chair; "it's quite early yet. Have a quiet weed before turning in." Adding, in an amused whisper, "he's an immense trump, this! That's his third cigar and his fourth tumbler of brandy and soda since we came here; and he's telling me now how he once pinked a fellow in the Bois de Boulogne for wearing revolutionary shirt buttons. In English, too, my dear fellow; it's as good as a play."

Even as he spoke I heard a door shut in the passage, and I hurried away, leaving the new acquaintances delighted with each other's society.

In the gallery I met Victor's French valet with a bundle of clothes over his arm, humming an air from a French opera. "Could I see the count?" "Alas! I was a few seconds too late!" The valet "was in despair—he was desolate—it was impossible. Monsieur had even now retired to the apartments of madame!" "I must do it to-morrow," thought I; "perhaps I may find an opportunity when the *chasse* is over." And I went to bed with a heavy, aching heart.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

A good joke lives for ever. It has a perpetual renewal of existence. After its first utterance it travels for a year or two, then rests quietly for a lustrum or two, and is reproduced for a new generation of readers. It suffers a change of locality, it is modified by the manners of the age, and so it comes out again as good as new. We, of the old generation, shake our heads, as perhaps our great-great-grandfathers did at the same joke in another form, pronouncing it a worn-out jest, but our young people relish it with zest, and to all intents and purposes to them it is new. A joke of a hundred years is comparatively a juvenile.

If you want to carry a point, ask a favor or gain an appointment, put a woman on the track, and if she cannot succeed, you may as well abandon the undertaking. Sometimes, however, too much importunity defeats even the machinations of woman, but the instances are so rare that we quote an exception:

One of the lady office-seekers at Washington, was bound to secure a position for her son, "who seemed to inherit all the feminine traits which his mother lacked." She, therefore, attacked representatives, senators, cabinet officers and the President himself.

At last, says the writer, in the course of events, she met a distinguished senator from a New England State, who has a tongue of his own, and knows how to use it. Her battery was at once opened. Round shot, bombs, canister, slugs, grape and "B B," were poured into the dignitary without mercy, and without even a pause for breath. When she had literally "ginned out," as Sam Slick would say, the senator asked if her son was with her.

She replied by calling Spooney to her, who came, like a "Squeers" boy for his "molasses and brimstone," and was duly presented.

"Is this the young man whom you want appointed?" asked the senator.

"Yes, sir," the mother replied; "and oh! sir, he set his heart upon it, and it will be a great disappointment, and I hope—"

"Beg pardon, madam, but did you say you wanted him to enter the army?"

"Yes, sir; the dragoons, if you please."

"Well, madam, my influence is not great, but I will endeavor to serve you if you will adopt a suggestion of mine."

"Oh! with pleasure, sir; you are so very kind."

"Then, madam, from what I see of yourself and son, allow me to recommend that you apply for the commission in the dragoons, and that your son be sent back to serve with the home infantry. I am sure the country would gain by the change."

Xantippe glowed and swelled, but before she had time to explode the senator was gone.

We think the anecdote which follows relates the grossest case of human ingratitude that we ever knew. It is true that long acquaintanceship may have endeared the lost thing to the owner, whereas, according to the old adage, "familiarity ought to have bred contempt." The exchange, anyhow, was certainly no robbery, and how the man can have the face to ask for damages, is more than we can understand:

A man in France lately lost his nose by a railroad collision. The nose that was destroyed was rare in its ugliness—an enormous red bottle-nose. A scientific surgeon, by a rhinoplastic operation, not only repaired the damage, but furnished him a better, or at least a handsomer nose, than he had before. This is not the usual result of these rhinoplastic operations, which only furnish an indifferent substitute for the lost organ—a fact which will enable the reader to judge of the immense ugliness of the nose destroyed on the face of the man above referred to. Yet the ungrateful rascal has sued the company for \$2,000 damages.

If a lawyer asks us for anything, we settle it if possible, for an argument is sure to cost double. Lawyers are like eels, they squirm and twist out of every dilemma, and generally entangle their opponents by the very means they use to escape themselves. The Texan lawyer, in the following anecdote, understands his business thoroughly:

There is an ordinance against hitching horses to shade trees in Marshall, Texas. A lawyer hitched his horse to one, and a constable named B. unhitched him. The owner witnessing the act and perhaps having an idea of what it meant, came out and said:

"Hello, Mr. B., what are you after? What are you going to do with my horse?"

"Why," said the constable, "you have violated the city ordinances and must pay a fine of one dollar!"

"Bless my soul," said the lawyer, with great emphasis, "that's my tree; I planted it myself."

"Can't help that," said B., "the law makes no distinctions, and says nothing about ownership. It embraces all shade trees in the town."

"Pon my word. Pshaw! I planted that tree, as I told you, myself, and for the express purpose of having a place to hitch my horse. Haven't I a right to plant a post before my door?"

"Of course you have," said the constable.

"Well, then, sir," said the lawyer, "just call it a post, as I planted it for one, and if the shade is any objection I am willing to saw the top of it off!"

The temperance people are responsible for the following "wine story." We are not inclined to swallow either the wine or the story:

General Cary, in an address which he delivered before the Sons of Temperance, stated that a friend of his, while travelling in Paris, thought he would take what is called in that city a wine bath. He found it to be very refreshing. He was waited upon by a servant who had fled from the United States to avoid the fugitive law. He asked the waiter how it was that such large quantities of wine could be used for such a purpose. "It must be very expensive," said he.

"Oh," said the waiter, "the same wine which you have used is run through all the baths in the establishment."

And what do you do with it, then?" said the verdant American.

"Oh, we bottle it up and send it to the United States to be drank."

We do not know the museum in which the following curiosities are to be found:

A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

A small quantity of tar supposed to have been left where the Israelites pitched their tents.

The original brush used in painting the "signs of the times."

A bucket of water from "All's well."

Soap with which a man was washed overboard.

The strap which is used to sharpen the water's edge.

A portion of yeast used in raising the wind.

A dime from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.

A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.

The chair in which the sun sets.

The hammer which broke up the meeting.

A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.

Eggs from a nest of thieves.

Hinges from the trunk of an elephant.

Rockers from the cradle of liberty.

A feather from the wings of a flying report.

They do nothing in Missouri after the ordinary fashion. They "go the whole figure" and take the consequences. Our Missourian friend's ideas were novel, but his calculations were erroneous. He thought to be able to catch up with time, but even a Missourian cannot do that:

Away out in Missouri they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and footworn traveller arrived at one of those caravansaries by the roadside. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of drinks, he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:

"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?"

"Yes," answered she, "I reckon we have."

"How many beds have you about this time that ain't noways engaged?"

"Well, we've one room up stairs with eleven beds in it."

"That's just right," said the traveller. "I'll take that room and engage all the beds, if you please."

The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true there was one room with eleven beds in it, and only one gentleman.

"We must go there then—we must have beds there."

The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so, than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all of the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on their top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds.

"Why, look here, strangers," said he, "I ain't had no sleep these eleven nights; so I just hired eleven beds to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds and paid for 'em, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

The following speech is a specimen of brevity and conciseness. The gentleman had been elected to a prominent office in a military company. At supper his health was drank, and with considerable flourish he said:

"My brave men, them who voted for me I respect; them who didn't, I disgust."

The fathers in Arkansas are particularly mindful of the morals of their sons. We give a specimen of that familiar worldly wisdom which seems to flourish in the genial soil of Arkansas:

Bob, you are about leaving home for strange parts. You're going to throw me out of the game and go it alone. The odds is against you; but remember always that industry and perseverance are the winning cards; they are the bowers. Book larning and all that sort of thing will do to fill up with, like small trumps, but you must have the bowers to back 'em, else they ain't worth shucks. If ill luck runs agin you pretty strong, don't cave in and look like a sick chicken on a rainy day, but hold your head up, and make believe you are flush of trumps. They won't play so hard agin you. I've lived and travelled around some Bob, and I've found out as soon as folks thought you held a weak hand, they'd all back agin you strong. So when you're sorter weak, keep on a bold front, but play cautious. Be satisfied with a p'int. Many's the hand I've seen euchered 'cause they played for too much. Keep your eyes well skinned, Bob, don't let 'em nig you. Recollect the game lays as much with the head as with the hands.

Be temperate; never get drunk, for then no matter how good your hand, you won't know how to play it, both bowers and the ace won't save you, for there's sartin to be a misdeal or something wrong. And another thing, Bob (this was spoken in a low tone), don't go too much on the woman; queens is kinder poor cards; the more you have of 'em the worse for you; you might have three and nary a trump. I don't say discard 'em all; if you get hold of one that's a trump, it's all good, and thar's sartin to be one out of four. And above all, Bob, be honest; never take a man's trick wot don't belong to you, nor slip cards, nor nig, for then you can't look your man in the face, and when that's the case there's no fun in the game; it's a regular cut throat. So now Bob, farewell, remember wot I tell you and you'll be sure to win, and if you don't, sarves you right if you get skunked.

There's nothing like sticking up for one's country. Nationality is a glorious institution, and the man must rise very early who would stump a Yankee in the height of his Bunker-hillism:

A Yankee, boasting an inveterate hatred of everything British, is living in a neighboring city with a colonist family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at Brother Bull, and the colonist does all he can to defend the venerable gentleman.

"You are arguing," says the colonist, "against your ancestors."

"No I am not."

"Who was your father?"

"A Yankee."

"Who were your forefathers?"

"Yankees."

"Who were Adam and Eve?"

"Yankees, by thunder."

SOME crabbed philosopher puts his splenetic thoughts into the mouth of a scholar, but any one can discover the writer to be a discontented and unappreciated author:

"First class Oriental philosophy stand up. Thibblets, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a hoss and a fashionable wife."

"Next, what is death?"

"A paymaster who settles everybody's debts, and gives the tombstones as receipts in full for all demands."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit genius generally receives from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"

"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing them a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"

"A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead."

THE obtuseness of the lower order of Irish is proverbial. Correct them and they will remember it, but only to use their newly acquired information to perpetuate some greater blunder:

A pedagogue relates a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell hostility.

"H-o-r-s-e-horse," began Pat.

"No, not horse-tility," said the teacher, "but hos-tility."

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me the other day not to say hos? Be jabbers, it's wan thing wid ye wan day, and quite another the nixt."

A RATHER hard hit will be found in the reply of Mr. Adolphus:

YOUNG LADY—"Well, Adolphus, I suppose you find yourself as successful as ever with the fair sex?"

ADOLPHUS—(surveying her dimensions)—"Yes, but I find it takes me longer to get round them."

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, as the colonel proved conclusively to the doctor:

"My dear colonel, I perceived you slept during sermon time last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners.

"Ah, doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so very drowsy."

"Would it not be well, colonel, to take a little snuff to keep you awake?"

"Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little snuff in the sermon?"

THE hard times have elicited some hard hits between debtor and creditor. The following is not by any means one of the least pertinent:

Said a bank president to a floored endorser, "Mr. —, you should never put your endorsement on a note unless you are sure of its being paid at the time agreed." Mr. — said nothing, but when the city banks had suspended, he happened to meet the president, took him by the button-hole and addressed him as follows: "Mr. —, I want to give you a little advice; never put your name on a note unless you are sure it will be paid at the time agreed. I have noticed a great many notes floating about with your name upon them, but they were all refused payment!" The emotions of the president overpowered him.

A FEMALE DESPOT.—Queen Elizabeth was the most gracious despot possible. Always trusted to the heart of her people. View her at the Armada. She loved the nation because it was her nation. Suggested that the eight fire ships should be sent against the Spaniards. Her speech on this occasion is the grandest and the most patriotic on record. She was in armor when she made it. Wore her father's own breastplate on the occasion, but how she managed to make it fit cannot be explained. Probably a mantle was worn over it. It is the finest oration on record. How high she pitches her words—"It is a foul scorn that a foreigner invade my realms." Although this woman could fool when she had nothing better to do, yet her courage rose when the crisis came. She began the campaign with prayer and ended with praise. At the height of the danger (1588) was the first English newspaper: established, and Elizabeth was the first English newspaper proprietor.

HEARTS—little red things that men and women play with for money.

A CLIMB UP THE CLOCK TOWER AT WESTMINSTER.

AN able continental work once remarked that Englishmen generally knew less of the new Houses of Parliament, which excite the admiration of all Europe, than they did of almost any other work on which £50,000 of their public money had been expended. The charge, beyond a doubt, is true. Pinnacle after pinnacle and tower after tower of this suburb of palaces has slowly grown up and been finished without attracting any more public attention than is devoted to the construction of a new drain, or the repealing a church-rate. Daily, a stream of people pass by works of the very existence of which they are unaware, though the engineers and architects from America and France, and indeed from all parts of the civilized world, come thousands of miles to inspect them at Westminster. Which of our readers knows that the Victor a Tower is the standard of its kind for architectural beauty and engineering skill, and that it is the most elaborate and lofty tower that has ever been raised since the time of the confusion of tongues? This tower is amply worth a visit of inspection, both for itself and the purpose with which it has been built. It is about twenty years since its foundations were laid, so that it has grown up at the slowly progressing rate of about seventeen feet a-year, for it is now, from foundation to summit, three hundred and twenty-six feet high. As with the foundations under all other portions of the new Houses, no bearing-piles were used. The space marked for the foundation was first entirely inclosed with a double row of the strongest oak piles driven deep into the earth, and this was filled in with metallic concrete to the depth of twelve feet, and on this the masonry was begun at fourteen feet below the surface, making the depth of the foundation twenty-six feet in all.

The Clock Tower, as its name imports, has been mainly built for the purpose of supporting the great clock and its monster chime of bells; and, since the machinery for measuring time was first invented, no clock-case so magnificent and elaborate has yet been conceived. Yet it is intended to be applied to other purposes besides merely keeping the great time-keeper. Its whole height is divided into nine stories, exclusive of the clock-room, bell-chamber and lantern. Each of these floors is subdivided into at least four, and sometimes many more apartments, which run parallel with each of the four faces of the tower. The inside of the tower (within these rooms) is twenty-eight feet square, and is occupied first by an air shaft, eight feet wide, for ventilating the whole of the new Houses, and which rises to the very top; and, secondly, by the clock shaft, a small inner tower of brickwork. This latter is the shaft on which the great clock will stand, and down which its weights will descend. It is one hundred and sixty feet high, eleven feet long by eight feet six inches wide, and twenty inches thick. This shaft is the only space large enough to admit of "Big Ben" ever getting to the top of the tower at all, and even he must go up sideways, as he is nine feet and a half in diameter by seven feet ten inches high. The lower floors of the tower will be used as ordinary offices. The two upper floors will be used as prison rooms, not for State criminals, but only for refractory M.P.'s and such frail borough brokers as may incur the displeasure of the faithful Commons. The other apartments will be used as depositories of documents. Access to the upper parts of the tower is gained by the usual spiral staircase, which in this instance is of a most unusual length. For the first hundred steps or so, the way is lit with gas, and the air is close and heavy. With the next hundred you emerge into the dim daylight, which now and then one of the sixty-eight windows which adorn the tower throws across the staircase. A hundred steps more, and the way is dark again, and you instinctively feel you have attained a great height, and walk with nervous caution, or look shudderingly over the rails down the well stairs, which seem to end in a faint bluish light, dimly seen far, far beneath. Another effort, treading heavily, and sorely out of breath, for you have climbed three hundred and thirty steps in all, and you are in the clock-room. It is a lofty dark chamber, twenty-eight feet by nineteen, and some twenty-five high.

It is necessary to approach the history of the great timepiece with considerable caution; for, never since time first began has such a bone of contention been cast among the professors

of horology. On account of its various phases of interest, and its having given rise to no less than four collections of official correspondence published in parliamentary papers, as well as cabals, intrigues, and petitions innumerable, a long account of its origin, rise and progress is given in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." From this it appears that the history of the great timepiece now extends over a period of nearly fourteen years. The clock, which has been made entirely after the design of Mr. Denison, has now been going two years in Mr. Dent's factory. Its entire mechanism is so simple and novel, that it looks like anything but what it really is. The spectator would much more readily believe it to be an elaborate windlass, or a double-action mangle, than the largest, strongest, most carefully finished and accurate clock that has probably ever yet been made since time began. The space it occupies in its frame is fifteen and a half feet long, by four feet seven inches wide, and its total weight between six and seven tons. It is intended to be set in the masonry on the top of the clock-shaft we have mentioned, and down which its pendulum and striking and going weights will hang. It is uncertain what the latter may be; but it is evident, when we come to regard the ponderous weight of the hammers required to strike the hours and quarters, that the former at least must be exceedingly heavy—probably five or six tons. The clock is fitted with Mr. Denison's gravity escapement, and by a peculiar arrangement of ratchet-wheels, the winding, no matter how long it lasts, does not stop or alter the clock for one single instant.

If the whole apparatus of this great clock was made to be wound by hand, it would require four or five hours' continuous winding each day, and even then be such hard labor as would be too much almost for convicts, since the handle would have to be turned some four or five thousand times, and weights of many tons drawn up to a height of one hundred and fifty-six feet. Many plans were proposed to get over this difficulty—some to use wind and some to employ water—all possible, but most expensive and difficult. Mr. Denison at last modified the plans of Mr. James, the engine-maker, into a scheme by which the clock will be wound by water, though still keeping up the means of winding by hand whenever necessary. By this plan each striking-weight, instead of going quite to the ground, descends on the top of a piston moving in a short cylinder, at the bottom of which, by means of the clock mechanism, a slide-valve is opened and lets in water from a tank about two hundred feet above it. This drives up the piston and weight more than the height required for striking twelve (three feet), when the piston itself gradually turns off the water and sinks, and the weight is left hanging ready to strike, as if wound by hand. This will be repeated each hour (if the whole apparatus does not get frozen up in winter), and the going parts of the clock (made for eight and a half days) are wound by hand each week, when the man will receive the correct time per telegraph from Greenwich, and so regulate the clock if ever necessary. The latter, however, is not very likely; for, though it has now been going two years at Dent's, its deviations have not yet amounted to two seconds either way.

Such, then, is the clock-chamber, and the clock that is to occupy it soon. Leaving it by a door in the corner, we pass at once into a long narrow passage. The wall on the right is brick, and forms a side of the clock-chamber we have just quitted. That on the left is opaque glass, and the flood of light which it admits, broken only by gilt tracery and large gothic numerals, tells us in a second that we are in one of the great clock dials, on which the progress of the machinery within will be recorded to all London from hour to hour. It looks from the inside like one of the huge round windows which here and there adorn our earlier cathedrals, and which, like them, is intersected in all directions with the most elaborate tracery and latticework. The framework of the dials, with their subdivision into quarter hours and minutes, is made of cast iron. Every dial frame was cast in six segments, and each one weighs four tons, and is no less than twenty-two feet six inches in diameter. The space between each minute is one foot two inches, and the figures are upwards of two feet high, and nearly six feet apart. The minute hand is sixteen feet long, and, notwithstanding that it is made of copper and beaten out as thin as is consistent with its length and strength, it still weighs two hundred weight.

The first hands made (and there is a rare collection of them, of all shapes and sizes, at the bottom of the tower) were of cast iron, and weighed four hundred weight. The hour hand is nine feet long, and is fastened with the minute hand to the centre of the dial by a huge gilt rose (part of the arms of Westminster), which is about the size of a small dining-table. All the interstices between the figures and work on the clock face are glazed in with enamelled glass, so as to present the appearance of a white dial in the day, and allow it to be illuminated during the night. Each dial will be lit with sixty gas jets, which will be turned on and off by a peculiar adaptation of the clock-work. The light in the dial will thus wane as day dawns, and incre se with the fading twilight. The cost of the gas for this will be five hundred pounds per annum. The single dial-clock at Mechlin is larger than these dials, but for a four-dialled clock there is none with such large faces in the world. St. Paul's clock has only two seventeen feet dials, and is wound every day; and next to this, the largest clock in the kingdom is that of Shandon Church, at Cork, which has four dials, each sixteen feet in diameter.

Leaving the dial-rooms we again ascend that never-ending staircase, till at last it terminates in the bright sunlight, more than two hundred feet above the streets, amid light handsome arches, with the outside gothic work of hammered iron all richly gilded. This is the bell-chamber, where the iron tongues of the great clock below are to dwell. The mechanism by which Big Ben and his chiming satellites will be suspended is simple, yet beautifully adapted to its purpose. A kind of massive octagon collar of wrought iron boiler plate goes round the chamber about fourteen feet from the floor, and two feet from the side walls. This is supported by twelve cast iron standards, which, resting on the masonry of the walls, lean out at a slight inclination and meet the collar. Pads of vulcanized india-rubber cut off all vibration passing from the collar to the standards, while rollers at the base of the standards themselves provide for the contraction and expansion of the metal. Wrought iron tie-rods prevent any chance of lateral thrust upon the walls. This whole apparatus only weighs some fourteen tons; yet it is no exaggeration to say that it is almost strong enough to bear the whole tower. The actual weight of the five bells it will support, with their hammers, is upward of thirty tons. Big Ben, when he is recast, will hang in the centre of the collar, and weigh sixteen tons. His thundering note is E natural. The hammer and lever which strike Big Ben weigh together one ton.

So much for the bell-chamber and its hard, gloomy inmates. They are to be fixed in their places, and can never ring a joyful peal, but only mark the passages of the fleeting hours, or be tolled slowly for some great calamity which shall bow our heads in mourning. From the bell chamber the works go higher still, but the stairs cease, and the lofty points beyond are only to be gained by mounting ladders, which are tied from one perilous scaffolding to another. Slowly the visitor climbs, with cold, trembling hands, creeping from ladder to ladder, catching through gothic openings now and then a dizzy glimpse of roofs and tops of lofty buildings, with the mighty city, half hidden in its smoke, spread like a map far down beneath him. A stage or network of ponderous beams, all bound and clamped together with iron, is soon gained. This is the scaffolding from which the bells will be hoisted up and hung in the chamber beneath. The beam for Big Ben is here. A short ladder leads from this place to the lantern gallery, when you seem suddenly to have entered fairy land, and are dazzled with the sheen of gold and color around. You are now high over the clock, and beneath the pointed roof. The work which from below seems such light tracery and network of golden lines, is suddenly transformed to beams, shields and flying arches, so massive in themselves as almost to form another tower, so thickly gilded that they truly seem as if wrought from the precious metal. The brilliancy of the work glows and flashes from a thousand points at once—from the great rows of shields overhead, bright with the arms of England and Westminster, from the elaborate cornices, the gable windows, the vanes, the scroll work hand rail; the very battlements and stone-work itself are rich with heavy gilding. The stone frame in which the clock is set, and all the chief upper outlines of the tower are similarly adorned, so that the effect is beautiful beyond description, and the eye, almost

pained by its brilliancy, seeks relief in gazing on the sober masses of the great groups of towers and palaces below. Higher than this lantern gallery the visitor cannot go, though the pointed roof is still one hundred feet above him, and light and graceful as it appears from the ground, yet it nevertheless actually contains four hundred tons of iron.

Once again upon the ground, the great clock-tower seems more lofty and magnificent than ever. It is merely one ornamental accessory of a great plan, but if it stood alone it would still be a grand monument of taste and skill. Viewed in connection with the new houses, the whole forms probably the greatest architectural work which England has ever engaged in since it emerged from the so-called dark ages. Whether erect or ruined by the lapse of time, the present Houses of Parliament will always remain an enduring record of civilization, wealth and greatness.

NOTHING BUT WATER.

A STATESMAN, in seeking an illustration of the difference between price and value, very happily hit upon water, which costs nothing, and yet is of inestimable worth. Water, next to air, is the most indispensable of all the productions of nature. Unlike most good things providentially supplied for our use, it is hardly capable of abuse. It would be difficult to find any well-authenticated case of fatal injury, short of drowning, from a too abundant employment of this essential of life. The more common danger to be feared is from too little, not too much, water. It can hardly, especially during the summer solstice, be too freely taken inside and out. The daily bath and the frequent draught are not only necessary to comfort, but essential to health.

Simple a thing, however, as it may be to quench the thirst from the running stream, or the mountain spring, there are but few people who know how to drink. Most people, in the eagerness of thirst, swallow with such avidity the welcome draught, that they deluge their stomachs without proportionately refreshing themselves. The sipping of a single goblet of water will do more to alleviate thirst than the sudden gulping down of a gallon. It is more frequently the dryness of the month, during hot weather, than the want of the system, which calls for the supply of fluid. When larger quantities, moreover, are poured into the stomach than are required, that organ becomes oppressed mechanically by the distention, and the digestion is consequently weakened.

Water, reduced to the lowest possible temperature by the coldest ice, can be taken with perfect safety, at all times and under all circumstances, when imbibed gradually by slow mouthfuls; but when swallowed in full, quick draughts, and in large quantities, it may produce a dangerous shock to the system. In the first instance, the fluid, however cold, is at once raised to the heat of the mouth, and absorbed; while in the second, it enters the stomach and reduces the temperature of that organ so suddenly as to interfere with its healthy action.

One powerful means by which nature adapts the human system to the transition from the extreme cold of winter to the extreme heat of summer, is by an increased perspiration. The surface of the body is kept cool by the free exudation of fluid, which is constantly undergoing evaporation; and chemists tell us evaporation is so powerful a cause of cold, that ice can be formed by its means. Belzoni's famous experiment of making water a solid, which so startled the Turkish Sultan, was no more than the application of this principle. In order, therefore, that the summer perspiration may be kept up, it is necessary that the pores of the skin, which are the organs through which this function is performed, should be kept free. To do this, it is necessary that the whole surface of the body should be often and thoroughly cleansed, for the incessant perspiration in summer tends so to clog the ducts, that without frequent ablution their action is suspended. A daily bath, during summer at any rate, is indispensable.

These are simple facts, but well worth attention; for you will hardly believe, until you try, how much of your daily comfort and health depend upon the proper use of nothing but water.

A CLOUD upon the soul darkens the world more than a cloud in the firmament.



WHAT IS GAINED IN BUYING CHEAP FURNITURE.



ONE OF THE EVILS OF AN OVERCROWDED HOTEL.



THE COST AT WHICH CHEAP CLOTHING IS MADE.



FASHION'S FOR APRIL.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR APRIL.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

APRIL, the old poets' pet, the tender-eyed, capricious, laughing, crying, bewitching April, very glad are we to welcome you once more, bringing, as you do, the key which unlocks the icy gates of winter, and laden as you are with promises of bright skies and delightful anticipations of the future. A busy month it is, too, in the midst of which grand preparations are made for removals, for thorough renovation, and for a complete transformation of winter habiliments into those of spring.

Terrific prospects for housekeepers and mothers with large families, when all the woollen dresses and winter cloaks have to be laid aside, the furs put carefully away, the trimming removed from winter bonnets, and bundles of little warm socks and mysterious flannel garments neatly mended and left in readiness for future use. These occupations are also necessarily accompanied by anxious thoughts of the remodelling which must follow, the new gloves, shoes and dresses, and, above all, the new spring bonnets.

All persons are susceptible on the subject of bonnets, from the old lady of sixty-five down to her blooming granddaughter of fifteen, or the prim, sober Quaker to the dashing belle of Newport and Saratoga; each one, whether the material be of black satin, sober gray silk, delicate lace or the most brilliant tissue, expresses the same universal desire to have it becoming, and we have seen many a delicate form dilate with excitement, and many a fair face disguised by a frown, because the shade of ribbon was not exactly to her mind, or the feathers were placed a little too low. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and great results have sometimes followed the peculiar fit and style of a bonnet.

A gentleman once fell in love with a lady's bonnet, as he was walking behind it in the street. There was nothing very striking about it, and he could hardly tell what it was that attracted him; but there was a peculiar and delicate harmony throughout, or, as he expressed it, it was the most "musical" bonnet he ever saw, and he could not forget it. For many weeks he carefully watched the Broadway promenaders, the crowds that



nightly throng every place of public amusement, seeking vainly for another glimpse of that enchanting and tantalizing specimen of a milliner's skill, and was at last rewarded by observing in a box at the opera the wave of that same feather. He could not be mistaken; he was sure it was the same. He pointed it out to a friend. Happy man! his friend knew the lady, volunteered an introduction, which resulted in the distracted individual becoming the owner of the lady, the bonnet, and the signer of the future checks for all sorts of lovely bonnets, the lady being famous for her taste and indulgence in that particular.

There are three qualities, to which particular attention ought to be paid in the selection of a bonnet. The first is its use as a covering and protection to the head; secondly, its beauty and adaptability as a fitting shade and frame to a fair face; and third, its correspondence with the other part of the apparel. The first quality is entirely ignored by the styles which have been in vogue for the past three years, and the second follows necessarily, in a great degree, as nothing can be truly beautiful which does not also fulfil its use.

It is true that a pretty and tasteful arrangement of colors will be sure to please the eye, and a modern bonnet of Titanic proportions frequently seems extremely attractive, when looked at in the hand; but placed on the back of the head, with the entire face and a large proportion of the hair left at the mercy of the sharp frost, the burning sun or the fierce winds, and observed with these effects lingering upon the delicate complexion and glossy curls, and no one would pronounce it beautiful. Nothing would so becomingly relieve the darkly brilliant eyes, the fair, glowing cheeks and bright hair of our American belles, as the round hat with the straight crown, and brim edged with a fall of lace, which was introduced so successfully last year, into the German and English watering-places, and more recently worn frequently at the opera, both in London and Paris. Strange, that with the uncomfortable experience of the ill effects of the small hats upon one's personal appearance, and the attractive and picturesque effect of the different varieties of country and riding hats, the fair inhabitants of cities do not demand a modification which shall secure to them the advantages of the latter, at the same time preserving as much of the quietness, as possible, which belongs to the former.

Very little preparation has been made for spring in the millinery department, the proprietors of these establishments having all suffered so severely during the past season, as to render them incapable and unwilling to risk any further sacrifices; besides which, little has been done by Parisian manufacturers, and few advances are offered by them, until confidence in the community is perfectly restored.

For spring wear, straws are always popular and durable, and trim very prettily with ribbons in one or two colors. A very charming bonnet was made of white straw, bleached to perfect purity, and woven in very fine braids. The curtain was of straw and lace, and the trimming a velvet scarf, fringed and checked with green, crimson, and black. Fine white straws obtain a preponderance among the more elegant styles for the *demi-saison*, and are very effectively trimmed with bright plaided silk, fringed and arranged either scarf fashion, or as the Marie Stuart coiffure. Colored straws are also worn more or less by those who study economy, and after having been worn during the spring months, make excellent travelling hats for those persons who make an annual excursion in the warm season.

So far as the shapes are concerned, we observe a slight difference, which is an improvement. This is in the crown, which has been so small that the breadth of the head destroyed the original shape immediately upon wearing. The shape of the front is retained, but the crown is enlarged so as to admit the head, and prevent that perpetual jerking back which was such an annoyance. Plain ruches, with drop straw beads placed round the edge are worn inside, or a bandeau of field daisies across the top; this is, however, not becoming to every one. The strings of these chapeaus are of a moderate width, and tied with a large bow under the chin.

At Mrs. CRIEPPS, in Canal street, we have seen some very pretty silk bonnets in two colors, delicately ornamented with light ruches and field flowers. The prices present a moderate standard, no demand being made at present for the more costly and elaborate efforts.

Madame HARRIS & Son also exhibit some very beautiful styles of "Imperial lace," which looks like woven hair, and is trimmed with one or two bright and decided colors round the front, and in clusters at the sides, or in wreaths which droop over the curtain.

Mrs. ANN SIMMONS has her usual great variety of straws, particularly for children, and many charming styles already prepared for young ladies' country wear.

At more pretentious establishments the difference consists mainly in price, and we have been able to detect nothing to which it is worth while to call the attention of our readers. So far, few novelties of any description have been offered to the inspection of purchasers, nor is it likely that any great efforts will be made in this direction during the coming season; the responsibility will therefore fall upon the shoulders of our modistes, who with old materials must endeavor to supply new designs, which will satisfy the craving for something "new," now becoming insatiable. But although there are few novelties in materials, there are plenty in designs, many of which are sufficient to gratify the most fastidious taste.

In ordinary styles of silk dress goods, the bayadere chenille stripes retain the largest share of popularity, and in the fine shades of contrasting colors which are exhibited this season are particularly attractive. Some are imported in robe patterns containing a double skirt, the upper one of which has a plaid or brocaded side stripe. The cost of these is thirty-five dollars, and with single skirts twenty-five.

An entirely new and very beautiful robe will be found illustrated in another part of the MAGAZINE. There are two skirts, the under one of which is composed of entirely plain silk, while the upper one, as well as that part designed for the corsage, is sprinkled with small spots or figures brocaded in the same color as the ground. A very rich brocade border, a quarter of a yard in depth, decorates the upper skirt, and a narrow border in the same style accompanies the pattern for the purpose of trimming the waist and sleeves. These robes are forty-five dollars each, and can be obtained at USSDELL, PEIRSON & LAKE's importing house in Broadway.

Everything this season in the way of dresses comes in double skirts or in two flounces, with the side stripe applied so as to combine the robe *volante* and the robe *à quille*. The pretty checks of last year have been reproduced in some instances so minutely as to be scarcely perceptible, and these are decidedly more distinguished in appearance than the larger ones. The skirts are covered by two deep flounces, with a broad plain border in some contrasting color, purple for instance, or brown. These robes are thirty-five dollars each.

Another style comes in rich plain taffetas, blue, pink or green, with a double skirt, the upper one *à quille*; the design being broad knots of ribbon, with floating ends in black brocade or frosted velvet, or imitation falls of lace grouped together with the most artistic grace. The three-flounced robes, in addition to the elaborate borders of woven flowers and fringe with which they are decorated, have a rich side stripe woven into each separate flounce; care is taken in making up, to bring this portion into direct juxtaposition with each other, so as to present a perfect uniformity in the appearance of the *quille* when the dress is completed. Most of these styles are to be found at the establishment of A. T. STEWART & Co., and range in price from thirty-five to sixty dollars.

The attempts to introduce narrow skirts have been a most signal failure; crinolines have gone up with an astonishing rush, and the demand far exceeds the capacity of the largest houses to supply. The impulse seems to have been given by the introduction of DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD's new "Expansion" skirt, which contains eleven springs, and is so arranged as to be expanded or contracted at pleasure by the action of shifting slides. An illustration of this latest improvement in hoops will be found in another part of the GAZETTE, to which we direct the attention of our lady readers. They are also about introducing a most complete and beautiful travelling hoop, made of brown linen and admirably adapted to its purpose. The retail cost will be about three dollars.

Hoops indeed seem to have become a perpetual institution, and we doubt if they can ever be abolished except by the adoption of the Bloomer costume. No lady who has once experienced the comfort of them will return to the old weight

of cotton pressing down upon the body, and aside from its continual annoyance, supplying the germ of so many diseases to which women are liable. Some sort of expansion of the dress is certainly necessary so long as the present styles continue in vogue, and there is no immediate prospect of their being relinquished. In fact, picturesque and graceful as the scanty drapery of the old Grecian statues appear in marble, we doubt if an approximation to such a toilette will ever become popular as a full dress or promenade costume in New York; and though a few yards of cotton would be decidedly more economical than our multifarious adornments, still we prefer the flowing skirts and other "fixings," particularly as each one furnishes employment to thousands of persons, and in the aggregate to the industrious population of the world.

New styles of spring ribbons are very beautiful, but very scarce and high. They are in decided yet delicate colors, and blocked patterns, or sometimes plaided in an irregular manner with narrow stripes. There are also new styles of ribbon barbes, at the two ends of which rich tassels are suspended. These are used both upon bonnets of spring straw and also as an ornament for the hair in demi-toilette, two flat bows falling over the knot behind, and the tasseled ends descending at the sides.

S. & J. GOULDING, of John street, have a superb assortment of the various new designs in ribbons and flowers, and also exhibit a novelty in lace for trimming bonnets, which alternates with narrow and exquisite rows of fringe.

Trimmings of any description seem to be in little danger of losing their prestige, so long as they are supplied in such great and charming varieties, and with a constant succession of novelties. On garments made up in plain single colors, such as robes de chambre or children's coats and dresses, a very beautiful and striking decoration consists of a border graduated in width according to circumstances, but composed of checks of lightly-colored velvet, chenille or plush, on a white ground. Another style in which a similar effect is produced, consists of tufted moss trimming in blue, pink or green, sewed in spots or stripes upon a white ribbon ground.

Bugles are introduced as extensively as ever, in some instances mixed with steel, but should only be used upon black material. LOWITZ & BECKERS have all the new styles in these goods.

There is a promise of summer in the lighter shawls and graceful mantillas which are taking the place of the heavy cloaks and warm furs of the past winter. No wonder that mantillas have become an institution; few wear a shawl gracefully, but almost any person looks like a lady in a handsome mantilla. When they are once put on there is no danger of disarranging, no hitching over the arms, or dragging across the skirt, but with the consciousness that it is all in perfect order, the wearer passes proudly along, satisfied with herself, and therefore with all the world.

For spring wear, black taffetas seems to be a favorite material, the shawl shape being the most in vogue, with a fulness laid in plaits over the arms, which forms a sleeve, and is richly trimmed with braid, fringe and Brandebourgs. The full basque back with a sacque front is also exhibited, richly ornamented with fringe, and broad blocked and medallion trimming. Fancy colors have altogether disappeared from this department, black being generally in demand for over garments, especially those intended for the promenade.

Fine black ladies' cloth is also very much admired, cut in the form of the elegant basquine and finished with a graceful pointed berthe of netted chenille or tufted moss with a fringe. Little change in this department is needed this season, the becoming styles of last year not having yet lost their hold upon the imagination, and will doubtless be fully as attractive as upon their first introduction.

Mr. GEORGE BRODIE has some very fine varieties in cloth, and the establishment formerly owned by MOLTNEUX BELL some elaborate specimens in rich taffetas. This house has lately passed into the hands of Mr. JAMES G. AITKEN, who has associated with the mantilla department (celebrated for the superiority and costliness of its styles) a very complete branch of millinery, under the superintendence of a lady well known for her delicate and artistic taste.

A noticeable feature is the extreme variety of coiffures, embracing every description of ornament for the hair, from the rosettes of plain ribbon to the most fanciful creations of rich

blonde and pearls, and from the small and coquettish French cap to the staid and matronly combination of maline and white ribbon.

The bonnets display extreme neatness and perfection of finish, and are made of the best materials; great taste is also displayed in the selection and arrangement of the decorations, the prevailing expression being one of propriety and elegance, rather than striking originality. Silk in two colors, and a mixture of English willow and silk very beautifully worked up with real blonde points and white, crystallized blossoms, with darkly shaded crape leaves, were prominent, and range in price from ten to twenty dollars. Coiffures from three to ten.

For laces and light tissues of every description, there will be a perfect *furor* as soon as warm weather approaches. The black lace shawls and mantillas of last season, will be rivalled only by the thin white mantelets, decorated with flounces of fine needlework, puffs through which ribbon is run, and knots of floating ribbons. These are in admirable keeping with the lovely light muslins, organdies and grenadines, which are always so enchanting, and especially so at the present moment.

For those ladies who are not obliged to wait until the last moment, before purchasing their summer dresses, there is no better time than when the first opening of those beautiful imported fabrics takes place. The largest variety is at this time offered for inspection and choice, and the prices are frequently lower than in a later part of the season. The greatest care is necessary, however, in making these selections, not to be guided exclusively by the taste pronounced the "most fashionable," or even that which most strikes the eye, but to combine with these desirable qualities the still more essential one of adaptation to one's own personal appearance and position.

Fine striped lawns and French calicoes, in the most delicately blended colors, are imported for morning dresses, and gray silk or summer poplin, fine as grenadine, for robes de chambre. The most stylish and *recherché* trimming for these last, is found in a border consisting of checks of highly colored velvet chenille or silk moss, upon a white ground.

In fine laces and embroidery, the styles and workmanship will be found to have advanced to a wonderful degree of perfection. This is especially the case with those exquisite barbes and coiffures now so much in demand for decorating the hair, and assisting in the formation of the costliest bonnets, to which they add so much grace and beauty.

The fine China and India silks are always cool, durable, graceful and ladylike, and are always worn more or less for travelling purposes, and by ladies of advancing years. The best place to obtain them is FOUNTAIN'S INDIA STORE, where also the pineapple dress goods may be obtained in the best qualities and greatest variety. This material is just beginning to be appreciated for summer wear; its lightness, flexibility and imperviousness to atmospheric influences giving it immense advantage over many other transparent fabrics. Made up into bonnets for the country, it becomes a miracle of comfort, and if any of our lady readers try them on our recommendation, they will thank us for the suggestion.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

With the diversity of tastes which exists, it seems rather strange that mankind from time immemorial should always clothe themselves precisely in the same fashion, should choose the same cut of coat, the same style of dress, the same steeple-crowned or bell-shaped hat—without any regard to the wisdom or propriety of the invention. Especially is it strange when it is considered that individual peculiarities vary so as to make what is extremely becoming to one person, perfectly hideous when observed upon another, and each one possessing such decided personal qualities, as seems specially adapted to some particular taste in costume.

In some countries a certain style is adhered to for centuries in succession, generation after generation appearing in the same short petticoat, the same trim bodice, the same gaily clocked hose and high-heeled shoes. The higher refinement and civilization in France, England and America does not permit this; but instead, we select a part of our garb here and a part there—call it fashionable—that magic word—and then every one wears



BOY'S DRESS. PAGE 376.

it whether becoming or not; and fair or dark, tall or short, plump or slender, matters little—the garment is fashionable, and therefore must be admirable. Foreigners marvel why American ladies do not set an example to others in this matter, and instead of so closely following the suit of their leaders, assert their independence by wearing what they please or what is best calculated to heighten their natural and individual charms. The tall and graceful brunette may wear the flowing drapery of the Spanish lady, with the most bewitching effect; while upon her dearest friend the pretty and coquettish dress of the Andalusian peasant girl would be piquant in the highest degree.

Were it possible to exercise marked individual tastes, it would be beneficial in many respects, beyond that of giving variety to our stereotyped and conventional life. It would give character to our countrywomen, and force them to the exercise of their own judgment, taste and discrimination. There would also be at least something novel in the idea of being able to dress to suit one's own pleasure or convenience, without being exposed to the rudeness of ill-bred and ignorant persons. It is, however, much easier to theorise on a revolution either in dress or matters of greater ornament, than it would be to practically apply our own suggestions; we will therefore return to the legitimate discussion of dress, in the forms in which it is endorsed by the sex generally.

The only novelty of the season—the scarlet petticoat—has not been destined to a wide-spread or long-continued popularity. The original idea of looping the dress over them found very few supporters, and though they are worn by many ladies to save white skirts through the spring changes, yet the dark appearance beneath the dress seems hardly in consonance with the purity which we associate with that part of a lady's toilette which is not seen. The effort to introduce long narrow skirts, also proved a most signal failure; hoops are again established for six months at least, and will be a necessity under the flowing robes which have been issued as “summer styles.”

We must confess to a fondness for hoops; not the thick ungainly reed or heavy whalebone, but light pliable steel, or if whalebone is used, only the slender round bones boiled in oil, so that they will not snap, and are much more easily adjusted than the stiff flat ones. Notwithstanding the length of time they have

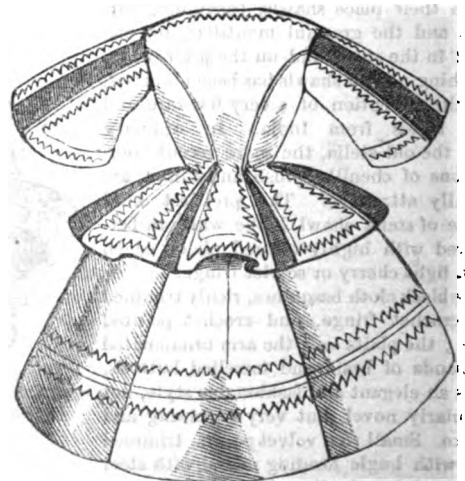
been in use, and the almost universal custom of wearing them, we still see persons who either will not or cannot understand that, improperly worn, they destroy all the charming illusion which surrounds the person of a pretty woman, and reduces her to a compound of mineral and vegetable substances, not at all illusory or even attractive.

Under all circumstances then, these rules in regard to hoops should be observed; the first of which is, that the springs be light and flexible; second, that the skirt is graceful in shape; third, that enough skirt be worn over it to destroy any possibility of detecting the outline of the hoops. The flounced crinoline or hair cloth is admirably adapted for heavy dresses, or moreen will answer where crinoline is considered too expensive. But in summer under thin dresses, when “skeleton” skirts are worn, three white skirts should be worn over. The first of white cotton cloth, as coarse or fine as the wearer chooses; the second of jaconet, which may be embroidered or not; the third of white Swiss with three flounces, which must be the precise length of the dress, that is the skirt, not the flounces.

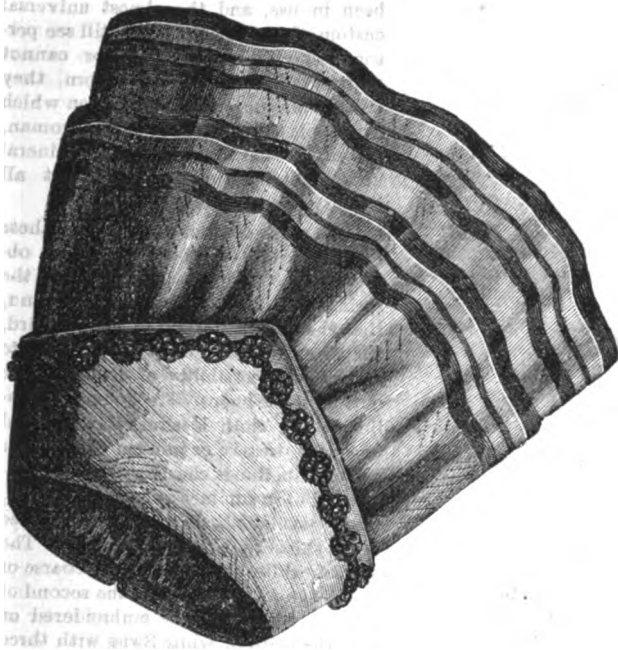
Plain square sleeves open to the shoulder and gathered into the top are the style for thin robes, sometimes worn with a short puffed lace sleeve beneath, and sometimes by older persons with a sleeve puffed down to the waist and finished with knots of blue or cherry

ribbon. The length of the sleeve varies according to taste, occasionally reaching to the hem of the upper skirt. Puffed sleeves also continue in favor, but one made very large, not more than two upon a sleeve, and terminates in a flounce, beneath which flounced lace undersleeves are worn.

Half high bodies and pointed chemisettes square across the bosom are very much admired; the chemisettes consisting of rows of lace falling one over the other, Honiton guipure being the kind preferred. For morning dresses, the chemisette comes up to the throat, a small square collar fastened with a knot of ribbon falling over the neck of the dress, the corsage of which is open down to the point of the waist. Here it forms a junction with the skirt, which also flows open in front, revealing the white embroidery beneath. The new robes de chambre look as much as possible like a surplice, and are called the “Cathedral.” The back is simply gathered into a tiny yoke at the throat, and flows full and free down the entire length of the



BACK OF BOY'S DRESS. PAGE 376.



MANCHETTE PAGE 377.

robe, without being girded in by cord or band of any kind. The sleeves are square, with a tassel on the lower point, the two sides, up the back and front, as well as across the bottom of the sleeve, being bordered to match the skirt.

In bonnets we have very little that is new to record. The spring styles are very much the same as those of last year, the shapes being somewhat larger in the crown, so that they are not so liable to be pressed out of shape in fitting to the head. Summer straws for the country are precisely the same, as are the hats for children, the Andalusian shape prevailing in straws for boys. A fine straw bonnet, the curtain (of straw) is sometimes brought up the sides of the front and the trimming arranged so as to form a half gipsy. The same effect is also observed in silk or chip, and will doubtless become a favorite, especially for young ladies.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

These have begun to assume a lighter character, although the capricious quality of the month forbids the total resignation of warm, comfortable garments. Heavy cloaks and furs have, however, nearly disappeared, and in their place shawls, basquines, pardessus and the graceful mantillas, are displayed in the stores and on the promenade.

Nothing new in shawls has been observed, with the exception of a very few rare and costly styles from India. In ordinary kinds, the old stella, the more recent combinations of chenille, plush and thibet, are generally attractive. The prettiest kind of style of stella shawl is the white thibet, bordered with highly colored plaid, edged with a light cherry or scarlet fringe.

Fine black cloth basquines, richly trimmed with crochet fringe, and crochet pointed berthe; the plaits over the arm ornamented with bands of braid and tasselled buttons. This is an elegant and fashionable style, not particularly novel, but very becoming and ladylike. Small rich velvet points, trimmed round with bugle heading mixed with steel drops, and terminating in two deep lace flounces, are exceedingly *distingué*, and are

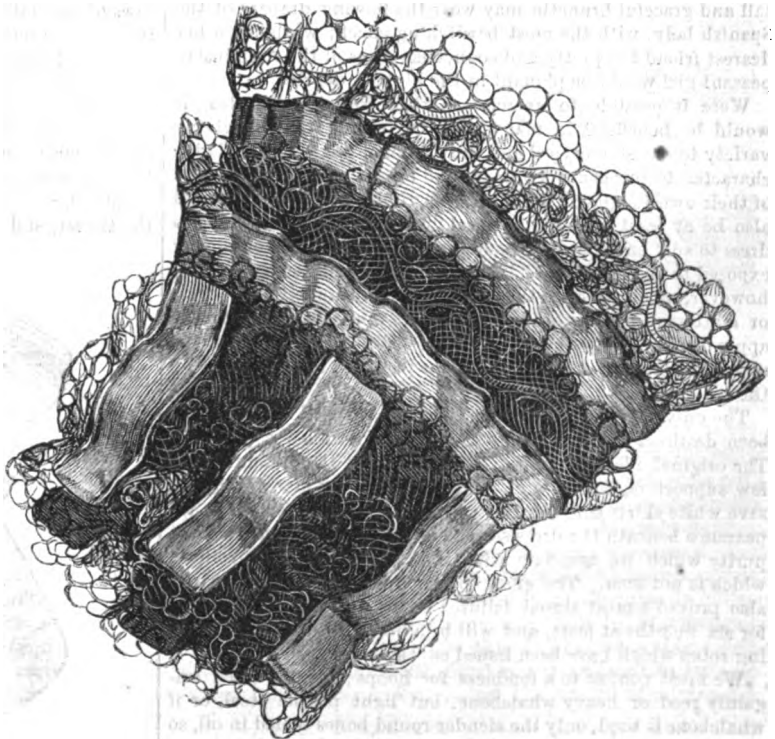
worn with superb effect over a handsome black or green damask, or a double jupe bayadere.

In mantillas, black taffeta seems to be the favorite material, and the shawl-shaped basquine the style most in vogue. The trimmings are varied and handsome, consisting of silk and chenille fringe, Brandebourg tassels, velvet ribbon in medalion patterns, and narrow moss fringes and tufted patterns.

Robe dresses are extremely varied, and as much in vogue as ever. One of pearl gray silk was accompanied by a flounced border in white brocade, with a double row of fringe. This border was put on in the form of two rows of flounced quilles up the side of the dress, and formed the lower part of a wide open sleeve, which was lined with white satin. The corsage was high at the back, open in front down to the waist, a chemisette being inserted, consisting of rows of Honiton guipure, falling one over the other, about an inch and a half in width; the edge of the corsage was ornamented with a narrow border like that upon the skirt. The undersleeves were very beautiful and costly, composed of rows of lace broader than that of the chemisette, placed slightly full upon a foundation of maline; this was gathered in at the wrist to a band of Honiton insertion, through which a cherry ribbon was run, and a bow and ends on the upper part of the wrist completed it.

A very rich dinner dress is made of black damask moire and quilles, consisting of a double row of narrow frills, put on in a series of four each, all edged with small shining drop buttons. The material for this trimming is heavy plain taffeta, in a fine shade of golden brown, through which runs a fine corded stripe of white and black satin. Graduated rows of the same trimming are also placed across the front of the high plain corsage, and in pyramids upon the flounce of the sleeve, which is headed by two large puffs.

A charming evening dress is made of blue satin, with a demitrain, which rounds off from the sides. The front of the skirt is decorated with four lace flounces, with a space nearly the width of the flounce between, occupied by blue illusion puffs strapped across the bias, with small fine blonde ruches placed at intervals of about three inches. A border to match is also placed down the sides of the skirt, where it meets the front; and a pointed berthe for the corsage is made in the same way, of blue illusion puffing, strapped across the bias with ruche, and edged with a deep rich lace, which falls over a short puffed sleeve.



MANCHETTE PAGE 377.

A very stylish bonnet for this month is made of very fine white straw, with a curtain which extends up the sides so as to form a hollow in front of the ears. The trimming is a simple scarf of plaid silk or velvet, with heavy silk tassels at the ends, arranged so that these tassels will droop at the sides, and after passing across the front fill the hollow spaces left by the curtain. A delicate star coiffure is placed over the crown, with tiny barbes attached, which droop over the curtain. And upon this a branch of blossoms, also, is laid, the tendrils of which mingle with the lace barbes.

An exquisite coiffure is composed of real blonde in a very fine open channel pattern. A small band of pearls confines the blonde across the centre of the crown, and a broader bandeau of the same is attached across the front. At the sides, branches of May roses, with buds, leaves and blossoms, droop in graceful profusion, and the head-dress is completed by floating ends of broad white ribbon.

Another very simple but pretty style has a bandeau formed of full loops of narrow blue ribbon, attached to which is a narrow fall of real blonde with white drop bugles, which touch the forehead. Broad ends of illusion, spotted with bugles, float over the shoulders, the fastening hidden under an illusion bow mixed with pink buds and silver.

In children's clothing hardly any difference is made between the costumes of boys and girls, so that it is difficult to distinguish the difference between them. A pretty street dress for a girl is composed of fine lavender poplin, with a single circle of fine striped cloth, alternate white and cherry. White hat and feathers. A becoming coat for a little boy is blue thibet, half high in the neck, square across the front, with a full skirt and small open sleeve. The skirt, sleeves and neck are bordered with a broad white silk galloon, checked with blue velvet. The belt is of the same material.

TOILET COMPANIONS FOR THE LADIES.

As it is proper and natural for our lady friends to wish to make themselves as lovely as possible, we feel it our duty to indicate the best means of bringing about that much desired consummation, and we can confidently assert that any one who uses Burnett's celebrated Kalliston, or Orient Water, may obtain a fresh and satin-like complexion. This delightful preparation removes tan and freckles, and imparts a velvety softness to the skin. For chapped hands it is invaluable, while its healing properties and delicious perfume render it agreeable to every sense.

Burnett's Cocaine, or Cocoa-nut Oil, has also earned a just reputation for promoting the growth and preserving the beauty of the human hair. Instead of possessing the heating and rancid qualities of all animal preparations, such as bears-grease, &c., it is a cooling vegetable oil, highly perfumed and extremely purifying and cleanly. As it imparts a healthy natural gloss to the hair, we do not hesitate to recommend it warmly to our fair friends.

A new and exquisite perfume, possessing the charming and suggestive name of Florimel, has also been prepared by the celebrated firm of Joseph Burnett & Co., in Boston. If the ladies of America would give this delicate and fragrant compound a fair trial, we are convinced that they would no longer resort to Parisian perfumes. A drop on the handkerchief will create a delicious yet scarcely perceptible atmosphere of fragrance around the whole person. We can imagine no more subtle and agreeable odor than is diffused by the Florimel.

The same chemists who have devoted so much time and attention to these toilet compounds, have prepared from a South American plant, the Oriental Tooth Wash, an aromatic elixir, which is entirely free from acid, mineral salts, or anything which can possibly injure the enamel of the teeth. It has the sanction of many distinguished dentists and physicians, and is far superior to all the tooth washes we have ever used. As nothing adds more to the beauty of the "human face divine" than a set of dazzling pearly teeth, the Oriental Tooth Wash needs only to be known and tested to become popular everywhere.

Messrs. Burnett & Co. are practical and scientific chemists, and have made the above preparation with strict reference to

the human organization, in order that they may promote instead of proving prejudicial to the general health. We are not in the habit of noticing most cosmetics, deeming them rather hurtful than otherwise, but we can cheerfully and cordially recommend these companions of the toilet to all our readers.

THE GAIETIES OF THE MONTH.

THE close of the season this year is decidedly more brilliant than its commencement. Even Lent has not sufficed to put a quietus on the succession of balls, parties and other entertainments charmingly varied by a grand opera combination. The small private masked balls so eagerly attended during the past winter, have only sharpened the appetite for the magnificent *bals-masque*, superintended by that sublime artist, Monsieur Musard, with which the season is to close at the Academy.

The new feature in our private entertainments is found in the "surprise" parties which have of late become so fashionable, and which have grown out of the small number of voluntary parties which were given in the earlier part of the season. The *modus operandi* is for a number of the friends of the (to be) surprised lady, amounting perhaps to fifty, more or less, to present themselves at her door at an early hour in the evening, and take possession of her parlors, with the assurance and self-possession of invited guests. In some instances they order a supper previously, which is brought at an appointed time, but more frequently the lady of the house has to make what hasty preparations she can for the entertainment of her guests, and occasionally it happens that with a kind of prescience she has had refreshments prepared beforehand, but this is only in families where there is a "medium" of communication—spiritual of course. The amusement and mystery is greatly heightened by dressing in fancy costume for the occasion, and for a time wearing masks. We have seen some most elegant and becoming dresses worn on these occasions, one of which was the Indian Princess Pocahontas, another that of a lady of the court in the time of Louis XIV., a third Queen Victoria in her scarlet petticoat and superb robe of pale lavender moire antique.

A young lady distinguished for her musical abilities, received a most flattering "surprise" a few evenings since, which is worth recording. About eight o'clock in the evening, as many as fifty masks presented themselves at her door, and were politely ushered into the parlor. On the young lady making her appearance, one arose and taking her by the hand, seated her in a chair in the middle of the room, at the same time placing a mask over her face. The others then joined hands and moved slowly round her, chanting a delicious melody, the words of which had been composed in her honor. Towards the close, a most beautiful laurel crown was placed upon her head, the party moving slowly off, until the music died away in a faint murmur. The design had been to keep her in doubt as to their personality, by taking an immediate leave, but the fastened door presented an unexpected obstacle; the family conspired to keep them and make a gay party of it, and the young lady soon recovered her senses sufficiently to do her part in entertaining her numerous band of admirers.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Robe of rich lavender moire with a double skirt, the under one of which is entirely plain. The upper skirt consists of broad stripes of moire, alternating with blocked stripes in black satin and white moire, and is completed by a handsome border edged with black guipure on both sides. The corsage is low, plain and perfectly straight around the waist, where it is confined by a belt; a black and white stripe is arranged so as fall into the side seams. The cape, which forms the high neck is made of plain moire, with a border to match the skirt, and may be removed at pleasure. It is fastened down the front with small mosaic buttons. When the cape is removed, the first puff forms the sleeve, and consists of a stripe of the black and white blocks. The lower part of the sleeve consisting of a puff of plain moire, terminating in a flounce of the black and white stripe, may be attached by a narrow binding being placed on the edge of the puff, to which three tapes are sewed, and

these are readily confined to the top of the sleeve. Collar and flounced undersleeves of Honiton guipure with handkerchief to match, and straw-colored kid gloves. The chapeau is of lavender uncut velvet, perfectly plain, with the exception of a branch of velvet blossoms at the sides, which are headed from lavender into gold with exquisite skill.

Fig. 2.—Robe of rich damask brocade, with the design of a Norman shield upon the superb golden ground. The skirt is double, the upper one being open in front and edged with a narrow brocade border; large rosettes with floating ends are placed on the lower corners. The body consists of a sort of jacquette, novel in style and extremely elegant for a walking dress. It is high in the neck, open in front, with a rolling collar, and has side lappets, which do not meet in front, but terminate where a vest of white moire antique begins. Three diamond buttons confine the vest at the waist, and it is strapped across the throat over a full embroidered chemisette. Plain sleeves with military cuffs, below which very fine embroidered ones are confined at the wrist by a narrow embroidered band. The bonnet is remarkably handsome, composed of amber corded silk, with a rich coiffure of black lace, the point of which extends to the tip of the curtain. In the hollows formed by the coiffure are bands of ribbon and velvet, and a border of drop bugle lace shades the edge of the front. It will be observed that the shape arrives nearly to a point at the centre of the front, and retreats very decidedly at the sides, the hollow being filled by a knot of ribbon on one side and velvet passion flowers on the other.

DESCRIPTIONS OF NEEDLEWORK.

This Department is under the Superintendence of Mrs. PULLAN, late of London.

A GAUNTLET CUFF FOR SEWING TO THE TOP OF A GLOVE; OR, AS WRISTBAND IN A SLEEVE. PAGE 376.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. 8-thread Berlin wool, drab-colored; 15 skeins of military scarlet or rose-colored 4-thread wool; 1 skein of bright violet; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of two cent satin ribbon. No. 1 Penelope hook. Two knitting pins, No. 14.

With 8-thread wool, cast on 16 stitches, and knit in plain knitting 14 rows. There will be seven ridges.

Fancy rows.—Slip 1. \circ Bring the wool over the front of the needle to the back; knit 2 together. Repeat from \circ . Knit the last stitch without bringing the wool over the needle.

2nd.—Slip 1. Knit a plain row. Repeat these two rows till there are 3 rows of holes.

Now knit 14 plain rows. Now 3 rows of holes; then 14 plain; then 3 rows of holes; then 14 plain rows, and cast off.

With scarlet or rose-color, crochet a row of long stitches along the sides, with 2 ch between each L, 16 dc stitches at each end. In each of the rows of ridges caused by the plain knitting, work a L stitch with 3 ch between each L, but making 5 ch at the end of each row, to turn with. The rows with the holes are left without working into. Along one side, with violet wool, work along the rose-colored row thus—2 dc u 2 ch, 3 ch. Repeat. Fasten off. Now run in the ribbon very loosely in this row, which should sit out like a frill, but take care not to double or crease the ribbon. Run in the ribbon next the wrist, and draw it up to the size of the glove or wrist: fasten the ribbon at each end with needle and thread.

A KNITTED SOCK. ADAPTED FOR A CHILD THREE YEARS' OLD. PAGE 381.

MATERIALS.—No. 20 *Massrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton*. Four steel knitting pins, No. 23.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.—K, means knit; K +, knit together; T f, thread forward; P, pearl; S, slip.

Cast on 96 stitches—that is, 86 on each 2 pins—and 24 on the 3d. Knit 1 round.

K 2. P 1 alternately for 40 rounds.

Knit 2 rounds.

Commence the pattern, observing to knit the alternate rows plain.

1st. Pattern round—K 1, T f, K 2 +, T f, K 2 +, K 1, K 2 +, T f, K 2 +, T f, K 2. Repeat.

3d. K 1, T f, K 2 +. K 1, T f, K 3 +. T f, K 6, K 2 +. T f, K 2. Repeat.

5th. K 1, T f, K 3 +. K 1, T f, K 1. T f, K 1, K 3 +. T f, K 2. Repeat.

7th. K 1, T f, K 3 +. T f, K 3, T f, K 3 +. T f, K 2. Repeat.

Now repeat from \circ 8 times more, which will make the leg the proper length.

Now divide the stitches for the heel by knitting 25 stitches on to the 1st from 2d pin.

Knit and pearl alternately 36 rows, but in each of the knitted rows pearl the 25th stitch, which makes the seam stitch at the back of the heel. K 2 + on each side of this seam stitch in 6 alternate rows. K 24 stitches, double the heel, and cast off the two sides together.

Take up the 24 stitches on the right side of the heel; continue the pattern with the stitches left on the two pins. Take up 42 stitches on the left side of the heel (these will form the foot). Knit the stitches taken up, with the exception of the last stitch on the right, and the first on the left side; which stitches pearl in the alternate rounds, and in 7 alternate rounds K 2 + before the first and after the last pearl stitch for the back. Now continue the pattern from the front of the foot for 66 rounds.

Knit 12 rounds (with the pearl stitch on each side in the alternate rounds). K 2 + after the first and before the last pearl stitch in the alternate rounds, until the stitches for the front are reduced to the same number as those for the back of the foot.

Knit 2 + on each side of the pearl stitch, in 9 alternate rounds.

Knit 2 + before and after each pearl stitch, until only 30 stitches remain on the pins, then cast off as at the heel.

PARISIAN FEATHER FAN. PAGE 381.

MATERIALS.—Rich white moire silk, green, blue or crimson Russia silk braid, gold thread No. 3. A wire frame and peacock's feathers.

The design must be marked on the silk, and then braided in any color that may be preferred, a line of gold thread being sewed along the outer edge of the silk braid. This not only gives it a very rich effect, but it has the effect of raising the braid in appearance. All the ends must be drawn into the wrong side. The wrong side of the fan is of plain silk, stretched over the frame and sewed closely along the wires. The feathers must then be sewed in their places; then the braided silk, and a narrow satin ribbon of the color of the braid, quilled along the centre, and sewed round the edge of the frame, will be found a great improvement. Gilt handles ought to be used for these fans.

OPERA OR MORNING CAP IN KNITTING. PAGE 384.

MATERIALS.—4-thread Berlin wool, white and colored, and fine bone knitting needles. Shaded peach, green or cherry wool looks very pretty with the white.

Cast on 96 stitches with the white wool. Knit the first row, part the 2nd, knit the 3rd and 5th, and part the 4th. Join on the colored wool, do the same; be sure that the last row of one stripe and the first of the succeeding one be knitted. This will reverse the stripes. When 9 stripes are done, 5 white and four colored, cast off very loosely, dropping every 3rd stitch; when you have cast all off, pull out the dropped stitches, thus making a series of ladders at regular intervals along the cap. Add a fringe along the cast-off edge, by crocheting in lengths of wool at each stitch. Draw up the ends, add strings of ribbon and rosettes of the same material at the ears.

BOOK CUSHION IN CENE KNITTING. PAGE 384.

MATERIALS.—One ball of No. 16 *Orné knitting wool*; No. 11 knitting pins; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of shaded amber; $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of deep claret Berlin wool. No. 2 Penelope hook, 1 yard of twilled colored lining; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of claret-colored cotton or silk velvet; as much bran as will stuff the cushion hard. Some silk gimp or worsted button fringe to match, and four tassels.

The *Orné* knitting ball consists of beautifully-colored threads of fine wool knotted at equal lengths, each knot terminating one row, and this when knitted up produces the engraved elegant design, which is twenty-two inches long by seventeen broad.

With the claret Berlin wool cast on 140 stitches, then join on the *Orné* knitting ball, and knit it in moss stitch, thus:

1st row. Slip 1. Knit and pearl each stitch alternately.



NEW BOSS. PAGE 377.

2d. Slip 1. Pearl and knit alternately.

Observe that the stitch which was pearled must in next row be knitted, and always slip the first stitch. By continuing this from knot to knot, the design will work itself out; but should the thread of wool be too long or too short, tighten or slacken the preceding stitches with a pin, or the finger and thumb, but invariably bring the knot to the edge. When the ball is knitted up, with the claret wool work a row of dc all round, making three stitches into each corner stitch of the knitting. Then, with shaded wool, work a row of double L stitches all round. These are made by twisting the wool twice over the hook; work three stitches in every stitch at the corner. Then, with claret wool, work another row; damp the knitting, pull it, and lay it between linen cloths under a heavy weight. Now make up the cushion, and trim it as in engraving. This work will wash and look equal to new, by mixing a little ox-gall with a little curd-soap lather, and washing it in the ordinary way, spreading it out to dry, and turning it frequently.

The above will make a very pretty ornament for the library.



GAUNTLET CUFF. PAGE 375.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.**APRON. PAGE 369.**

This illustrates an old style of apron, revived after having been doomed to obscurity a number of years. The material is black damask moire, ornamented with side bands of velvet edged with narrow guipure. Down the centre of these bands are silk tufts with pendent tassels. The top of the apron is gathered three times across, headed by a thick black silk cord which ties in front, and terminates in heavy tassels. Should a pocket be desired it may easily be inserted, and the entrance hidden under the edge of the velvet.

BOY'S DRESS. PAGE 372.

Our correspondent who supplies this illustration apologises for calling a garment for a boy a *dress*, but says that the present mode for boys and girls presents so few points of difference that the costume for one can hardly be distinguished from that of the other. The illustration consists of a skirt and jacket for a boy of four or six years old. The material is gray silk poplin with insertions of cross-folded blue silk. Five

of these assist in forming the polka part of the jacket, one is placed up the front of each sleeve and one up each side of the skirt. The width is graduated according to artistic rules of propriety, the skirt being the widest and in every case growing narrower as it reaches the top until it arrives nearly at a point. The edge is ornamented with blue silk braid, and the skirt lined with stiff gauze. Around the waist a belt of strong linen braces it across the vest, which is made of white picquet fastened with silver buttons.

MANCHETTE. PAGE 373.

This is an illustration of a very pretty and graceful manchette

MANCHETTE. PAGE 373.

This is composed of black silk and ribbon, the ribbon forming two volantes, one of which extends below the other. These are gathered on a foundation of black taffeta, over which is placed a small pointed cuff decorated with a border of bugles in medalion pattern. An elastic band confines it at the wrist, which is fastened with a jet clasp.

NEW ROBE. PAGE 376.

This is an illustration of a new spring robe from the importing house of USDELL, PIERSON & LAKE. The style is entirely



LACE FICHU. PAGE 378.

composed of black lace and colored ribbons. The foundation consists of black net, upon which rows of lace are placed, the lower part being divided off by five stripes of bright colored ribbon. It is pulled upon two steel springs or elastic bands, which confine it to the wrist. Above this four alternate rows of lace and ribbon extend upon the arms. The style of this can be infinitely varied by substituting white lace and dark velvet, or ribbon, or instead of the lace edging full puffed illusion; the last would have a charming effect in white illusion and dark velvet.

new and of remarkable beauty, presenting several peculiarities not, however, observed in the engraving. The material is of rich brown silk, the under skirt being entirely plain, while the upper skirt, in addition to the superb brocaded border, has a small figure, which is also applied on the part intended for the corsage. This is not seen in the cut as it is here given. Ten yards of plain silk is allowed for the under skirt, the entire robe containing about twenty-one yards, a narrow border accompanying it similar to that upon the skirt, which is intended for the waist and sleeves. This style may be obtained at this establish-

ment in all colors, a rare shade of green; brown, purple and lavender being particularly admired.

LACE FICHU. PAGE 377.

We present here the design of a very pretty fichu composed of lace, ribbon and velvet, which we commend to the especial attention of young ladies of "sweet sixteen," who admire low-necked dresses, and simplicity in white muslin. For such a style this design furnishes a very becoming accompaniment, and may be varied so as to suit an infinite variety of toilettes. The material is a bright cherry ribbon about three inches broad, checked with narrow black velvet, the narrower and smaller the checks the better. The upper edge is finished by a row of black velvet, inside of which is placed a narrow black lace. The lower edge has a quilling of cherry ribbon laid in box plaits, down the centre of which a narrow black velvet is run; under the quilling a deeper fall of lace extends across both sides of the fichu, growing narrower towards the points of the waist. In front round lace tabs support a large rosette and ends of ribbon, through the centre of which a row of narrow velvet is run, while at the back ribbon is inserted in the shape of a chemisette checked with velvet, edged with lace, and completed by a rosette without ends on the lower point.

"EXPANSION" HOOP. PAGE 380.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our lady friends an illustration of DORGLAS AND SHERWOOD'S new Expansion Hoop, which is just now exciting a complete *furor* in the world of crinoline. It is indeed a triumph of genius and art in this department, which nothing of the kind that we have before seen will bear any comparison with at all. There are ten springs, with "shifting" slides, so arranged that the skirt can be contracted or expanded at pleasure, without any danger of the sudden collapse which follows the movement of the old hoops with gutta-percha slides.

DOUGLAS AND SHERWOOD'S "Adjustable Bustle," exclusive to their establishment, also accompanies the Expansion Hoop, with an improvement in the manner of graduating the springs, which adds much to the elegance of the contour. The form of the skirt is perfectly symmetrical and beautiful, and the springs possesses a wonderful flexibility and elasticity, attained only by long experience and every facility for preparing and tempering the steel to the precise degree required for strength and delicacy. The band at the waist is supplied with a metal hook and three eyelets, so that the size may be graduated to any degree required. The shifting slides, hooks and the like are plated with silver, so that they present a perfectly elegant appearance.

SOME PLEASANT STORIES FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE STORY OF THE MERCHANT'S SON.

THERE was once upon a time a rich merchant, who chiefly traded with Turkey, and who had an only son. Every year he sent a great ship to the Levant, and when it returned, it was always full of the most precious goods. When he had become an old man, and could not make sea voyages any more, he thought he might try what his son could do, and send him for once instead.

The young merchant had a fine ship, a great purse of money, and plenty of good advice to take with him. But one special warning his father gave him, which was, to abstain from trading in human flesh in any way.

He set sail with a fair wind, and dropped anchor in Turkey. Then he put his purse in his pocket, and went to the town to see what good things he might buy. Under the gate were standing a number of people; and when he came up to them, he saw the body of a black slave, whose master had put him there because he would die instead of working, and because the old Turk did not know how to expose him to a greater shame, than leaving his body in such a place. As the young man had a very good heart, he went and asked if he could not buy the poor slave's body, to bury it honestly. At first the bad old Turk would not hear of it; but when the young man kept asking him for it, and offered him all the money he had got, he gave way.

You may fancy how angry the old merchant was, when his

son came back with an empty ship, and told him what he had bought with his money. He swore never to send him out on a voyage again; but after a year his wife had so persuaded him, that he sent his son again. When he got back and went into the city, there he found a beautiful garden, where a most lovely woman was confined. He asked her how she came there; and she told him how she had been taken by a pirate at sea, and sold to a Turk; she was well cared for, certainly, but still she was a slave. He ran at once to her master, and asked him what he would take for the lady, no matter how much. It was no use for a long time, however; but at last they agreed upon such a price, that he was obliged to sell his ship, and give all the money he had, except about as much as to pay his passage in another ship with his wife. They got home; but he did not dare to meet his father. He hired a lodging with a friend, and sent word privately to his mother, that he had come back. His mother was very kind, and sent the young couple food and money, and at a good opportunity she told her husband about it. But he would not have anything to say to his son. Then the young wife gave her husband ten shillings, and told him to buy certain things with it; and when he brought them, she locked herself in her room for a week, and told him that he must not come near her all that time. When the week was at an end, she had embroidered a splendid dressing-gown, and she sent him to market with it, telling him not to sell it for less than five hundred pounds.

As he sat in the market-place, there was quite a throng to see this beautiful thing. The old merchant came down, too, and the thing pleased him so much, that he offered his son six hundred pounds for it; but he said, "If you will not have me, you shan't have the dressing-gown;" and that was an end to their friendship. When he had sold the dressing-gown to another person, he brought the money to his wife, and told her that everything was at an end between himself and his father.

Then she sent him out for a pound's worth of things, and remained alone for a fortnight. When the time was at an end, she said to him, "I have been with your people, come now with me to mine." They hired a ship; but the young lady fetched a flag she had been embroidering, with an account of who she was, and what she had been doing. The flag was nailed to the mast, that everybody might see it who passed.

Now I must tell you, however, that she was a princess. Her father had three most beautiful daughters, but they had all been stolen from him; and for three years her father's ships had been sailing about the world seeking them. One of these ships came along and saw the flag, and sailed up directly. The princess and her husband went on board of it, and off they went home as fast as ever they could sail.

The captain and chief officers of the vessel, however, were three great scoundrels; they wished to have the reward for the safety of the princess themselves, and so they agreed to throw the young merchant overboard as soon as it was dark, while he was asleep.

But no sooner had he touched the water, than a great black fellow was beside him, holding him so that he could not sink; but he was very much frightened, for he thought that some evil spirit had got him. In the morning the black put him back on board, and when his wife was sitting there lamenting at what the three scoundrels were telling her, that he had fallen overboard in the night by accident, the door opened, and he walked in quite well. The three murderers thought that he had somehow climbed up again, and pretended to be very glad that he was safe. But this time they laid a trap for him, so that he fell through a hole into the water, and did not come back again. Then they went on with a fair wind, until they got to the dominions of the king. The old king was very delighted, and asked who had saved his daughter?

"We have done it, your majesty," said the murderers; and as they had made the princess swear that she would not tell anything, they became great men, and the richest of the three was to marry the princess. When she saw that it must be, she begged for a year's respite; and when the time was gone, she said she was willing to marry that one amongst them who would have the bridal chambers painted according to her idea. All the painters in the world were now summoned together, but none could do right; she always said, "It was not according to her idea."

Now we must see what has become of the merchant.

When he fell into the water the second time, the black had seized him by the arm again, and carried him off through the air. As they were going along, he told him that he saw very well how badly things were going, but he might still be saved, if he would give him the first child that his wife bore him upon its twelfth birthday. In his distress, the merchant promised anything, and was only glad that matters were not worse. The black flew away with him for a long time, and at last landed him near a warm moss hut, far, far away on the stony shore of the ocean.

There he lay, and was hungry and thirsty; and he began to wish for a kabob and some sherbet, with a good narghilly, at Buynderé. And he had thought about these things, and there they all were. And everything that he desired came in the same way. So he lived for a year, and ate and drank of the best, and stared at the sea. At the end of this time, the black came, and asked him if he would become cream-tart baker in a great city? He did not know anything about baking, as he had never studied it; but in order to get away from the solitary hut, he consented, and the black flew away with him again, and put him down before the door of a baker who just happened to want a journeyman. Now, as the merchant had had a long journey, of course he was a journeyman, and just suited the baker. He went to work directly, and he managed so well, that he was soon celebrated as the most excellent baker in the town. The king heard of it, too; and as he was very much pleased with the baker and his goods, he said that as he knew how to adorn his tarts and cakes so well with verses and pictures, perhaps he was able to paint his daughter's bridal rooms according to her idea.

He was very ready to do this, and painted the three rooms in a most beautiful way; and in the third he painted the whole account of the way in which he had released the princess, and he had been betrayed. When he had finished, and was gone home, the princess came with all the court to see. In the first room she was astonished, in the second she said that it was finished quite right, and when she saw the pictures in the third room she fainted away. When she came to herself, she fell at her father's feet weeping and crying, and saying that no one could have painted those pictures but her real deliverer and husband; and she could not keep her oath, and told everything.

The king went into the room, and saw at once how he had been deceived; and he had the bad men put to death that hour. In the castle, however, there was a great festival, and the whole country was to rejoice also, for the merchant had got his dear wife again, and the kingdom too.

From that day he lived in the greatest happiness possible; his parents were fetched, and the princess had a beautiful little son, to which the old merchant was godfather; and it grew up into a handsome little prince. But when the child was ten years old, the father mourned; for he thought of the promise he had made to the black, when he was flying away with him through the air.

Of course he always thought—better a king in a palace than a beggar in a hut; but when the child had passed its eleventh birthday, he couldn't stand it any longer, and told his wife everything. She was much more miserable about it than he was; and they laid the boy between them in bed every night, to be sure of it.

When the last night had come, and twelve o'clock struck, three knocks came to the window. The parents jumped out of bed amidst tears and sighs, and the father held the child out of the window. Outside there stood the black, and asked him who he thought he really was? Did he think that he was an evil spirit?

Then said the black, "No, I am he whose body you buried in Turkey so kindly, and to preserve you I have stayed above ground until now. Keep your child, and think of me while I sleep in the dust. Mercy and charity are never thrown away."

THE DUTCHMAN'S STORY.—AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH.

Not many years ago I was returning by steamer from a visit to a distant part of Europe. The weather was lovely, the passengers were numerous, and all seemed to enter heartily into the pleasantness of the scene. One of the travellers, a fine portly man, passed some hours in friendly conversation with me; and,

from observations made by him at various times in the course of the evening and the following morning, I formed the opinion that he was a man who had been well brought up in his youth. I told him my opinion, adding that I thought his parents must have been persons of piety.

"That," said he, "is just it."

I observed to him: "Although you speak English so well, I perceive that you are not a native of England."

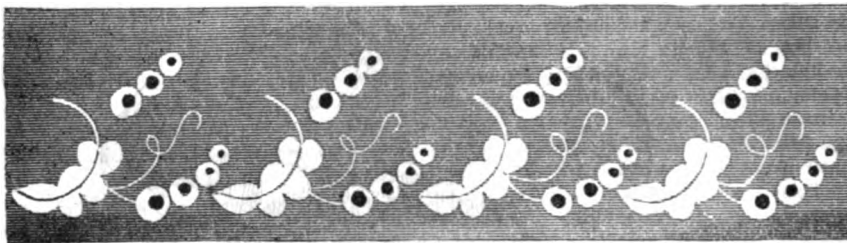
"No," he replied, "I am a Dutchman; and as you think I was well brought up, I will tell you my history. My father and mother were very excellent people, and although they were both rich—for my mother had property as well as my father—yet we lived very frugally, and I was brought up strictly. But, unfortunately, when I was little more than a youth, I quarrelled with my father, and resolved to leave home. I inserted an advertisement in an English paper for a situation as clerk, and I succeeded. My employer, an English merchant, agreed to give me £120 a-year salary."

"That was," I replied, "a large salary for a young man just beginning life."

"That's just it," said my Dutch friend; "but it was given me because I could write and speak four languages—Dutch, French, German and English. A knowledge of several languages is always valuable to a man, and I found it so. My employer treated me kindly, and expected me to be attentive to my duties, and I was very attentive; for I assure you I kept an uncommonly sharp look-out after business, and for two or three years all went on well."

"One evening, having received my quarter's salary of £30, I called up my landlady, and paid my rent; for I made it a rule to have no debts. After this settlement of money-matters, I strolled forth for a walk, and found myself in the neighborhood of a West-end square. I passed a house, which some one standing by told me was a gambling-house. I had never been inside one of these places; so, tempted by curiosity, I entered; although I had no sort of business to go there. But so it was. I suppose the devil put it into my mind; for, without thinking of the danger I incurred, I passed into the room, and mingled with a large company—some engaged in play, and others standing by, greatly excited. There I found abundance of costly wine, provided without any charge. Induced to partake of it, I was soon led on to play. I continued drinking until I was thoroughly intoxicated; and in this excited state I remained playing a great part of the night. Sometimes I was very fortunate, and then a run of ill luck would sweep away my winnings. At a late hour I got home, and the next morning I awoke in a wretched state, with a fearful headache. As soon as I had recovered myself, I examined my pockets, and found that £4 6s. was all that was left out of my quarter's salary. Here was a dilemma for a man to be in. What was I to do? How was I to live for the next three months? for I had always been accustomed to pay for whatever I had at the time I received it. I asked myself what was to be done. I could not apply to my father, for he would do nothing for me. I could not borrow; for who would be so foolish as to lend a man who could not live upon his income? I could not say a word to my employer; for he would naturally say, 'I see you are a young man of bad habits; you get into improper company, and you'll not do for me.' So I should not only not get any help by that move, but should probably lose my situation. After sitting about a quarter of an hour buried in thought, I decided what to do. I fancied I had some firmness in me, and I resolved to test it. I rang for the landlady, and, when she appeared, I told her at once that I had acted very foolishly; that I had been to a gambling-house, and, under the influence of wine, had lost my money; that, if I stopped in her lodgings, she would not get paid for some time, and that therefore she had better let me go. She, prudent woman as she was, thought if I could not pay my rent, it would be much better that I should go, and go at once: so that point was settled."

"I then started off room-hunting, and, after a very long walk and much trouble, I found a room to let at two and sixpence a-week. You may rely upon it, it was not a very genteel neighborhood; 'but,' I exclaimed, 'this will do for me.' 'When will you come, sir?' asked the woman. 'Come,' I said, 'I will come this morning.' I returned and brought my trunk upon my shoulder; for paying a man to carry it, or taking a



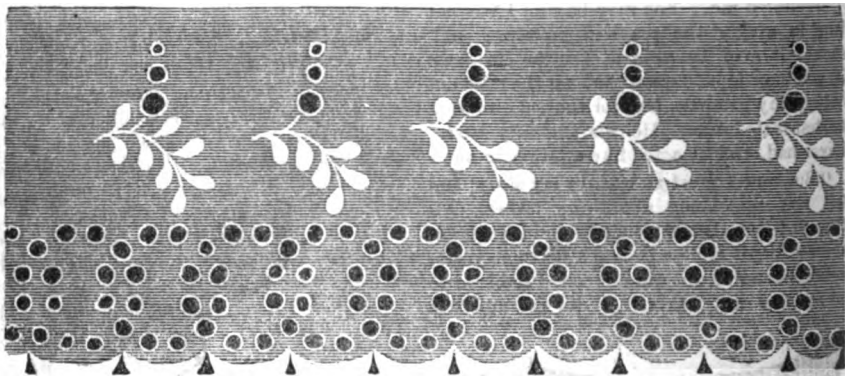
PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

coach, was quite out of the question. As soon as I was installed into my new abode, I settled my plan of living: breakfast, one penny roll and a glass of water; dinner, one penny roll and a red herring; tea, nothing; supper, the same; laundress, one shilling a-week—that was unavoidable. I said not a word to any one about my change of apartments, but kept the whole matter to myself, as exposing my own folly could do me no good. This plain fare was very trying to a hearty young man; still I persevered.

"One day, as a kind Providence would have it, I met an old friend of my father's, a German gentleman, who invited me to dine with him once a-week. I longed to do it, but I was afraid of wearing out my welcome; so I compromised it by agreeing to dine with him every other week; and I cannot tell you with what joy I used to awake on that morning, when I knew it was roast beef day; for my host was very regular in his habits, roast beef being a standing dish. I shall never forget how I used to eat on those days, and how thoroughly I enjoyed myself; for he was a kind old man, and was fond of talking of my father and our friends. One day he exclaimed, in his broken English, 'I am, my dear friend, very, very glad to see you, and you are very welcome; but I must say that when I was a young man myself, I did have a good appetite, yet never since I was born did I see anybody with such a wonderful appetite as you;' and then the old man roared with laughter, as he gazed on the beef. And well

he might; for certainly I did attack the roast beef with real earnestness. I was like the poor lad at the ordinary, when his father whispered, 'You must eat, my boy, for to-day and to-morrow.' 'Yes, father,' was the obedient reply, 'but I have not done for yesterday and the day before yet.' This was exactly my case; and I do believe that it was the good cheer once a fortnight that enabled me to hold out—all the time keeping my secret. At all events,

hold out I did; and at the end of three months, on taking stock, I found that I had four shillings and sixpence left. By this self-denial I recovered my balance; and although at that time I had at least a hundred thousand pounds a year pass through my hands, I feel thankful to say that I never once felt tempted to borrow one shilling. When I saw that four and sixpence was left, I said to myself, 'I am used to this hard fare; come, I will try it for another three months.' I did try it, and at the end of the second three months I took stock

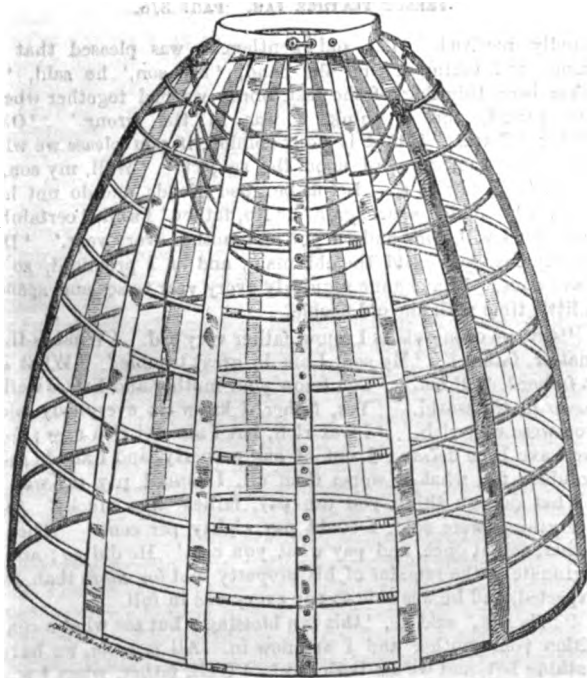


PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

again, and found myself with £24 left out of my quarter's salary. I was then ahead of the world, and from that hour to this I have never wanted money. But, although I escaped all injury from this course of rigorous self-denial, I could not recommend my example to every young man, since many constitutions would be likely to suffer permanently thereby.

"My master was a noble fellow, and I'll tell you how he served me. After I had been with him five or six years, he one day called me into his private room, and said, 'Young man, what are your plans? I suppose you do not intend to be a clerk all your life.' I said, 'Certainly not, sir, if I can help it.' 'Your salary is £120 a-year.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, I intend to raise it; so from this time I shall allow you £250 a-year, and at the end of three years you may speak to me again.' I thanked him very heartily, as you may imagine; and I did something better—I took good care to attend pretty closely to business; for I was determined that his generosity should not be wasted on me.

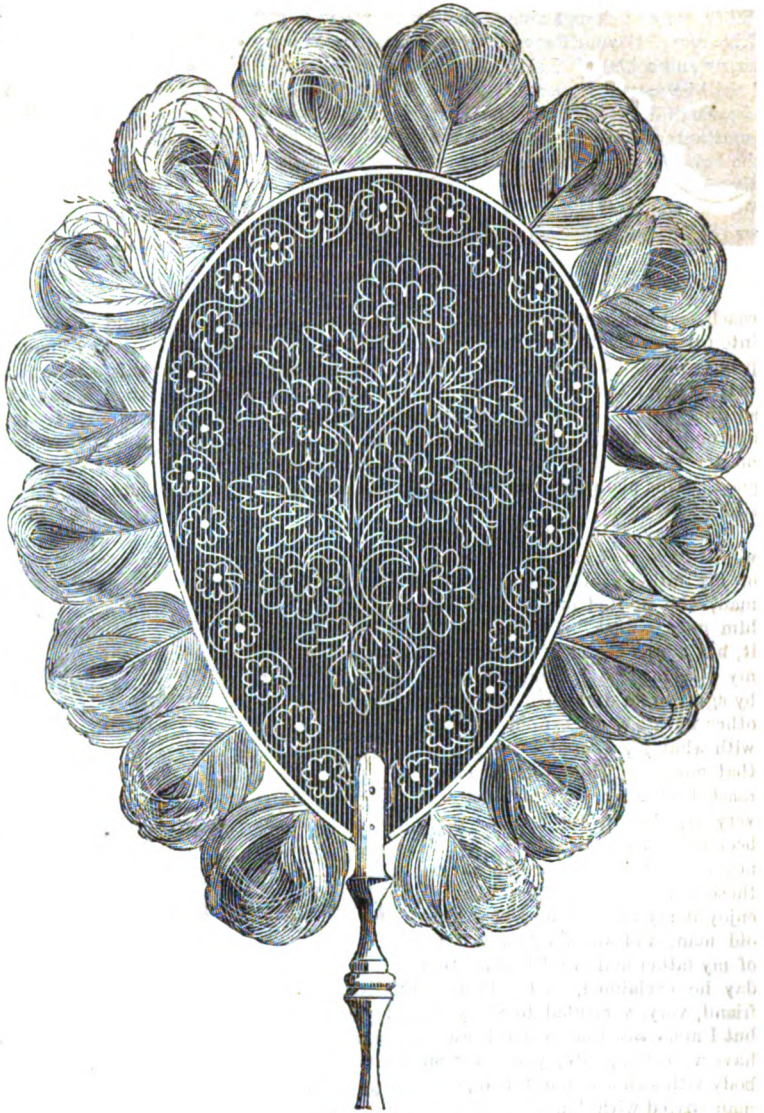
"Before the three years were expired, he spoke to me again. 'I am told,' he said, 'that you have done a very foolish thing—you are married; is it so—upon so small an income?' I said, 'Yes, sir, I am married; and if I have not acted very prudently, my son, who has not been many weeks born, ought to be by-and-by a match for any one in prudence, as his mother is a Yorkshirewoman, and his father a Dutchman.' Laughing at the idea of my prudent son, he turned to me and said, 'Well, as it is so, give my compliments to your wife, and tell her that I have sent her a little present for herself and her son.' Saying this, he gave me a letter, which, when I returned home in the evening, I playfully threw into my wife's lap, repeating the message, and telling her that the governor had sent her a present. On opening it, to her delight she found £200; and this came very opportunely. Such handsome behavior made me think there was not another man like him in the world, and I felt it was my duty, as it was my delight, to attend to his interest, and do everything I could to please him. In this determina-



EXPANSION HOOP. PAGE 378.

tion I suppose I was successful; for not long after the gift he again spoke to me on the subject of my salary, I having resolved in my own mind never to say a word to him on the subject, but leave it to himself. I asked nothing, but he of his own accord promised to increase my salary to £300 a year, and to allow me five per cent. upon all the business done, until it amounted to one-third of the profits. This arrangement continued for a few years, when he again, unsolicited, on my part, called me aside, and, referring to our last arrangement, expressed his satisfaction, adding, 'Whatever I do, I wish to do well. I therefore now agree to allow you one half of all the profits of the concern. It is a large one, and, as you know, a prosperous one. I want no money from you, and I want no bonds or agreements. All I ask of you is, that, as a man of honor, you promise me that, if any of my children, after my death, should ever stand in need of some one to befriend them, you will be a father to them as I have been to you.' Such liberality overpowered me. You may be sure I was not long in giving the required promise; and, should it ever be needed, I mean to keep it, you may depend upon that, for the sake not only of my promise, but for the sake of that noble-hearted man. He was the only master I ever had, and he acted like a father to me.

"But now I must go back in my story, and tell you something about my father. Although I had always plenty to do in England, I never forgot Holland: and after some years, notwithstanding the old quarrel, I resolved to go and see my father. I did go, and was



FRENCH FEATHER FAN. PAGE 375.



KNITTED SOCK. PAGE 375.

kindly received. The old gentleman was pleased that I came, and taking me by the hand, 'My son,' he said, 'I have been thinking of the last words we had together when we parted, and I think I was in the wrong.' 'Oh, father!' I said, 'if that is your opinion, if you please we will never say another word upon the subject.' 'Well, my son,' said father, 'be it so. Let us be good friends, and do not let us ever be so long apart again.' 'No, father,' I said, 'certainly not; for I will come and see you and mother every year.' 'Do so, my dear son,' said the old man; and as I promised, so I have done. I have gone regularly every year to see and spend a little time with the old people.

"On one of my visits I found father very sad. 'What is the matter, father?' 'My son, I am in great trouble.' 'What is it father? Tell me.' 'You know your mother and I were well-to-do in the world.' 'Yes, father, I know it; everybody said you were very rich.' 'I was rich, but I am not rich now; for we have been defrauded out of our property, and I am in sad trouble; for, what is worse than all, I cannot pay my way.' 'What do you think you can pay, father—how much?' 'If everything were sold, I could pay eighty per cent.' 'Then, father, sell at once, and pay what you can.' He did so; and, fortunately, the remains of his property sold for more than he expected, and he was able to pay every one in full.

"My son," said he, 'this is a blessing; but see what a condition your mother and I are now in. All is gone, we have nothing left, and we are both old.' 'Well, father, when I was young, you and mother took care of me; so now, if you please,

father, we will change about, and I'll take care of you. So now drive away all your fears; do you and mother make yourselves happy and content. I shall share with you—that's just it; and I shall be none the poorer.' And so it has been; for notwithstanding all that I have done for the good old people, my circumstances have gone on improving, and now, in addition to the half of a good concern, I am very easy in my worldly affairs. My pious mother died lately; she had no property to bequeath me, but she left me her blessing. My father is still living, and we are the best of friends; and I feel it is a great pleasure to do something to make his old age comfortable. We are brought up in my country to have a great respect for our parents, and you may depend upon it, sir, that it is one of those things that is sure to bring a blessing. I hope to bring up my children with the same notions, that they may reckon nothing a trouble and nothing a sacrifice that can add to a father's welfare and a mother's comfort. This, my friend, is my history." And here, reader, ends the Dutchman's story. It is a remarkable example of a young man being rescued from great moral danger; but, ah! how few such escapes are there from the maelstrom of the gambling-table. Where one victim recovers himself, a thousand miserably perish. Pleasing, too, it is to see that such kind employers exist, and that kindness in this case produced so good a return. The narrative conveys suggestive lessons which both employers and employed would do well to lay to heart.

FEMALE LIFE IN EGYPT.

We probably form a false conception of the life of the harem, misled by writers who suppose its inhabitants to be swayed by a system of ideas different from that which really prevails among them. My own opinion is, that they are quite as happy as the rest of their sex, otherwise nature would not have given perpetuity to the institution, which seems quite as suitable to the East as very different institutions to the North. At any rate the women themselves are the best judges, and they appear upon the whole no less contented than their sisters of Christendom.

Besides, their seclusion is not so absolute as we imagine. I have seen respectable men and their wives going out to spend the evening pleasantly in the fields between Cairo and Shoubra, forming little groups, but not so far removed as to prevent conversation. They did not belong to the upper classes, which everywhere sacrifice the heart and its best affections to pride and vanity; but were probably shopkeepers, or what are called in the East, little merchants, extremely comfortable, and, as we express it, "well to do." At any rate, if mirth be a criterion, they were as happy as Greeks, for they talked, laughed, related stories and anecdotes, smoked, drank sherbet, and ate sweetmeats and all sorts of delicacies with much greater gusto than the same number of princes and princesses in the sombre North.

Again, when I visited the Mosque of Flowers, I saw at least four or five hundred women, many of them of the highest rank, distributed through the various aisles, in pleasant little groups seated on carpets, some sewing, others suckling their children, others talking and laughing, or eating and drinking, while their slaves stood round in attendance. As I was dressed like a Turk, they bestowed no more attention on me than on any other person. So I gazed on them at my leisure, while I affected to be regarding the architecture, the colors of the painted windows, and the materials of the pavement. Even in the bazaars, when not too strictly attended, the Muslim women sometimes venture to converse with strangers, sending forth their soft voices, at first, perhaps, from behind their veils, but as the dialogue warms, throwing these aside for a moment and exhibiting their beauty, as the moon flashes from behind a cloud.

One day, as I was examining some linen for a turban, a Turkish lady, who had likewise come to purchase finery addressing me quite in a familiar tone, said, "That, O stranger, will not suit you; but this," touching some Manchester muslin as she spoke, "will look very handsome, though the fashion now is to wear the fez plain." The ice being thus unceremoniously broken, we continued talking on a variety of topics, though the female slave who attended her displayed numerous signs of anger or alarm. But the mistress was not to be checked.

The rare opportunity of conversing with a Frank having presented itself, she was resolved to make the most of it, and went on chatting and laughing for a full hour at least. As she put several questions to me respecting the females of Europe, I ventured to inquire, in my turn, into the internal economy of the harem, respecting which she disclosed to me some curious particulars, fully confirmed afterwards by more than one Levantine matron at Alexandria.—*St. John.*

SCENE IN THE TIME OF PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.

A *SPLendid* drama was then being enacted before the world. The Ottoman empire, the dread of the Christian nations, represented to the West the martial spirit of that race which, distributed into many branches, had overwhelmed the East, and broken up all its empires. The Turkish navy, emulating that of Spain, contested with it the ascendancy of the Mediterranean. Fortified stations, distributed along the Andalusian and Valencian coasts, a roving fleet of galleys, perpetually on guard, and successive expeditions against the Barbary strongholds, did not suffice to check the aggressive impulses of the Mohammedan powers. The heroic fraternity of the Knights of St. John opposed them at many points, but also excited them to new acts of hostility and daring. The defence of St. Elmo supplies an example of these facts. The artillery of the Turks opened with dreadful effect, as they concentrated their fire on the naked walls of St. Elmo. No masonry could long withstand the tempest of iron and ponderous marble shot which were hurled from the gigantic engines of the besiegers. Fragments of the wall fell off as if it had been made of plaster; and St. Elmo trembled to its foundations under the thunders of the terrible ordnance. The heart of the stoutest warrior might well have faltered as he saw the rents each day growing wider and wider, as if gaping to give entrance to the fierce multitude that was swarming at the gates.

The grand assault was made. The besieged concentrated their aim on the formidable body of janizaries who were hurrying forward to the assault. Their leading files were mowed down, and their flank cruelly torn by the cannon of St. Angelo, at less than half a mile's distance. But though staggered by this double fire on front and flank, the janizaries were not stayed in their career, nor even thrown into disarray. Heedless of those who fell, the dark column came steadily on, like a thunder cloud; while the groans of the dying were drowned in the loud battle-cries with which their comrades rushed to the assault. The fosse, choked up with the ruins of the ramparts, afforded a bridge to the assailants, who had no need of the fascines with which their pioneers were prepared to fill up the chasm. The approach to the breach, however, was somewhat steep, and the breach itself was defended by a body of knights and soldiers, who poured volleys of musketry thick as hail on the assailants. Still they pushed forward through the storm; and, after a fierce struggle, the front rank found itself at the summit, face to face with its enemies. But the strength of the Turks was nearly exhausted by their efforts. They were hewn down by the Christians, who came fresh into action. Yet others succeeded, those who fell, till thus outnumbered, the knights began to lose ground, and the forces were more equally matched.

Then came the struggle of man against man, where each party was spurred on by the fury of religious hate, and Christian and Moslem looked to Paradise as the reward of him who fell in battle against the infidel. No mercy was asked; none was shown; and long and hard was the conflict between the flower of the Moslem soldiery and the best knights of Christendom. In the heat of the fight an audacious Turk planted his standard on the rampart. But it was speedily wrenched away by the Chevalier de Medran, who cut down the Mussulman, and at the same moment received a mortal wound from an arquebuse. As the contest lasted far into the day the heat became intense, and added sorely to the distress of the combatants. Still neither party slackened their efforts. Though several times repulsed, the Turks returned to the assault with the same spirit as before; and when sabre and scymitar were broken, the combatants closed with their daggers, and rolled down the declivity of the breach, struggling in mortal conflict with each other. In this contest the knights made use of iron

hoops, bound with cloth, steeped in nitre and bitumen, which, when ignited, burned with inextinguishable fury. These hoops rolled down upon the assailants, inclosed them in fiery circles, and produced a conflagration amid the mass of their flowing attire.—*Prescott.*

HANNIBAL.

BORN in the camp, the Carthaginian general possessed every quality necessary to gain the confidence of his men. His personal strength and activity were such, that he could handle their arms and perform their exercises, on foot or on horseback, more skilfully than themselves. His endurance of heat and cold, of fatigue and hunger, excelled that of the hardiest soldier in the camp. He never required others to do what he could not and would not do himself. To these bodily powers he added an address as winning as that of Hasdrubal, his brother-in-law—talents for command fully as great as those of his father, Hamilcar. His frank manners and genial temper endeared him to his soldiery: his strong will swayed them like one man. The different nations who made up his motley army—Africans and Spaniards, Gauls and Italians—looked upon him each as their own chief. Polybius twice remarks, that amid the hardships which his mixed army underwent for sixteen years in a foreign land, there never was a mutiny in his camp. This admirable versatility of the man was seconded by all the qualities required to make the general. His quick perception and great sagacity led him to marvellously correct judgment of future events and distant countries, which in those days, when travellers were few and countries unknown, must have been a task of extraordinary difficulty. He formed his plans after patient inquiry, and kept them profoundly secret till it was necessary to make them known. But with this caution in designing was united marvellous promptness in execution. "He was never deceived himself," says Polybius; "but never failed to take advantage of the errors of his opponent." Nor was he a mere soldier. In leisure hours he delighted to converse with learned Greeks on topics of intellectual interest. As a statesman, he displayed ability hardly inferior to that which he had displayed as a general.

Against these great qualities he was traditionally reported to have been cruel even to ferocity, and treacherous beyond the common measure of his country. But even if we believe the bad faith of Carthage to have been greater than that which Rome showed towards foreigners, yet we hear of no single occasion on which Hannibal broke faith with Rome. With regard to his cruelty, there can be no doubt that he was indifferent to human life when success could be gained by its sacrifice; and on several occasions we find him, under the influence of passion, treating his prisoners with great barbarity. But though he had been trained to consider the Romans as his natural enemies, to be hunted down like wolves, we must remember that he forgot not to treat worthy foemen, such as Marcellus, with the magnanimity of a noble nature. And after all, it is somewhat out of place to expect refined humanity from a leader of mercenaries, who had been bred in the camp and had lived from his earliest boyhood in the midst of war. But whatever might be the ability, whatever the hardihood of the young general, he required it all for the great Italian enterprise which he achieved. To penetrate from the Ebro to the Po, with chains of giant mountains to bar his progress, through countries partly barbarous and for the most part hostile—without roads, or maps, or accurate knowledge of his route—without certain provision for the food and clothing of his army—without the hearty concurrence of his own government—was an undertaking from which the boldest might shrink; and to have accomplished this march with triumphant success would alone justify the homage which is still paid to the genius of Hannibal.—*Dr. Liddell.*

ABSURDITIES OF LIFE.

Nor to go to bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour.

To stand in water up to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean dry market.

Men committing suicide to get rid of a short life and its evils, which must necessarily terminate in a few years, and thus entering upon one which is to last for ever; and the evils of which they do not seem to take the wisest method of avoiding.

People of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables.

To buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of.

To suppose that every one wants to hear your child cry, and you talk nonsense to it.

The perpetual struggle of affectation to pass for an oddity.

To send your son to travel into foreign countries, ignorant of the history, constitution, manners and language of his own.

To tell a person from whom you solicit a loan of money that you are in want of it.

To call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbors frequently, but who was never known to give a dinner to any one who was really in want of it.

That any man should despair of success is the most foolish undertaking in the world so overstocked with fools.

Such a man is indebted to you for a large sum of money, and has no means in his possession or in prospect of paying you; that it may be utterly impossible for him to earn it by his industry, you immure him in prison.

To be passionate in your family, and expect them to be placid.

To think every one "a man of spirit" who fights a duel.

To take offence at the address or carriage of any man with whose mind and conduct we are unacquainted.

To laugh at the appearance and manners of foreigners, to whom we must appear equally ridiculous.

To occupy the attention of a large company by the recital of an occurrence interesting to yourself alone.

Not to wear a great coat when our joints are aching with rheumatism, lest we should be thought delicate.

SAGACITY.—The Sultan of Wadai Gaudeh, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Forian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One vizier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in this easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them. "How wilt thou do this?" said the sultan. "Bring me a she camel," replied the vizier, "with a man who knows how to milk!" The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the sultan's tent. Next morning the vizier caused the bowl to be brought to him, and found the milk quite black. So he went to the sultan and said, "Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night!" "How dost thou know that?" "Look at this blackened milk." "In what way has it become black?" "The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind." Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed, and looked out anxiously towards the west. In a short time the manes of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the eastern horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Forian sultan was slain.

A BARBARIAN.—It is related, that in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar a certain artist had discovered a way of making glass flexible and ductile. When he was admitted into Cæsar's presence, he handed a phial to him, which Cæsar indignantly threw on the ground, and it bent like a brazen vessel. The artist took up the phial from the pavement, and then, taking a hammer out of his bosom, he repaired the phial. Upon this Cæsar asked the artist whether any other person was acquainted with that method of making glass. When he affirmed with an oath that no other person knew the secret, Cæsar ordered him to be beheaded, lest, when this was known, gold and silver should be held dirt cheap, and the prices of all the metals be reduced. And, indeed, if glass vessels did not break, they would be better than gold or silver.

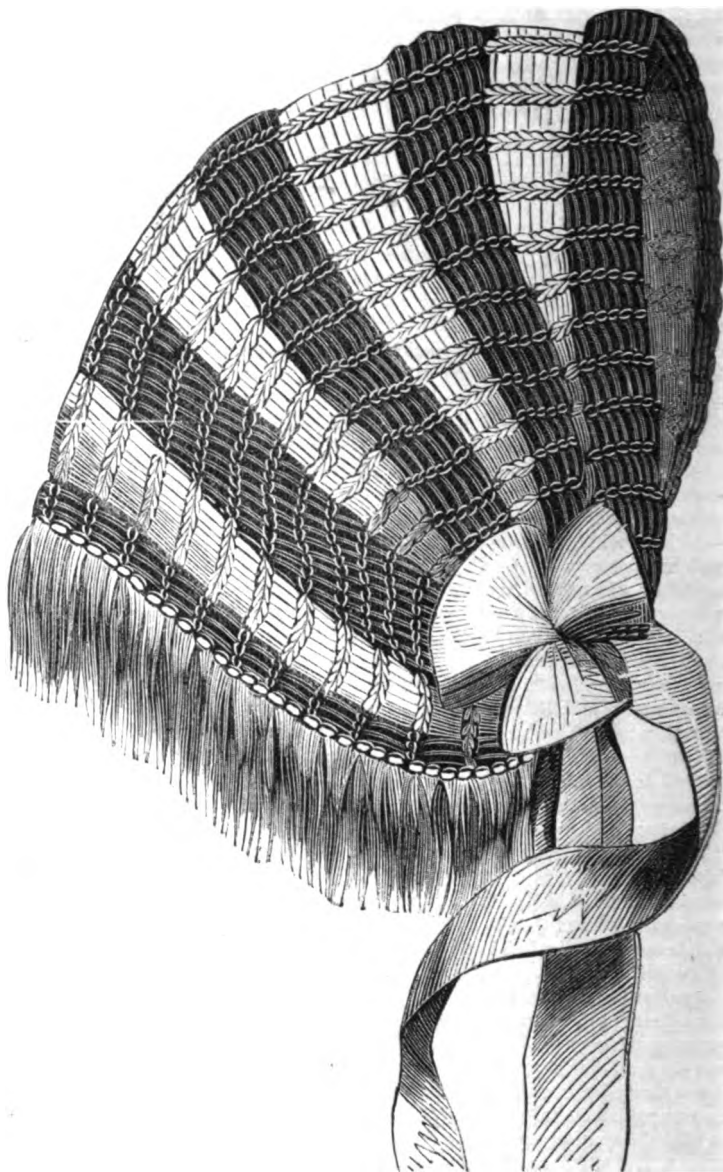
THE DEED OF A HERO.

In the reign of Queen Anne a soldier belonging to the marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Worcester, was taken up for desertion, and being tried by a court-martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being at the time in London, the command of the regiment descended in course to the major, a most cruel and inhuman man. The day on which the deserter was to be executed having arrived, the regiment, as is usual on these occasions, was drawn out to see the execution.

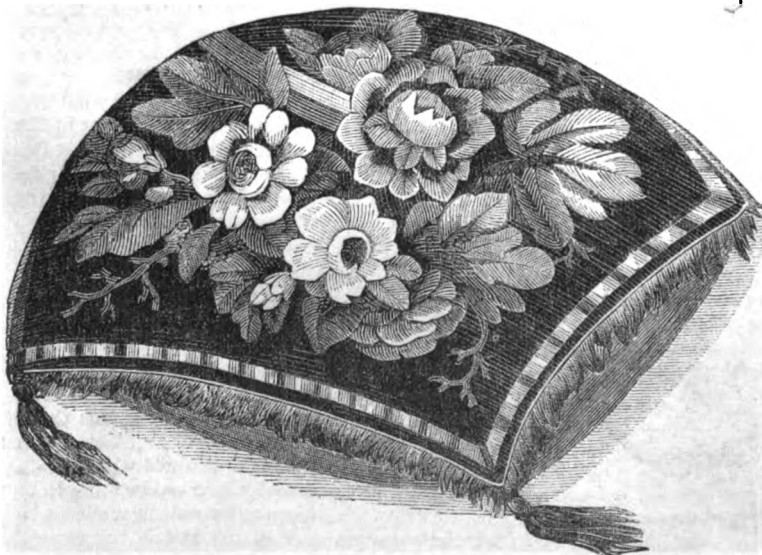
It is the custom to draw lots from the several corporals for this disagreeable office, and when every one expected to see these lots as usual, they were surprised to find that the major had given orders that the prisoner should die by the hands of his own brother, who was only a private in the same company, and who, when the cruel order arrived, was taking leave of his unhappy brother. On his knees did the poor fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his brother's death; and the poor prisoner begged to die by any hands than those of his brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could by no means be prevailed on to revoke his cruel sentence, though entreated to do so by every officer in the regiment; on the contrary, he swore that the brother and he only should be the executioner, if it were only for example's sake, to make justice appear more terrible. When much time had been wasted in fruitless endeavors to soften the rigor of this inhuman sentence, the prisoner prepared to die, and the brother to be the executioner.

The major, strict to the maxims of cruelty, stood close to see that the piece was properly loaded, but when the signal to fire was given, he instead of the prisoner received the bullet through his own head, and fell lifeless to the ground.

No one seemed to be sorry for this unexpected piece of justice on the inhuman major, and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had been witnesses to the whole affair, joined to entreat the officers to defer the execution of the other brother till the queen's pleasure should be known. The request being complied with, the city chamber that very night drew up a feeling and pathetic address to her majesty, setting forth the unparalleled cruelty of the



OPERA OR MORNING CAP. PAGE 375.



BOOK CUSHION. PAGE 375.

deceased officer, and humbly entreating her majesty's pardon for both the brothers. They were pardoned and discharged from the army.

JUDICIAL DISCRIMINATION.—Some of the modern judges must discriminate after the manner of the Dutch justice, before whom three inebriates were brought up. "What did you get drunk on?" said he, addressing the sorriest specimen of the three. "Blackstrap." "You be one big rascal to trink such poor stuff; I fines you five dollars." Rum was the next fellow's weakness, and he was fined two dollars, rum being a more respectable tipple in the estimation of the justice. "And what make you trunk, my friend?" said he to the third culprit. "Punch." "Go long mits you; I fines you just nothing at all. Why, I gets drunk mit punch mineself sometimes."

In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the hand of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got her father's foot.



NEW TALE. MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS. THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.



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MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE,

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine,

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER I.—PUPPY DOG SATAN, AND THE JOLLY PIRATE.

"HALLO! big Ishmael! What for now, big blackamoor Ishmael Toon? What has the pup done that you belabor him so hard?" quoth I, as issuing from my tent I confronted the tall, gaunt figure of the gipsy, his eyes like coals of fire, and his black hair streaming in disordered ringlets over his swarthy face and broad shoulders.

"Done! Master Geordie," he replied, nearly out of breath, and half ashamed of himself into the bargain; "done! why he's worried Tibby the terrier; fair strangled him, all out, and yonder he lies, heels up'ards, in the Danes' Dyke, never to hunt hare, or burrow rabbit, or fetch barndoor fowl to the Rommany tents no more."

"And as he finished his explanation, he turned his vicious eyes upon the puppy dog as he lay crouching on the grass, half inclined, I thought, to use his crabstick again over the poor brute's carcase. So I said to him,

"Well, big Toon, when did you learn to take a beating quietly from any second or bystander, after, and because, you had pummelled your man to his heart's content? This is not ring justice, Ishmael Toon, and no one of your tribe would stand by and see it done to you."

"But Tibby, Master Geordie! good book-talking Master Geordie!" in his most coaxing manner; "think of poor Tibby, the best dog we've ever raised; so slick and purty, so nat'ral marked, real black and tan, and with a muzzle like a pictur, and ivories long and sharp as nails, and a nose that never struck a false scent. By the Great Name! its enough to turn the airth to think on't. Poor Tibby!" he continued, and with a pathos that touched me deeply, "he will never again lie at my feet, or welcome me back to my kindred, or lick my face, or eat his crust from my hand!"

Saying which this half-savage dweller by the waysides leaned on his crab, hung down his head, and fairly quivered with emotions which he strove hard to suppress. So I broke in—

"But seeing that it was done in fair fighting, mine gaffer Toon, how is poor Satan here any way to blame? It was lick, or be licked, with both of them, and puppy Satan preferred the first. A bull-mastiff, young or old, never gives in. It s the nature of the brute."

Meanwhile Satan, the bull-mastiff pup, had crawled to my feet, as if conscious that I was pleading his part, and that I thought better of him than big Toon did; and so I spoke kindly to the dumb brute and bade him cheer up and be a good dog, and take to better ways—all which he seemed, by the friendly motions of his tail and the half-serious, half-comical leers which played in the corners of his eyes, as he looked up into my face, to understand quite as well as fighting. I took a fancy to the dog. He was a fine beast, not fully grown, but very powerful and well-proportioned. He showed his bull blood most in the head, which was massive, grand and noble; his jaws were of enormous strength, and fully armed with tearers and grinders, which might have cracked the leg of an ox. His chest was broad, deep and ample, and his muscular shoul-



MASTER GEORDIE SAYING SATAN FROM THE ANGER OF BIG TOON.

ders and forelegs—which last were bowed so that a wheel-barrow might almost run through them—were perfect in their conformation. His carcase was fairly fashioned, tapering slightly towards the tail, where the bull prevailed again, and finished with magnificent hind-quarters and legs, such as dog-possessed Lundseer would, in the dog-days, at least have worshipped as the incarnation of canine beauty. Add to this structure, a covering of soft, glossy skin; a matchless brindle—tawny-colored and striped with black—and Satan, the puppy dog, stands before you.

"Well, bully woe-begone," I resumed, "it's no use grumbling over what can't be helped, although I'm sorry for poor Tibby's fate; and you can't bring Tibby to life again by killing this ugly whelp as a sacrifice to his memory. So come down to the Jolly Pirate, and I'll stand treat for a pot of ale. Tibby shall have a wet funeral, and pup Satan, here, a new master. What, hot old fellow! with your black jowl and evil blinkers, will you serve me for love and grub, like a true devil, or follow the heels of big Toon for more kindness and worse luck?"

The sagacious brute, thus appealed to, jumped up on all fours, sprang forward and backward, bounded, barked and described all sorts of circles and semicircles, in token of his willingness to make a bargain with me. So I took him into service forthwith, and bully Toon and I ascended the hill towards the public-house which lay in the vale below.

We left the tents on our left hand; there were six in all, including my own, which I had pitched under the shadow of a great beech tree, close to a little brook which ran babbling over the white pebbles, and singing amongst the water-woods and tiger lilies, all the way down to the Danes' Dyke, where the tall trees and thick brambles hid it from the eye; although I knew well enough that it sang itself into the sea adjacent, where all its fairy woodland melodies were lost in the mighty roar of the brine. Some twenty men, women and children composed the gipsy village; about one-half of whom were absent upon foraging expeditions in the neighboring towns and hamlets, or grinding knives and mending chairs, pots and pans, at the country farm-houses and cottages. The men who were left behind were lying lazily on the grass, smoking short pipes, or playing and tumbling in the sheer wantonness of brute strength; whilst the women sat at the doors of the tents, some of the youngest in colored shawls and straw bonnets, as if ready for a journey, and others, older, in rags which did but half cover their swarthy nakedness, whilst their black hair hung in Eastern profusion over their backs and shoulders. One large mastiff, a lurcher and two bulldogs were lying in the sunshine close to the tents. Our old granny, Mabel, was boiling the iron pot, supported by cross-sticks, over a roaring fire, the fuel for which was stolen from the rotten hedgerows hard by; and troops of children, bare-footed, bare-legged and nearly naked, were romping around her. Three carts, placed in the middle of the semicircle which formed the encampment, were converted, by the help of tarpauling and canvas into so many tents, and the patriarchal horses and asses were grazing scanty food in the neighboring lanes.

We stopped for a moment at the top of the hill, and gazed upon the scene below. We saw the smoke of the camp fire rising amongst the tree tops; the wide expanded landscape; the romantic, deep, almost inaccessible Danes' Dyke—so called, because the doughty, raw-boned Danish sea pirates are said to have dug it right across the peninsula, which they thus converted for their own purposes of security into an island; the Dyke's mouths on either side opening their huge gullets to the sea, whose roar we could now distinctly hear in the distance. Big Ishmael, however, cared nothing for the landscape; his heart was with poor Tibby, lying stiff and cold in the Northman's fosse, and thus he apostrophized: "I tell you what, Master Geordie, it mayn't be the right thing for a man of blood to fash so arter a dumb dog, but devil's in me if I can forget the purty beast that was so knowin' and clever, and down to moves. Oh, the downy little black tan! Oh, the fond little black tan! Master Geordie! It makes me feel as queer as a Rommany buryin', to think I shall never see him at his tricks no more."

"Cheer up! bully Toon! You take on almighty hard about the beast, as if there wasn't another in the world," I replied.

"No more there is, Master Geordie! no more there is the like of poor Tibby—the fond, purty thing! In all these shires

I've never knowed one could match him. He never sent the game wide, but driv it all into the field-net, or into the snags in the hedge gaps, just as the bully boys wanted him. And for roosters!—oh! he was foxy—was poor dead Tibby!"

I bantered the big child in all kinds of lingo, which I thought might touch his pride and shake him out of his funereal humor, but all to no purpose. So we descended the hill in silence, and made straight for Flamboro' village, which at that time consisted of a few miserable huts occupied by fishermen, whose ancestors were in all probability those big-boned, huge-skulled sea-kings of Denmark, before alluded to as the conquerors and masters of this bold, rocky headland. Once or twice we stopped a moment to talk with Jack, son of Jack, and Jack, son of Jack's son, as they sat mending their nets by the doorsteps for big Toon was well known to these piscators of the deep.

The Jolly Pirate was situated by the roadside, a mile from the village, and about four hundred yards from the snug little bay called the "North Sea," upon whose high, sloping beach the fishermen, after their excursions, dragged their boats, to secure them from storms and breakers. Big Toon's throat was very dry, he said, as we entered the primitive hotel, kept by Polly Dradda, of this parish. There was but one room in it, which was open, with all its black, grimy rafters, up to the roof tree. Polly sat in an old rush armchair, with her nightcap on her head, a short pipe in her mouth, and a pot of ale by her side, ensconced in the ample chimney nook. Wood and peat were burning upon the comfortable hearthstone at her feet, and a long, pendulous pothook was suspended over the fire by an iron bar, which ran from wall to wall, athwart the chimney opening. Three legs supported a slab of rough-hewn oak, which called itself the table of commons and hospitality. Another chair, save toping Polly's, there was not in all the mansion, but instead were rude planks for seats, fastened by stakes into the unbricked, naked floor. One piece of furniture, there was, however, which seemed sadly out of place in the squalor and savagery of Polly's hostel. It was a large glass case full of stuffed birds, whose living *habitat* was clearly the region round Flamboro' Head. How came they here? What was their history? These were the natural questions which started in my mind; but the pot of ale was the first, indispensable, and Toon thought, natural thing, coming in its own right before either question or answer. So I wished the old crone good morning, and called for the ale.

"And who be ye?" she said, with an ineffable Satanic disdain expressed in her whole countenance, and more especially in the extra upturning of her blazing red snub nose: "Who be ye, I sud like to know, that comes into honest folks's houses, disturbin' their rest and drinkin's, and askin' for pots o' ale as if they grode on the cliff tops. None of your gipsy tricks wi' me, my cap-a-dandies! but if you want to wet your peepers, I maun see the dubs for the liquor. So fumble the sheep skin, and out wi' um, and meck no bones on't."

Big Toon's wrath got up like a storm at this most courteous welcome of the tawny strangers—and I make the word tawny applicable to us both, because being of Norman origin, with a cross of the ancient British blood in me, I am naturally dark, and have the gipsy eyes and hair; which, added to the dress I then wore—a velvet shooting coat, namely, a dog-skin cap and waistcoat, and corduroy breeches, with leather gaiters and tight laced water boots—gave me altogether a gipsy appearance. At all events, the compliment of mine hostess was intended for me as well as big Toon, and I was not a little amused to hear my tiny manikin do his swearings over it, although the reader might not be edified with them at second hand; indeed, he only made matters worse with Polly, who threatened to poker and turn out the giant, by mere force of her withered arms. Whereupon I interposed:

"Hold your clapper, big Toon! And you good mother of the potboys, take your ease in your own inn, and smoke your pipe out in peace and with good civilities, if you can. We are but a couple of rogues who live by poaching and housebreaking, it is true, but as you sell good beer at the Jolly Pirate, for good money to dry throats, I suppose you won't refuse to fill a foamer for a white bobby and give the true Christian change, so there's the shiner!"

"Hear him!" cried the old hag; "hear the new gipsy parson! Hear how he talks! Where did you get your book

larnin' from, mister jackanapes? Oh, you're a fine feller I'll warrant me, now, you are. And who said that Polly Dradda ever kept the liquor from the dry throat when the dubs was there? Hand it over here, ye crinky-cranky son of tinder-box, and let me look at the color o't. None o' your tricks wi' Polly Dradda. Ah!" she added, after due examination, and very carefully ringing it, "it's all right that music is, and may be ye be better chaps than I took ye for. The shinor's all right anyhow, and ye shall ha' the beer." So saying she gathered up her bones, and taking an old-fashioned pewter pot from the chimney wall, vanished behind a blanket, which was her proscenium both to the beer barrel and the bed roost. She speedily re-appeared, bragging and praising the beer, which foamed in all its drunken glory over the rim of the dull and sottish pewter.

"And now, big Toon, drink for your life, man, and drown the memory of our good mother's tongue here, along with poor Tibby's in the dyke."

"A rot on the good mother, Master Geordie," he shouted. "A rot on thee, old hell hag," he added, turning to the dame in volcanic fury. "She go down in the same drink of God Almighty's ale with my purty Tibby! Oh, Master Geordie, there's no book larning in that talk!" And Toon drained the pot.

"Bring another quart, mother," I said with emphasis, apprehending another storm after big Toon's speech. "Bring another quart, and don't mind this little infant's gabble. He's not right in his head; the last gale of wind blew a slate off it, and he's been a bit moony ever since."

"Cracked is he?" said she, laying hold of the empty pot and looking up maliciously into Toon's face; "cracked are ye, ye black loon! And that's why ye curse the good mother, is it? Now," she added, swinging the cup high above his head, "if I ain't sore mind to gie ye a taste of the pewter for your daft slang."

And I believe the beldame would have eased her sore mind in that particular way if I hadn't stayed her hand, and plied her with much soothing gammon. Baby Toon, however, never moved a limb, or took the least notice of the raving crone, but sat there in scornful silence, thinking no doubt of poor Tibby and her downy ways, the purty beast!

When the quart pot was replenished, the old dame set it down before me on the oak table.

"And what for now shouldn't ye drink, you bitter-sweet, as well as your big pal, I should like to know?" she asked. "Is only one throat dry in the company, or isn't there good measure of a pint apiece in the pot?"

"All right, mother," I replied; "pass it on to my tender chicken there; he likes it's savor, and the warmth of it will do the cockles of his heart good. I never drink such common stuff. My wine was brewed in paradise, if you ever heard of such a place, and the first man that tapped it was old Adam the gardener."

"What's the fool palaverin about, I sud like to know?" she replied, eyeing me with a curious baffled look, as if she didn't quite understand me. "A Rommany spalpeen, and shirk the drinkin's! Tell that gammon to the marines."

"Never you mind that, old woman—pass the pot on there, and bring me a screw of bacca."

"Who ever heerd the like, in the Lord's name, before? Pass the cup, and you no drink on't!" And so saying she hobbled away for the tobacco, shaking her head with ominous meanings.

After I had filled my pipe and spoke a Christian word to poor old Satan, who lay quietly under the plank settle, wondering, between sleep and wake, what all this hubbub meant, and whether it was likely he should be wanted shortly, I rose and walked up to the case of stuffed birds, intending by hook or crook to come at their history. There were sea-parrots, gulls, and the other ordinary birds of the neighborhood, ranged in well balanced picturing round a real *rara avis in terris*, a fine specimen of the almost fabulous black swan. The stuffing of the group was not in the best style, but the arrangement was good, and I heartily admired the little collection; and all the more because I found it in the possession of such a callous earth grub as Polly Dradda seemed to be, and had mainly proved herself to be. As I continued my examination, the crone of the fireplace, this two-gendered cock of the Jolly Pirate, called

to me across the room to come away from her lares, and not go "speering about there, anent things above a tawny's apprehension."

"Well said, old chimney witch," I replied; "well said and all out, like a surly devil's dam as you are. But I like the looks of these pretty things—they're so nat'ral like, and sit here just for all the world as they used to do when they were alive and flying, and had the range of the rocks to take their ease in. And may I eat granite for the next fortnight if ever I saw such a jolly fine bird as his black nob here. What do ye call him, mother?"

"What good will it do the like o' ye to know; ye thieven Jack-o-peep? Ye never shot or snared a bird o' that feather, nor never will; nor him nother, mayhap, and was luck to the day, as shot that king-o'-dainties on Speighton crags."

Oh, oh! thought I, earthed at last are you, thou beautiful, flinty mother fox! So there is a helm to your crazy ship, with its cargo of devil's lumber, is there? You, too, have got a corner in your heart that holds some secret and sacred thing, eh? The "him," who shot this bird, holds the key to whatsoever is good and womanly in you, Polly Dradda, if by Heaven's permission there be any qualities of this kind not utterly defaced in the boulder stone which you would call your "heart," I suppose. Let us try the lock and see. And with these rapid thoughts floating before me I replied:

"I, mother! I shoot a bird like that! why I never looked on the like of him before, and maybe never shall again. He must have been a rare chap, with a keen bright eye in his head, who brought that big beauty to the ground."

"Ye may say that, ye may well say that, ye ill-favored tyke! There's no lad on all the head fit to stand in his shoon. He war as strite as a young poplin tree, and as handy with his fists as the best tawny ye've got in the 'campment; and no chap in these parts could fling him in the wrestling ring, or beat him at the foot race, or wark a cobel, or shoot, or fish, wi' the likes o' him. Wac's me! he's left his old mother many a long year, and gone across seas to Ingies, and I shall never see him no more."

Here the old woman bent her head upon her hands, and sobbed audibly in her agony of these recollections, and the consciousness that all was lost to her for ever. And here also, big Toon, roused from his apathy by the last words of the old crone as she writhed with the pain of her wounds on this old cross of her Calvary, started up in undisguised amazement, his whole face burning with honest sympathy, and at two strides stood before the stricken woman, gazing on her for a few moments as if half afraid to disturb her, and yet resolute to speak to her.

"Mother," he said at last, she, in her turn, looking up and staring at him with the same eyes of wonderment, "Mother, I spoke as a tawny feller to you just now, in he lgeside lingo, swearing at you and calling you ill names; and I cussed you because I thought you'd no nat'ral feelings, and didn't care for anything but the rowdy dubs, whilst I was full up to the throat in kinder woman's chaffer about my purty dog Tibby lying dead in the dyke; and now I find that you've got a dog Tibby dead and gone too; and you never will see him no more; so I'm sorry, and here's my flipper on it." So saying, the big brute took the old woman's wizened hand in his mighty grasp and shook it as the storm blast shakes the dead pine, until I cried pitifully, "Enough, enough, big Toon!" for I was afraid he would shake her crazy bones out of their oilless sockets. She, poor baggage, was moved more than I expected by Toon's generous sympathy, and ended by inviting him to drink a pot of beer with her, which he very willingly assented to.

We returned to the encampment better friends with mine hostess than when we first entered her delicate hostel; and big Toon gradually grew more cheerful and reconciled to the loss of his dog as the day advanced; and for myself, I may say that I grew more attached to puppy dog Satan, fondling him a good deal, and much to his satisfaction, on our way homeward.

CHAPTER II.—MYRA, THE PROPHETESS.

It was evening when we approached the camp, and again we rested awhile on the hilltop, to watch the setting sun. Tiny Toon was not much impressed by the splendor of the landscape, as it lay stretched in golden glory before us; neither was he

affected by the scenery of the heavens, its cloud pomp and floods of wondrous coloring. He thought it would prove a fine night for poaching, and he was only sad because Tibby could not enjoy the sport with his bully boys. Up from the rocks below came the muffled boom and roar of the great sea, as it rolled its waves at their stony feet; the great sea with its multitudinous voices and dread primeval solitudes, mysteries and solemnities, before which the mightiest are impotent, and the divinest oracles are dumb, as in the presence of the Infinite Majesty. So felt not big Toon, for he gazed wistfully upon the camp fires below, thinking of his evening meal—which seeing that he had starved since breakfast time, was not to be wondered at in the carnal child—and to fill up the time which must elapse before he should be seriously seated for eating—that great work of human necessity—he filled his pipe with the precious weed and began imperturbably to smoke, as if all nature were made of the same material, and he were mocking its fabulous, illusory stability. In a few minutes we were in the encampment, and the sound of old Hiram's fiddle, mingled with laughter, dance and song, broke, I thought, somewhat profanely upon the stillness of the pious evening. Piety, however, had nothing to do with my Rommany friends; they had not yet grown into that atmosphere, but lived in the brute domain of nature, loving her wild forms and grim realities, her pot provender and uses, with the affection of savages. They were, however, as happy as they could be. No state politics, nor religious disputes, nor theory about the immortality of the soul; no fiery visions of the world to come, or the blessed life of heaven, troubled their sleep or digestion. The disease of thought, indeed, was unknown amongst them. They were genuine Autochthons; strong and vigorous in life and limb; and sun, and moon, and stars, and wind and weather were friendly to them. And I have found that nature, in dealing out her compensations, makes no unreasonable conditions to her children, and insists neither upon the highest nor the lowest life in any man, but regulates her rewards and punishments according to the obedience or disobedience which each one of us pays to the laws which he recognizes as highest. And hence, in her even-handed justice to my Rommany pals, she made them very happy, according to their ideas of happiness. Old Hiram sat upon the stump of a tree, playing energetically a jig tune, to which eight or ten pairs of feet were as vigorously dancing. The jolly minstrel was evidently in his element, and so were all the rest of that motley company. He, however, with his one eye and wooden leg, was the special man, who, by his grimaces and the cunning of his rapid fingers, put the flying feet into these ecstatic motions. No other person or fiddle could have done the like; and no wonder, therefore, that he was so great a favorite. He had been away from the tribe, wandering about the country from fair to fair, for six weeks, and had returned only an hour ago, playing his fiddle all down the road and straight into the encampment, amidst sundry whoops of joy and tantrums of his wooden leg. Big Toon gave him a shout of recognition, as he



OLD GRANNY MABEL.

danced across the green towards the door of granny Mabel's tent, and in the region of the blazing fire and boiling pot. Mabel was in the act of lighting her pipe with a burnt stick, as Toon squatted himself down before her.

"Where have you been these four hours, Ishmael Toon?" she asked, "letting the pot boil to waste, and the dainty dandy simmer to rags? You don't deserve a smell of the savory, let alone the sup and the bite; nor Master Geordie, there, nuther."

"Never you mind, granny, where we've bin; but hand out the trenchers and ladle up his wattles. I'll warrant his rags be better than

his bones to two hungry tawnies."

"Well said, big Toon," I chimed in, for hunger bides no delay.

Old granny scolded and grumbled, but straightway prepared the meal; setting before us a big loaf of wheaten bread, some large onions, and "his wattles" served up in the soup which he had made. Now wattles was a fine game cock, which having strayed from his legitimate walk in the fields of the adjoining farmer, came to a sudden, mysterious, and as I suspect, violent death, for his trespass. Be that as it may, however, he was very tender and good for the stomach, and as such was eaten, whether feloniously or otherwise. Puppy dog Satan came in for the bones, and was thus made an accessory after the fact; that is, supposing the cock to have been feloniously killed, which does not freely appear in the indictment. A felony more or less, however, was of no consequence to him after his morning's murder, perpetrated in the Danes' Dyke aforesaid. Nor indeed to us either, for we were hungry, and our consciences were not so tender as "his wattles." Mine, perhaps, ought to have been, but there was a doubt in the case, and the benefit thereof I gave—with some compunctions I confess—to the importunities of my appetite.

By the time we had finished our supper the dancing ceased, and Hiram came prodding along over the sward with a hop step, with his fiddle under his arm to our side of the camp, shaking hands alternately and lustily with big Toon and me, and ejaculating in his queer, grotesque manner, like a monkey who had seen the world. He was full, indeed, of monkey tricks, of quips, cranks, jokes, fun, odd stories, and catches of quaint songs; and withal there was such a streaming, laughing, jovial good-humor in him, that it was right pleasant to see and hear him.

"Back again to the old tents, you see, boys; back again like a bad ha'penny; lively as ever, and kickin' wi' fun; and glad as a May morning to see my ancient covies and flash pals and Rommany gals, and old granny Mabel, ugly and sable; and all the dogs and frogs the bogs, and snares and hares, and whatsumdevir will rhyme and won't, in all these parts, my hearts! With a rum-tum tididy-idy, hijo! Rum-tum tididy-idy hum!" And here the mad minstrel began to dance capers as mad as his doggel speech, scraping his fiddle the while and setting all the colony in motion again.

The moon by this time had risen bright and full in the sky, and the white mist stealing slowly from the valley enveloped the surrounding landscape, and gave a mysterious aspect to the coarse hedges and tall trees, and changed my dancing pals into finer than drawing-room folks and dung an air of enchantment round the rude tents. Old Mabel looked a veritable witch—half shadow, half substance—brewing her baleful brews over the fire and big Toon, sitting within a yard of me, loomed out like the shadow of a colossal giant.

Presently Ikey-Jack, a young savage of sixteen, the best shot in the tents, and the stealthiest of poachers, came riding in through the mist on a he-haw donkey, which was laden with flagons of beer, brought from Polly Dradda's hostel, to the great joy of all the tawnies, who now gathered in force round the replenished fire, for a boozing nightcap.

"Wel' done, Ikey!" shouted one and all, as the supple lad poured out the foaming ale, and handed the bowl to Hiram, for the first drink. "And welcome back to the tents of Ishmael, old merry fellow!" cried Toon, who, as Mabel's eldest grandson, was boss of the family and entitled to precedence, therefore, after the guest toast. And a merry welcome they made of it; the gipsy girls joining heartily in the chorus. Whilst they were



MYRA, THE PROPHETESS.

thus carousing, I stole away with Satan, unperceived, to my tent, and striking a light with my portable German tinder-box, lit a candle which was contained in the neck of a glass bottle, fixed on the top of a hedge stake, driven fast into the soil. After writing for an hour, I made some preparations for a ramble I proposed to take on the morrow, and then wrapping myself in my blanket lay down to sleep. All was now still in the camp, and nothing broke the silence of the night, except the solitary tramp of a horseman who rode past at full trot, just as I had composed myself on the straw litter which served for my bed. One thing, however, puzzled me, and kept me awake. There was a little tawny girl belonging to the tribe—a sister of big Toon's—and about eighteen years of age, who had been absent from us for a fortnight, but upon what business I could neither divine nor learn; for old Mabel preserved a mysterious and provoking silence about it, and she alone seemed to be in possession of the secret. I had made a pet of this girl ever since I had been in the encampment, and had a real liking for her, for she was extremely beautiful and modest also, and had such wild, sweet, winning ways with her, that I was delighted to have her near me. She used to come to meet me, as I returned from my shooting or fishing excursions, my town business, or rambles after the "flints," as the gipsies called the rare antiquities which I grubbed up out of the adjacent fields; and she was always welcomed with as many kisses as she could carry on her cheek and lips. I liked to kiss her. It put me in mind of pomegranates, Southern roses, and all the glowing sweet-scented flowers in the warm gardens of the East. She was no dingy savage, good reader, although she dwelt in the tents of Ishmael, but a beauty that would have adorned a coronet. She was a brunette, handsomer than any girl I have ever seen who comes under that style and denomination. Her eyes were large, dark and languishing, and full of fire and intense concentrated passion, which made me almost tremble sometimes as I gazed into their lustrous depths. Her hair was black—not dark, but black—such as one sees occasionally in the gipsy tribes, as to color, although rarely as to texture, gloss and undulating beauty. Her nose was finely formed, and the gently upturned nostril gave an expression of haughty dignity to her face, which the glowing mouth confirmed, whilst it tempered it into the most sunny sweetness. Add to this a bust of gorgeous development and a figure proportionate, in whose agile and bounding movements one seemed to realize the idea of a gazelle-woman-

hood, and my beautiful Myra is represented in words as she now stands before me in imagination.

No wonder, you will say, that I could not sleep in the absence of this glorious vision; and perhaps it was not; but the vision did not haunt me so much as the mystery of her absence, For, strange as it may seem, I had not lost my heart to this beauty, nor thought of losing it. I admired her and liked to pet her, and tell her stories and histories, and sing to her and hear her sing; but I had no deeper regard for her, nor indeed could have; for to mate with her, as she had been bred and taught, was out of the question; and I belong to that old-fashioned school of moralists—now held so vulgar and out of date—who look with horror upon any left-handed intercourse with the sex—and so wife nor mistress could she by possibility have been of mine.

As I thus lay tossing in sleepless unrest, and thinking of no truant beauty, puppy dog Satan gave a low growl, indicating that some foot, friendly or unfriendly, was astride on the green sward. I listened, but heard nothing. The pup, however, was very uneasy, although he was by no means angry, for as he growled he kept his head to the straw, and moved his tail about in sundry slow wags, as if whilst warning the approach he was greeting the footsteps of a friend. I raised myself slightly, and as I did so, the outer curtain of my tent was put aside, and a female figure entered, calling me by name.

"Myra!" I exclaimed, springing forward to meet her. "Is that in very truth your own self in the body of its flesh, or your ghost in its likeness?"

There was no need for a reply, for my pet beauty flew into my arms like a frightened bird, and such a giving and receiving of kisses, the reader, belike, never did see nor feel. She did not speak for some time, but bent over me, with her head upon my shoulders and her hair falling around us both. She was much excited, and her bosom trembled against mine like a nest of disturbed nightingales. When she had partially recovered I would have struck a light, but she objected, lest it should attract attention. So we seated ourselves in the straw.

"And now tell me, my pretty frightened wanderer, where you have been, and why you come to see me at this unusual hour?"

"I ought to tell you, Geordie, and I came for that purpose; but I don't know how to begin."



MASTER GEORDIE AND BIG TOON VISIT POLLY DRADDA'S HOSTEL. THE JOLLY PIRATE.

"Why, what is the matter, dearie? Surely no harm has come to you?"

"No harm, Geordie dear; and yet there might have been, if I had listened to all I heard."

"And what did you hear, my own little pet girl?"

"Oh!" said she, putting her arms round my neck, and hiding her face once more on my shoulder; "I cannot tell you, Geordie dear; I cannot tell you!"

"Well, no matter, Myra, to-night: wait till you are more composed. Let us talk about something else now."

"But my heart is burning, and yet my tongue won't speak the words. Oh, Geordie, what shall I do?"

"Wait awhile, dearie. You'll be quieter soon."

"Wait! I've waited night and day this week past—a whole week which seemed like a long life. Waited until I was parched to speak to you, Geordie, and now the words won't come."

I knew not what to say to the poor soul, so I let her rest without reply, and there was a long pause.

"Oh, I must speak, Geordie!" she burst out at last. "He wants me to marry him!"

"He," I replied, in amazement; "who is He?" And I will confess that I didn't half like the confession. It was no business of mine truly, but Myra married, and evidently to somebody who was repugnant to her heart, was Myra in a new and by no means unobjectionable light. I was selfish too in my views of it. How could I pet her and fondle her, and be a true good brother to her after my own fashion, if she belonged to some special person who might call her wife? Myra a wife! The thing was unreasonable, impossible, and in short could not be. But who was this dreadful He, whose name, like the sacred name of Om amongst the Brahmins, could not be expressed by any mere mortal intelligible designation. "He! who is He, Myra?"

"Ay, indeed, who is He, but the greatest whilst he lives of all our race in the west."

"He! Why he is an old man, Myra, fit to be your great, great grandfather!"

"Ay, woe's the day, Geordie! I told him I couldn't marry him, and then when he pressed and threatened me, I told him that I wouldn't; and I won't if he should use the poisoners to kill me."

"No fear of that, Myra, darling. So cheer up. You're safe here, and no one shall harm a hair of your head, or force you to marry against your will, as long as I am a living man."

"Oh!" she cried, in a wild, piercing tone, which seemed to come from the very lowest depths of her soul, as if in that cry she had found relief for her agony, and utterance for her gratitude. That wild, piercing cry has many a time since in the silent watches of the night echoed with its fatal meanings in my ears and heart; although I did not now comprehend the depth of that Gethsemane of passion and bloody sweat from whence it proceeded. I will not anticipate, however. Myra presently recovered, and I could feel the delight of her heart as she once more at parting pressed her lips to mine. When she was gone I fell into musings. Strange, thought I, that this Gipsy King, this almighty, irresponsible He, should be so smitten with my darling favorite; that he should threaten and intimidate her, in order to force her to marry him. Almighty as he is, however, he will find that no easy thing to accomplish; and here I discovered again that I was getting warmly interested in the matter, so I tried to pooh-pooh that consideration, and went on in what I thought the most indifferent style. But here was a poser. How came Myra so fearfully excited when she spoke of it, and why did she hesitate, and yet long, as she said, to make the revelation to me? I knew she was impulsive, like the rest of her people, but I had never seen her affected in this way nor to this extent before. The thought of wedding this big pronoun He, was evidently like a crucifixion to her; but was it altogether because she disliked him, or because she liked or loved another? Here was the rub. And I confess, that after much cogitation, I came to the conclusion that it was the latter; and no sooner had I done so than her whole manner and painful utterance found an easy solution. But who was this other? Here was rub the second; and this time I could find no stone to break it. The child was so perfectly isolated, knew no one out of her kin, and was not likely to have fallen in love with any chance stranger whose fortune she might have

told. I made up my mind to question her upon this point at our next interview, and with this resolution I turned round in my blanket and went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.—THE EXPEDITION OF FLINTS, AND THE BUTTERFLY-CATCHER.

THE morning dawned over the world in unusual pomp, even for a summer's sunrise, as I went out to perform my ablutions at the laughing brook hard by. The mists were already dispersing in the valley, and the rooks were cawing and the linnets singing in the hedgerows, and the wildered lark, trailing his flight with music, rose higher and higher up the steep of heaven until he was lost in glory; and Granny Mabel, much to my satisfaction, was boiling the pot for breakfast.

"Good morrow to you, granny!" I exclaimed, walking up to the cross-sticks. "Always at your work whoever else is idle. Where are all the bully boys and the purty girls?"

"Good morrow, Master Geordie! and a fine good morrow it be, though ye're late 't the day for seein on't. The lads are all away for a airin and a picken; some at the North Sea for fish, some 't the lane for chances, and some 't the fields for runners. The gals are a makin tatur-nets and other gimcracks for Bridlington fair—and his prickles (hedge-hog) is nearly boiled, and the coffee ready for the makin."

"Right good news, granny! for I have a way of my own to day, and must needs be soon afoot! What news of Myra?"

"Who told you there was any news of Myra, Master Geordie? Ever sin the lass set back to the tents, it's been nothin but Myra in your mouth, Master Geordie; as if there was nather grass nor corn, nor prog, nor drinkins, morn nor eve, left in her wake, but she'd just ta'en 'em all along wi' her."

"Well, granny, you may keep your secret, and may you get fat on it. She'll come back again with all she's ta'en away, I dare be bound, when she's tired of gadding."

At this moment, Myra, as I expected, came out of the tent, and met me as if I had seen her now for the first time after her return. Old granny mumbled and growled, but I knew she was not sorry to see us meet so "purtily," for Myra was the flower of her old age and the light of her eyes.

"Get your callow chum his breakfast then, ye black-eyed huzzy! sin ye hev showed him your face," she said, and Myra, nothing loth, did as she was bid.

"And when did the bird come back to her nest, granny?" I asked. "You kept it mighty secret between you."

"No secret at all, Master Geordie; she came wi' old Hiram the fiddler, and many's the mile she walked, and a sorry foot-sore she got—and roost was the best place for her after that thought, granny; so to roost she went, and that's the clean breast on't."

"Well, granny, now that the turkey's crammed he's going to walk off with his load. So good-bye! and Myra, here my purty beauty, Myra! come give me one buss for a keepsake, and never mind old granny." Saying which, I got what I asked for and stole another, amidst the laughter and loud hand clapping of Poll and Meg, and the other swarthy damsels who heard the talk, and saw the fun as they sat in the doors of the adjoining tents. The child-imps also took up the chorus as I left the camp, and struck over the fields with my wallet on my back and puppy dog Satan at my heels.

I was after the flints again, most curious reader; flints which I found mostly in ploughed fields, and which my friends the gipsies never could be induced to regard as anything better than the common rubbish which nature had left behind her in her geological sweepings. And yet the British Museum was glad to find a place for them; and some of the proudest nobles in England, the old land of nobles, have not thought it beneath them to ask the poor Rommany chaf to "honor" them with a contribution of these flints from his wallet. What then gave them their value, that they were thus prized and sought after? First of all their antiquity. Antiquity! why they were no older than other flints I guess—is the natural objection of the uninitiated reader, and geologically speaking they were not, but historically they were, because they were fashioned by human hands, and possessed therefore of a human interest. In short, they were the battle implements and domestic tools of the aborigines of the island; of those old Britons who centuries before Cæsar had passed the Pillars of Hercules, and waved his

eagles in triumph over the white cliffs of Albion, had lived and died upon this rocky headland. On this day I was more than usually lucky in my findings. I bagged four flint hatchets, two knives in unusual preservation, a doubled-edged saw, eight arrow heads, five sling stones, and one spear head. I found most of these in the neighborhood of Speighton, after wandering about and grubbing for them until past noonday, when I found myself very tired, and so I sat down on the rocks facing the sea, and four hundred feet above it to eat my dinner, a wild sense of freedom thrilling through me, and making me so happy that I could hardly hold myself in respectable bodily decorum. Around me bloomed the wild thyme, the purple heather, the golden gorse, and a profusion of daisies and other flowers, and flaunting grasses and darnels. Below me,

Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous ocean lay,

dotted with ships and fishing boats, and skimmed over by millions of sea-birds, who made their homes during the summer months amongst these crags of adamant. Boys, suspended by ropes over the dizzy and dreadful heights, were robbing them of their nests, and gunners were making havoc among them below. The day was so bright and the scene so beautiful, that I grew luxurious and fairly revelled in it. To the right lay Flamboro' Head, with its lighthouse and romantic sea caves; its architectural temples, and pillared arches, and towering columns; its innumerable inlets and basins, and monstrous overhanging cliffs, bearded with lichen and pendulous weeds. To the left lay the pretty fishing village of Filey, and beyond its long jetty of sunken rocks, now distinctly visible, rose the town and castle of Scarborough, the queen of English watering-places. I knew all the coast well from Hull, Hornsea and Burlington, to Flamboro', Filey and Scarborough, and from thence to Robin Hood's Bay, antique and romantic Whitby, Rocar, Hartlepool, Sunderland and "canny Newcastle." And this local knowledge heightened my enjoyment, and gave the treacherous east coast a friendly aspect to me. I was in the humor, indeed, to be pleased with everything. I lay down on the grass and listened delighted to the buzzing insects, and the solemn bass of the gold-belted humble-bee, as he sailed past me laden with honey, on his homeward-bound voyage. And not the less did I enjoy my frolics with Satan, whom I began to look upon as a friend, and love with mighty likings and affections. And why not? There is no shame to humanity in such a confession, that I am aware of, unless it be in the fact that canine virtue is so solid and trustworthy.

On my return to the camp I made a steeplechase cut to the Flamboro' village, whose venerable church on the hill served me as a guide. The route was wet and marshy in some places, and covered with rush and sedge; but the landscape was alive with beauty, and Satan and I wandered over it with exulting spirit. Butterflies and moths were abundant, especially the white butterfly, and I saw several of the dainty peacock-tail specimens, arrayed in the gorgeous costume of their order. I had a long chase after one of them, over bog and brake and greensward, much to the annoyance of a couple of plovers, who, thinking, I suppose, that I was burglariously intent upon robbing their nest, wheeled after me wherever I went, now near and shamming weariness and broken wings, and doing all sorts of dodges to attract my attention, and now circling afar off and rapidly returning with loud, piteous "Pe-wits! pe-wits!" I was fortunate enough to capture the bright and richly-colored insect; and whilst I was carefully bestowing it in my prog-box, and kneeling down for this purpose on a clump of odorous heather blossoms, two ladies came suddenly upon me from a little dell hard by. One was young and very lovely, with large bright blue eyes, and a profusion of auburn ringlets, which gleamed with a true golden glory in the sunshine, and half hid her face in their lustrous shadows. She wore a white muslin dress and a large straw hat trimmed with blue ribbons. The other lady, who was much her senior, was of sharp and decided features, and possessed an eye of singular intelligence. She was dressed in half mourning, and like her fair companion, carried a green butterfly net in her hand. As I rose, the youngest came running up to me, her face all aglow with health and excitement, and without more preface asked to see the capture. I readily showed my fine fellow, and she as readily admired him. The elder lady also praised the unconscious insect, and

asked what I meant to do with it, for, of course, she could not imagine that a Rommany vagabond should have any taste for a vagabond fly, or take other than a passing pleasure in its possession. Nor did I undeceive her, but replied that I was going to take him to the camp and nail him for a curiosity on the walls of my tent.

"Oh, but that would be cruel; you must kill him first, or he will suffer much pain, and flap all the color from his wings. Give me the box and I'll kill him for you," which she did with a preparation of corrosive sublimate, I suppose.

"Thank you, pretty maiden!" said I, hiding myself in my gipsy character. "It's a gay insect, and old granny mayhap 'll sell it one day for the price of a pot o' beer to some fine lady when she comes to get her fortin' told."

"Will you sell it, and cheat granny of the bargain, young man?" she asked, eyeing me at the same time very minutely.

"No, leddy; I never sells game o' this 'ere sort, but you're welcome to it, as flowers in May, if you'll take it."

"Well, I should certainly like it," she replied; "but you must take some acknowledgment for it."

"Not I, leddy; not a stiver! It's a fitter thing for the like of you, nor me; and 'll look at home in your fine house, as if it was born there. So, please to take it."

Again she looked me inquisitively in the face, and finally took the butterfly, adding gaily, "Well, I suppose I must make it up to you by coming to have my fortune told amongst you. I dare say you can tell it quite truly, just as it will all happen."

"You shouldn't jest with the stars, leddy. They tell us all secrets; but they're angry sometimes when folks make light talk about 'em; and then evil comes on't—and it would be a pity for evil to come to such a pretty face as yours."

The fair young creature laughed at the solemnity of my manner and my oracular speech, threatening to come and try the stars before long, as she bounded away with her companion.

Here was an adventure, the end of which who could tell? I, at all events, felt and knew, by an instinctive, mysterious consciousness, that this was not to be the end of it; that I should see that fair face again, and hold a nearer and sweeter communion with her than any which could arise out of a mere acquaintanceship. I say I felt and knew all this, as certainly as I felt the beating of my own heart. She would come to the tents to have her fortune told, and I should renew my acquaintance with her there, or elsewhere, before many days were gone. Was this presumption? No, and yes. No, because I relied upon the Agrippa's mirror, displayed by the occult oracle within me, wherein I saw the shadowy future conjured up by a power which cannot lie; and yes, because, humanly speaking, there was nothing—nor the slightest gleam of anything—to justify the mad certainty which took possession of me. We have all heard of love at first sight, and the genuflections and adorations, the chaunts and peans which are the invariable accompaniments of this divine delirium; but my feelings towards this bright creature were not, at this time, those of love, but of presage, and the certainty of love in the future. There was a fatality in it which neither she nor I could get away from; for the threads of our destiny were spun in the paternal loins of the race, descending with their commission through the infinite networks and labyrinths of human life, over time and space and the gulfs of death, down to this hour, and these seemingly inconsiderable persons and souls of ours. It was very strange, was it not, good reader, looked at through the camera obscura of necessity, that a roving gipsy savage, and a laughing blue-eyed girl, a frivolous butterfly-catcher, not more, certainly, than seventeen years of age, should be of so much account in the universe, as to be held fast to its centre from the beginning of days, ere they were yet made manifest in human forms, and then, being so manifested, that they should meet on this fine moorland round Flamboro' Head, and feel—one of them, at least—for the first time, the working of the destined spell, through this long line of ancestral communication. And yet it is no more strange than true, both as history and metaphysics, true in the case of every son and daughter of Adam, however humble and lowly their lot, for we are all encompassed by the same wonders and mysteries, bound by the same laws and necessities, and actors in the same spiritual romance which underlies all life and the forms of life.



MASTER GEORDIE SURPRISED BY THE BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY-CATCHER.

Full of these thoughts, and pervaded by an unusual calm, I entered the encampment, amidst shouts of welcome from the ragged picaninies who thronged around me, pulling my coat tails and half climbing up my back, desiring to see what I had brought home in my wallet. They turned away, one and all in great disappointment, as they beheld the old well-known flints, which I straightway deposited in my tent, and then crossed over to the fire, round which several of the men and women were grouped, and evidently in earnest talk with granny Mabel. My appearance put a stop to their discourse, whatever it might have been, nor was there a trace of excitement in their features, although an ominous silence—such as every one must have observed in like circumstances when he has broken suddenly upon some exclusive conversation—prevailed amongst them. Big Toon was there, looking as grave as an owl; and one-eyed Hiram, with his fiddle carefully protected in a green bag, a good deal the worse for wear, lying by his side; and “Flaming Nosey,” the prizefighter, whom I have not before had the honor of introducing to the reader, a hero in his way, and a conqueror, for he had never been beaten, although he had fought a hundred battles, be the same more or less, and was in training to contest the belt for the championship of England. Here, too, was Tim, the knifegrinder, and two other younger brothers of big Toon, tall stalwart fellows, made of oak and iron, whom the stoutest churl in all the country side would have found too tough for his handling. Flaming Nosey, or “Old Red Nose,” as I used to call him, was the first to break silence, handing me his pipe over the council fire, and began telling me all sorts of stories about the “fancy,” and the life they live in London, much to my instruction, although very little to my edification. For although I like the manly science of boxing, and got my training at Cambridge from no less a proficient than Charley Larkin, and although I am skilled also in the use of the broadsword and in fencing, so that I can say with John Milton, who was a master of fencing, that I should fear nothing to match myself with the best; still I hate the brutal habits which professed bruisers acquire, and all their degrading vices and city associates. Flaming Nosey, however, belonged to the tribe, and was my chum, bruiser as he was; and I liked him for his strength and courage and manliness of character. He was a man of prodigious strength, about five feet ten inches in height, and had

a lion-like expression of face, which his red Roman nose did not at all impair, and a determination in the knitted eyebrows and compressed mouth when he was excited, which betokened well enough of what stuff he was made. His eyes, however, were genial and kindly, and his ordinary manner was more than commonly gentle and quiet. Granny Mabel was very proud of her fighting child, and so indeed were all his kindred. Hiram had composed a song about him, which he often sung at nights when “red nose” was away on his professional duties, and the reader may be sure that it was not listened to without vociferous plaudits.

In spite of the effort that was made by one and all to appear jolly and suppress all appearance of excitement, I could see that there was a slumbering latent fire underneath the talk and jest. More than once, too, I heard big Toon address his grandam in Rommany, a word or two only of which caught my ears, but sufficient to make me feel that they had important business to discuss, from which even their favorite Geordie must be excluded. So I presently pleaded the excuse of a hard day's walk to betake myself to my tent, and so left them. My first thought was for Myra, whose absence from the group I had not failed to notice; and I wondered why she did not come out to meet me as her custom was, when I returned to the camp. I missed her sadly, and now more than ever, because I had no one to talk to. There was Ikey, however, sitting on a stone by the brookside, close to my tent, and I stopped to speak to him. He had a rifle by his side, and was examining with evident pleasure a little bag of halfpence, each of which had a hole in it, so large that little else was left but the rim.

“Well, Ikey,” I asked, “what treasures are you hoarding there?”

“Very good shots, Master Geordie; blew the bullets through every one on 'em. Could'n't do that last summer. Got the trick clean now;” and Ikey gave me a cunning leer expressive of great self-satisfaction.

“But you don't mean to say that you shot a bullet through them coppers at a flying-shot, Ikey?”

“Yes, Master Geordie; got the trick now.”

“Come, come, Ikey, them rigs won't run. Is your rifle loaded?”

“Yes, she be loaded, Master Geordie. Ikey tells no lies to his pals,” he added, rising with the rifle in his hand, and fumbling in his pockets one by one in search, as it soon appeared, of a halfpenny, to convince me that he spoke the truth.

“Stand a little back, Master Geordie,” he said quietly, placing the rifle in his left hand, and then with his right he tossed the coin flat in the air, fired, and brought it down fairly drilled like his other trophies.

“Well done, Ikey!” I exclaimed, in unaffected admiration, “that was a good shot, boy; and here's a white Robert for you to buy more powder and ball with.”

Ikey took the shilling with great glee, and was marching off with it in triumph, when I stopped him, and asked where Myra was.

“In granny's tent, Master Geordie. I seed her an hour ago, and she looked down in the dumps and had been a cryin'; and there's a hell-pot brewin' over there,” said he, pointing to the fire.

“Why, what's the matter, Ikey? What's Myra been crying for, and what's up with the bully boys?”

Ikey shook his head, and either did not or pretended not to know. So I let him pass, and sitting down at the door of my tent lit my pipe. It wanted yet an hour of sundown, and the evening was as calm and beautiful as the day had been bright and sunny. I was not, as the reader may suppose, without my reflections; and the laughing butterfly girl and my pet Myra were continually before me. I was troubled on Myra's account, and longed to know what was the matter with her, although I felt sure it was connected in some way with the story she had told the night before. Whilst I was turning these things over in my mind, a gang of gipsies, five in number, came down the lane from Bridlington, driving a horse and two asses all laden before them. There was a simultaneous movement all along the tents, as if by a preconcerted signal; the group dispersed from the fire and disappeared, and old granny, big Toon and Flaming Nosey were the only persons left. A few minutes

brought the strangers before the encampment, where they halted, and big Toon rose and went out to speak to them. What transpired I cannot say, for I was too far off to hear the parley; but the new-comers presently drove off accompanied by big Toon, towards the Danes' Dyke, in a hollow of which they pitched their tents. Events were thickening and a crisis was clearly near at hand, for I knew that these tawnies had not come to our lodge without a purpose.

When big Toon returned he stepped over to my tent and begged a pipe of tobacco to calm him, I could see, although he said nothing about that. I rallied him now about the strangers who had come to run away with his tents, and now about his dog Tibby, the "purty beast," whose ghost must have frightened him in the dyke, he looked so glum and browny.

"No, no! Master Geordie," he replied, "my downy Tibby'll never rise above ground more, nor his *fetch* nuther. He lies in a hole too deep for that, and the strangers won't run away wi' the tents nor their holdins whilst big Toon stands six foot in his breeches."

"What do the chaps want then, Ishmael?" I asked, "that they come here poaching on our manor grounds? It ain't civil in 'em, and its agin all road law and gipsy custom. What do they want prowlin' about here in our wake?"

"Devil knows, Master Geordie; and devil take um if they comes here wi' the evil eye in their heads. They'll find big Toon and his pals no playthin's," he added, blowing the smoke fiercely through his mouth and nostrils, and rising to depart.

"Well, big un," I replied, "if you want an extra hand to help your tiny manikins to drive the tawnies into the sea, you know where to find it. Every stick helps the kindlin'."

"Ay, ay, Master Geordie; but tawnies' quarrels ain't for the likes of you to boggle wi'; and if they wants a skrimmage they'll katch a scrimmage."

So saying Toon walked away, and I took Satan for a stroll on the sea-beach, going the roadway down the dyke, that I might not come across the strange camp. At the end of the dyke, where the sea suddenly opens before the spectator in all its majesty, I sat down under the cliffs which rise here clothed with wood and gorse on either side, above three hundred feet from the water level, and watched for rabbits which abound in this region. I had not long to wait, for they came out of their burrows and from beneath the furze in scores, and I soon killed quite as many as I could carry away with me. By this

time the moon was up, and a thick dense fog was rising in the dyke, like the smoke from a thousand cannon. I was well acquainted, however, with the road; so I did not hurry, but shouldered the game over my gun and walked leisurely tentwards. I had not gone far when to my amazement I met Myra all alone, her figure closely enveloped in a large gipsy cloak, so that I should scarcely have known her but for her voice, which to me was always sweet as music and always welcome.

"What are you doing here, my beautiful pet?" I asked, as she flung her arms round my neck—which, good reader, although you may laugh and shake your head and wink your north eye ever so knowingly over it—was my accustomed greeting with Myra, as I think I told you before; and it was surely a very natural and particularly pleasant one; prized as such by me, more than most things on the face of the earth, because it was a guileless and sincere expression of feeling and affection; and I returned the same in like spirit, and with equal sincerity. She had seen me leave me the encampment, and had followed me in the gloaming; for her heart was full, and she wanted to speak to me and unburden herself of the oppression which consumed her. The strangers, who were expected at the tents, had come from his amorous majesty, their king and master, to make formal overtures on his behalf for poor Myra; and although she knew her kinsmen would not give her up without her own consent, yet she had an indefinable dread of the savage embassy, as if they were the masters of her destiny. At any time, before my experiences of this day, I should have been inclined to laugh my beauty out of her superstitious forebodings, but now it was impossible. I knew too much; and my knowledge was a confirmation of the truth of her instincts. I could not bear to think of this, and yet I could not get away from it. Myra, however, should not be sacrificed without a struggle, let the fates threaten as they would. And so I comforted her as I best could, and tried to get her into another train of thinking.

"I don't wonder, Myra, dearie, that you dislike old Baal, and revolt at the thought of becoming his wife! but tell me now, my bright-eyed birdie, have you no other reason for disliking him than that he is old and ugly, and unfit to mate with a glowing beauty like you?"

"Hush, Geordie! Oh, dear Geordie, hush! and never ask me that question again, lest my heart should burst open before you, and reveal all its secrets."

"And suppose it should burst, Myra, which the Lord forbid!



COUNCIL OF WAR IN THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

I'm quite sure you've no secrets in it which the Lord himself, and all his good creatures, might not see and welcome, for any evil there is in them."

"Evil, Geordie! No, there is no evil there; how could there be, when it is so full of love."

My little girl did not mean to say this; the secret came out unconsciously, and in the enthusiasm of the moment; but out it was, and there was no recalling it. I respected her too much, however, to take advantage of it, and ceased to press her with further questions, at all events, as to the person whom she loved, merely replying:

"Then you do love somebody, do you, Myra? And you're full of love for him, too, are you? No half-and-half liking with you, I hear. Why, what a fool I have been not to see all this before."

"Love, Geordie! did I say that I loved? why, I didn't mean it, indeed! I didn't; and yet it was true. I do love, and so wildly that I could take all the sea, and stars, and earth, into my bosom, and then feel that this was nothing for such love as mine to embrace."

There was a confession, ladies; very florid and torrid, also, but as impersonable as love without any object could very well be. And yet Myra was no Platonist, but a burning Eastern beauty; and although she named no name, and hinted at no one as the recipient of her solar streams of affection, you may be sure that it was a living man she loved, and no will-o'-the-wisp of fancy.

"Well, Myra," I replied; "I hope you'll be happy whomsoever you love, and when you get married, that you'll invite dear Geordie to the wedding."

"But I'm not happy, and I never shall be happy, Geordie! Oh, never, never more!"

"Not when the wedding-day comes, Myra? Love isn't half such a good thing as I take it to be, if it can't work a miracle like that."

"Don't talk so lightly of the poor gipsy girl's sorrow, Geordie, dear. Her wedding day will never come. I know it. The stars tell me of a different fate—of pain, and agony, and death—and my own heart bodes the same."

"Nonsense, darling, dark-eyed prophetess! You've been too much excited lately, and see things with distempered eyes. I might as well indulge the same feelings, and prognosticate for myself a similar fate, because I happened to meet a pretty blue-eyed girl to-day, and fell desperately in love with her."

"You, Geordie!" she exclaimed, her whole frame shaking with sudden and violent emotion. "Tell me, oh, tell me where you saw her!"

"But you frighten me, Myra. Pray be calm. There is nothing very terrible that I know of, nor very unreasonable either, in my falling in love with a pretty girl—a laughing butterfly-catcher on the heath."

"Oh, no," she said, "I am calm now, Geordie. I was very foolish to give way to my feelings. And yet it is so strange; I've dreamed of this for many nights past. You and the blue-eyed butterfly-catcher were always together; and so happy! whilst I sat by the wayside, dark, lonely and hopeless, watching you with stony eyes, and a broken heart. I foresaw it all. And so let it be. The Great Name has ordained it."

She said this with so much earnestness and solemnity, and with such oracular inspiration, that I was strangely moved by it. And the more so, because her vision foretold what I felt so certainly would transpire; and what had, to a certain extent, already happened. I was silent, therefore, for some time, pondering the mysterious revelation and occurrence in my own mind; not without a feeling of shadowy awe at the thought that I should be placed in so direct and conscious a communication with invisible powers, whose purposes it was my destiny to fulfil. I confess that my spirit rebelled against such audacious bondage, and I seemed to hear all sorts of laughter and clapping of elfin hands around me, as if my impotent rage were particularly amusing to those unseen servitors who were the executive agents of the authority that subjugated me. And, indeed, there was ridiculous cause enough for this supermundane mirth, inasmuch as I felt my heart inclining more and more to the blue-eyed Psyche of the heath, even whilst my wrath was hottest, because I was compelled to do so. And did you feel nothing for poor Myra's misery, or seek to fathom it, with a

view to her consolation? Yes, reader, I felt for her more than I can express, but I did not probe her heart for its secret; that I felt would be unbecoming, and a violation of the sanctities of Nature. And I knew her too well to seek to console her for an insupportable sorrow. My heart, however, yearned towards her with a purer and holier feeling than I had yet experienced in her presence, or for her person, and I resolved from this time to love her in the light of that feeling, without disguise or reserve.

As we thus walked along in silence through the mist, Myra pressed my arm, and standing still, bade me listen. I did so, and heard voices not far off, as if in angry dispute. I knew at once that we had lost our way and were within compass of the stranger gipsy's tent. Giving me another signal to remain quiet, the impassioned girl darted from my side in the direction of the voices, and was out of sight in a moment, before I had time to expostulate or to prevent her movements. I waited in considerable excitement for nearly a quarter of an hour, when she returned as suddenly as she went, and seizing my arm hurried me back the way we came, until arriving at an angle where the path took a sudden turn, we clambered the steep banks of the dyke, and were soon in the open fields above, on which the moon, invisible below, was shining in all her glory. I questioned Myra in vain as to the conversation which she had heard; not a word could I get out of her, although I saw in the rapidity and almost fury of her motions, that she was fearfully excited.

"I must leave you here," she said, as we approached the main road in the vicinity of the camp. "The tawny savages will soon be at Granny Mabel's tent, and I may be wanted. So good-night, dearest Geordie!"

Taking a circuitous route I soon after reached my tent, and went straightway to bed, and fell asleep in the midst of many thoughts.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ASSASSIN ASSASSINATED.

I SUPPOSE that in this sleep I dreamed, for I have a distinct and vivid remembrance of being suddenly transported, as on the wings of a glorious resurrection, into a region of surpassing brightness and beauty, where flowers and music, statues and fountains, and undulating woodlands, made all the earth one delicious garden from sky to sky. Temples, upon whose altars burned perpetual incense, and whose ministering servants were gorgeous women, arrayed in such voluptuous garments that the ravished eyes swooned as in a drunken delirium over their beauty; and whatsoever could allure and charm the senses was there present in rank and tropical luxuriance. It seemed to me that I had already lived an immortal life in these gay and tumultuous scenes; amidst revels, riots, dancings, banquets, and the dear delights which are so precious to youth and those up-grown men who wear the aboriginal mask of nature; and it also seemed to me in my dream, as good John Bunyan says, that I was becoming satiated with these splendid fornications; and that voices within me, like deep calling unto deep, began to wail and cry aloud for light and liberty, in the pain of their long imprisonment. And then on a sudden I saw looking through the clouds of heaven, a face full of celestial beauty, in whose blue unfathomable eyes I read, as in a holy book, of things divine and of such unspeakable glory, that I was carried away out of the body of this death, and rose triumphant into those hitherto inaccessible regions, while smoke and darkness covered the earth, its gorgeous palaces, thrones and inhabitants; and angels shouted for joy at the great deliverance.

Such was my dream; but very different was the reality to which these noisy hurrahs of the delighted angels awoke me. I had been up in my sleep into the third or twenty-third heaven, as the case might be, according to the reckonings kept in that celestial navigation, and I was hurled down in my first waking moment into an abyss from which it seemed impossible for me to extricate myself, for I felt as though the Andes were pressing upon my body with all the weight of their immeasurable bulk and longitude. I gasped for breath, and in my agony and struggle, I arose half upright with what I saw to my horror, by the misty moonlight, was a human head, in the grip of my two hands. A shudder as of death ran through me, and then with a bound I sprang from my bed, dashing the obscene thing with superhuman violence down at my feet.

When my senses were sufficiently collected, I became aware that a dreadful tragedy had been enacted in my tent. Myra, like one transfixed and holding converse with another world, stood at the foot of the bed; a long knife which I felt was wet with blood in her right hand. My puppy dog Satan was fastened to the throat of the corpse which I had just cast from me—for the man, whoever he was, was dead, and it was long before I could choke Satan off from his prey. By the time, however, that I had accomplished this, Myra was sufficiently calm and collected to explain these dramatic proceedings. During her absence from my side in the Danes' Dyke on the preceding evening, she had overheard a conversation in which I was very deeply concerned; for it arose out of a plot to take away my life, if a certain proposed condition should make so pleasant a piece of business necessary to the success of their ultimate schemes. The particulars were these: it had been rumored in the high courts of the Imperial Presence, that a strange "bolshin"—alien in blood and language to the gipsy race—had, for nearly four months past, been dwelling in the tents of Ishmael, and that through the exercise of potent and unknown sorceries he had charmed Ishmael's people into so great an attachment to his person, that one and all would, at any moment, willingly give up their own ghosts to secure the safety of his. And further, and which also gave weight to the same in his majesty's opinion, as interfering with his own regal affections and conscriptive rights, that this said alien had so bewitched the beauty of Ishmael's tribe—the far-famed Myra—that she was no longer herself, but possessed of an evil spirit, who was always haunting the alien, filled with a demonic passion for him. And the absurd mind of his majesty, made still more absurd and idiotic by the imbecility of his pretensions to Myra, swallowed all this huge dose of black magic, and gave his instructions accordingly. Myra was to be sued for in due form, in the presence of her kindred, by ambassadors whom he would appoint for that purpose. If the mission were successful they would carry off the pretty maiden, and leave the alien to his incantations; but if it proved a failure, they would know then of a surety that black magic was at the bottom of it, and the poor magician must die! Not openly, but by stealth, in darkness and while he slept, lest being awake, he should rouse up all the demons of his Pandemonium to avenge the outrage.

It was the revelation of this plot, gathered from the strange gipsies themselves, which flung Myra into such excitement on her return to me from their tents. And the brave, noble minded girl heroically resolved to watch the proceedings of the enemies, and defeat their designs, and that, too, without enlisting an accomplice, or telling any one of her purpose. She would do this for her friend Geordie, and Geordie gratefully owes her a life. Accordingly the strangers came over to granny Mabel's tent, and were received there by Toon, Flaming Nosey, Hiram and the seniors of the tribe. After they had explained their business there was a long pause, very deferential as it might have been interpreted, but also very awkward. At length granny Mabel spoke:

"Ishmael's kin," she said, "isn't good blud enough to mix wi' the king's, though for that matter they be older than the pyramids of the sacredland, and have no base crossin's in 'em. But the king sud look higher up the tree, we are oney branches just aboon the roots, and all the birds in our nests we want to keep. The king may tak our thanks, but Myra musn't leave her old grandam and the tents which bred her. What says Ishmael Toon?"

"Faix, granny, I say as you do. We're much obliged to the king because he wants to take our purty Myra away from her kinsmen, but we likes her too well ourselves to part wi' her, unless Nosey here can find a speech to persuade us."

"Me, big ua!" quoth Nosey, fairly staggered at this sudden appeal to his oratory in such a cause. "Damme, man, if it was left to me I'd fight for the little gal agin all the devils down'ards sooner ner she should be run away wi'; and that's Flaming Nosey's opinion, my masters, and no offence meant."

"Well, I never, that's clever!" interrupted Hiram, stroking his wooden leg and laughing all over like a wild jay in the woods. "Who ever heard or speered the like of a case with that 'ere face? What are ye all talkin' about so stout? Are ye all mad to say 'yes' or 'no,' Myra shall or shan't go. How do you know? Let the jade use her own spade."

"Ay, ay," cried one of the imperial embassy, "let the maiden answer for herself, and we shall be satisfied."

Myra suddenly appeared in their midst, coming from the inner tent. "Well," she exclaimed proudly, "what is it you want with Myra? Has your master not received from me already his answer, that you come here to torment me again? What I told him I now tell you, that I will have nothing to do with him. I desire to live my time in my own way. Go, therefore, and repeat what I say, that your master's love may turn to a hate as deep as that with which I hate him and you." Saying which she left them all in amazement; and shortly after the pow-wow broke up, and the strangers made for their tents. Not faster, however, than Myra followed them.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that she devil?" said one.

"She's certainly 'witched,' said another; "did ye see how her eyes shot flames?"

"He must die to-night," said a third, in a hoarse, savage and croaking voice. "Where's Juga?"

"Here I be," was the answer.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Away then, and the devil speed you."

Myra was instantly on the assassin's track; her first impulse being to kill him as he sped on his murderous errand, which would have been easy to do under cover of the thick shrouding mist. She resolved, however, to take a more retributive vengeance, and flew, rather than ran, to Geordie's tent, in the folds of which she crouched, waiting for her prey. Satan seemed to know her, for he gave no sign; and all was silent as the grave. In a few moments Juga approached, stealing catlike, nearer and nearer, until at last he entered the door, within an inch of Myra's hand. She followed him like his shadow, and as noiselessly. Another step and he was within reach of his victim. He stooped down, in the act of bending over him, while simultaneously Myra's knife struck home into his heart, and Satan grappled with his throat as he fell heavily upon my chest.

Such was the relation which I gathered from Myra, who, far from regretting what she had done, rejoiced over it.

"It was for your sake, Geordie! dear, dear Geordie!" she cried; "and rather than you should have been injured by a hair, I would have slain ten thousand of such carrion as that!" and she spurned it with her foot.

It was time, however, to consider what was to be done next.

"If I were as strong as my kinsman, Ishmael Toon," she said, "I would drag the accursed body into the tent of these murderers, and dare them to avenge it. As it is, I will go and wake him up for counsel."

She went, and I was left alone with the dead. As I did not like my company, however, I called Satan and walked to the brookside, where I sat down and smoked my pipe, and fondled the puppy dog until he was well-nigh beside himself for joy. I soon found myself, however, in spite of these heroics, deep in serious reflections. Here was I, holding a responsible public office, for the honor of which, as well as for my own sake, it was in the last degree important that I should not be mixed up with broils and disturbances, suddenly involved in the worst kind of brawl known to the law, namely, a deliberate murder. For, although I was aware that, according to the wild notions entertained of justice by my Rommany friends, Myra's act would not be so construed or denominated, but extolled rather as a brave action, which I always thought and still think it truly was; yet I knew the law would make no such distinctions, but would exact, if the case was brought before its tribunals, the pound of flesh to the last moiety. This would involve all kinds of publicity, and it might be, notwithstanding the high influence which it was in my power then to command, the dreadful spectacle of a public execution. This last thought perfectly paralyzed me. The scene in all its dire realities and accompaniments was before me, and my heart sickened, and my brain whirled as in the eddies of madness. I thought no more of myself, my office, or the world's opinion, but only of my brave, noble-hearted, beloved Myra. That fate should never be hers. I would fly with her to the uttermost ends of the earth, sooner. Nay, I would die with her, rather than so great a calamity should befall her.

Whilst I was indulging in these reflections, she returned,

bringing big Toon and Nosey with her. We all entered the tent together. Myra had already briefly related the facts of the case, and I felt it my duty to explain to them, as delicately as possible, in what light the law would regard the death of the assassin, urging the necessity of keeping the matter perfectly secret, if such were possible.

"That's all right, Master Geordie," said big Toon, "according to your way of thinkin'; but we tawnies make our own laws, and never trouble the beaks. Don't you take on about that, nor be afeared that more folks 'll know about this than we thinks needful."

"What if all the world knew, Ishmael!" exclaimed Myra, in a burst of noble enthusiasm; "was it not a deed of justice such as the Great Name himself would approve? And who cares for the world or its laws? Let it come to that, Geordie dear, and you will find that Myra as little heeds their scaffolds as she regards their opinion."

"That's my little gal!" chimed in Nosey. "Game to the backbone; and all up right and down straight. Hits clean out from the shoulder—right left, left right, and a backhanded one, two, three, over the claret-pot for luck. No skulking in little Myra. Quite as willing to take as give. By the Lord, big un, what a fancy light weight she'd be!" And Nosey rubbed his hands and chuckled over his sister's good qualities, as if there was no more important business on hand just then.

I endeavored to bring the conversation to the point by inquiring what was to be done with the dead body.

"Pitch it into the sea," said Nosey; "it'll be ebb tide in an hour, and the sea tells no tales when it's homeward bound."

"Take the offal to the tents of his pals," said Myra, "and let them deal with it as they like. They can tell their master then how Ishmael's people punish his murder dogs."

"Good!" said Toon, rising; "lay hold of his arms, Nosey, whilst I lift his bogtrotters. So, ho! my chicken. You've got your dumplin's as was so knowin', and down on Master Geordie, there. Heave away, Nosey," and they carried out the dead towards the Danes' Dyke, followed by myself and Myra.

When we came within hailing distance of the tent, big Toon began talking to himself:

"Lights a-head, eh! Sittin' up, I 'spose, for this 'ere dead un. Well, well, my downy covies, the dead will soon be among ye; and not a speakin' will ye get out of him, if ye sit there askin' on him questions till the devil tecks a likin' for holy water. I say, Nosey, what a sprinklin' o' start they'll get when they sees their dummy pal! Jesus-Jemminy! to see their hairs stand upright, and their eyes boggle fen-fires, and to hear how their forky tongues will wag and lie! That'll beat all the booth plays and mountebank drolls in Bridlington fair. Steady, Nosey! A little here to the right; now pull up, whilst I hail the kiddie-hellies. Hallo, there! tawny bullics! Who's astir? We've brought a purty visitor to see you. Come out and carry him in. He's too lame to walk, or he'd pay his respects without troublin' you."

Thus hailed, there was a stir in the tent, and soon a rough voice, which the reader has heard once before, walked out of its rusty gates, and asked what was wanted.

"Nothin' purtacular," replied Nosey; "ony we've changed our minds, and brought our little sis for you to take away back wi' you. You see you've scared us out of our wits, and we're afeard of our lives. Your pal, Juga, has killed our little, tiny, bolshin, Master Geordie, already to-night, and it'll be our turn next belike. So, to make friends, we've brought the purty gal for the king, and we hopes your reverences will strike tent and go your ways at sunrise."

"Stop your tongue, brother!" interrupted Myra, coming forward and confronting the gruff giant as he stood in the door of his tent. "Stop your tongue, brother! and don't foul it with mocking such dogs as these. See, murderer!" she said, striking the fellow on the shoulder with one hand, and pointing to the dead body with the other, "there is your pal, slain by this hand, whilst at your bidding he was in the act of slaying Master Geordie, there, in his sleep. Take him into your tent quickly, and dispose of him as you please. Our business is ended with you. And next time you send murderers on your errands you'll have to find a better devil to speed them, than the last you put into commission. Come, brothers," she added, "let us away from these, the accursed, henceforth of our race;

whom I curse here, in the Great Name, and by the power of the mighty stars!"

We departed thus, leaving the gruff 'un standing like a petrification by his door, his eyes fixed on the ghastly face of the dead.

CHAPTER V.—FLAMBORO' HEAD. PSYCHE IN ROBIN LITTLE'S CAVE. A SCHEME FOR THE FISHERMEN.

At sunrise there was no trace of the strange gipsies' camp in the dyke. Big Toon had despatched Ikcy to watch their proceedings, and on his return he made this report. They had vanished like an ugly dream, and for aught I could now show to the contrary, they were merely phantasmal, so strange, shadowy and unreal does the whole transaction appear to me; for from that hour when we left the gruff giant staring in his dead pal's face, the blanket of the dark dropped down over the scenery and the actors for ever. Nor was any allusion made to the subject by any one of those who had taken part in the grim play; so that I never knew how the dead man was disposed of. Ikcy, indeed, was the only *nexus* linking the awful occurrences of that wild night with reality. He had seen the gipsies depart; so they must have been there, and it is possible therefore that the events described in the last chapter did really occur.

Meditating on these things, I set off early for Burlington, walking over the fields and along the path which runs by the edge of the cliffs. A stiff breeze was blowing over the bay, and a windbound fleet of more than five hundred sail were riding there at anchor. I was much struck by the encroachments which the sea is gradually making upon these eastern shores of the island. Year after year, the furious element advances with savager and still more savage menace, tearing down the gigantic rocks in the thunder of its roar and fury, and sweeping away meadows, churches, villages, as the trophies of its desolating conquests. The beach below me was crowded with its spoils, and they were often of such magnitude and grandeur, as to inspire both awe and compassion. Vast, unwieldy bulks, detached from the cliffs, lay there conscious, as it seemed to me, and full of sorrow, but also of sublime endurance, awaiting their inevitable fate. The people of Burlington Quay have built a fine jetty to keep the sea from devouring their houses, as those of Hornsea were devoured; but I doubt if the experiment will prove successful. The fine saloon at the entrance to the jetty has already had its warnings, and the streets immediately facing the sea are cracked and split with unmistakable meaning.

Nevertheless, Burlington Quay is a very pretty, quiet, little watering-place, frequented mostly by East Riding people, and more especially by the inhabitants of Hull. I had established my headquarters here, for a season, in a cottage called "Sea Drift Cottage," about a half mile from the town, on the Flamboro' road; and thitherwards I now directed my steps. For although, as the reader has seen, I had my tent among the gipsies, and chiefly lived there at this season, yet my duties, as well as my inclination, sometimes led me to the haunts of civilization. On the occasion in question, however, my visit was intended to be but temporary; for I was bound on a new enterprise, and in altogether a new character, so far as the reader's present knowledge of me extends. And it will perhaps appear a little incomprehensible to him how a man who voluntarily descended to live with vulgar gipsies for the sole purpose of enjoyment, and without an ulterior thought of teaching them either the "Thirty-nine Articles," or the "Assembly's Catechism," or any idea of converting them from their heathenish ways, should suddenly, or even at any time, assume the mask of philanthropy, and commence a crusade against the ignorance of his own countrymen. And incredible as it may appear, such a fit of philanthropy did really come over me, and I had brooded over it so long that I resolved at length to accomplish it, and here I was at Burlington for that very purpose.

I had heard much of the ignorance, amounting almost to brutality, of the Flamboro' fishermen, and my long residence in their neighborhood—although I had little or no intercourse with them—confirmed the general report. What I had seen of them, however, interested me much in their favor. I liked them because they were a hardy, industrious and courageous class of men; the finest boatmen on the coast, and excellent fishers. The money they made by fishing, however, was mostly squandered with an insane profusion at the public-houses; and

the landlord of one of them told me that he had known men make fifty pounds in two excursions, and then madly spend it in a week—most of it, perhaps, in the good landlord's own bar-room. I found, also, that the genuine fishers could neither read nor write, and their ignorance was such, indeed, as to place them at the mercy of every knave with whom they had money transactions; especially those wholesale dealers in roguery and fish who came from Hull, Leeds, and elsewhere, to buy their cargoes on the beach.

Now it was one of the duties of my public office to look after such stray sheep from the folds of civilization as these; and in this case my inclination backed my duty. I resolved, therefore, although it was my long vacation, and I was at liberty to act as I thought well, to combine usefulness with pleasure, and see, at least, what service I could render to these poor fishermen.

"But why not try your hand with the gipsies first?" So romantic an idea never entered my head; or rather, I should say, so Quixotic an idea. I went to live amongst them, because I thought and found they could teach me. They were rich in all kinds of learning. They were poor, independent and satisfied. Great riches lie in that. They knew how to live rent free and tax free, although they had the finest dwelling sites in England, and could look over miles of woodland, or fine pastoral landscapes, or grand sea views at their pleasure. They were as well acquainted with old dame Nature, her curious ways and works, as if she had been dame Mabel, their grandmother. Without reckoning their knowledge of poaching, which implies also some knowledge of natural history, and their proud scholarship in the mysteries and humanities connected with fortune-telling by the stars. Add to which that they were a proud race, glorying in their long, unbroken descent from an antiquity which is lost in the twilight of time; an antiquity which was old before the pyramids were built, or the book of Job was written; proud also of their traditions and history, and separated, in short, from all Western ideas and teachings, by a gulf as wide and deep as that which divides the Pariah of India from the Brahmin.

Clearly, therefore, amongst this people I had no room for experiment. They were fortified on all sides, as with walls of adamant. But the Flamboro' fishermen were of a different breed—adamantine enough I found them in one sense, but perversive enough in others. At all events these were my game, and not the gipsies.

As I entered the gate of my palatial abode at Burlington, my landlord came out of his workshop in his shirt-sleeves, to greet me. He was a character in his way; a droll, good-humored, intelligent man, who had been a Burlington innkeeper, and was now, through the unthrifty ways of one of his customers, which he took care to turn to his own account, proprietor of his present residence with the land attached. He had a taste for natural history—not after the gipsy fashion though—and turned many an honest penny by stuffing birds, specimens of which might be seen to any extent within. His wife was also very good-humored, for she was very fat, and her cheeks shook like jelly when she laughed, which she often did, as I thought both unreasonably long and loud. They fully expected that I had come back to remain a week at least; and were not a little surprised when I ordered my horse to be ready in half an hour. There was no help for it, however; and at the appointed time I was in the saddle, and rode off towards Flamboro' so thoroughly disguised in my gentleman's clothing that Myra herself would scarcely have known me. I rode rapidly, nevertheless, past the tents, for fear lest a stray eye should recognize me; and alighting at the door of the Jolly Pirate, I inquired of a wild lad with red hair, if there was a stable on those premises.

"Noa, maester," he replied; "but there's Polly Dradda's donkey shed in 't yard."

So into the yard I went, and into the donkey shed I deposited "Blucher," who snorted proudly, as if he didn't like his quarters, snuffing and sneezing with unmistakeable disdain and abstraction over the musty hay rick. There I left him at all events, to reconcile his high-breeding and fine manners with the vulgar democratic donkey hovel as he best might.

When I entered the house I found Polly still smoking her pipe in the chimney hole, and was half tempted to ask her if he had been sitting there over her "drinking" since I last had the honor of seeing her in company with big Toon; but this wouldn't do for me in my new character, so I sat down on the old settle, and asked her if there was a boatman near at hand, as I wanted to make a short cruise.

"Then, Bill Gibbons is your man, and there he sits," said Polly, pointing to a fine stout fellow in a blue striped frock shirt, who was drinking his beer in the opposite corner.

"All right, sir," he replied, "if you want a boat. I'm ready when you are."



MYRA SAVES GEORGE FROM THE ASSASSIN.

"No sich hurry, Bill Gibbons, wi' your imperance," interrupted Polly. "Let the gentleman sit still a bit. He looks tired, poor thing! And mayhap he'd like to squench his thirst as well as other folks."

"I'm neither tired nor dry, mother," quoth I: "but if your friend Bill there would like another pint, bring it in as soon as you like, and I'll pay for it."

"That's spoke like a gentleman," said Polly, taking a long pull at her pipe before she laid it down to fetch the beer. "If folks didn't drink—axin' your pardon, sir!—I might soon shut up the Jolly Pirate, and that'd be a great loss to the public in these parts." So saying she hobbled off, although I could not see the force nor logic of her deduction.

"Queer old woman, that, sir," said Gibbons in a half whisper, as she vanished under the screen. "Nobody in these latitudes dast say bo to her goose. She'd send the hammer and tongs at um in quick sticks, and wouldn't let um hev no more beer for the best coppers i' England."

"What's that anent the beer, Bill Gibbons, I sud like to know?" said Polly, catching at the word, as she came out from behind the veil of Bacchus. "I'd let you to know that I keeps but one tap, and that's the best, mister saucy-box! And if you don't like it you can lump it, and leave it."

"Why, what's all this about?" said Bill. "Who's sayin' anythin' agin the beer? Do ye think I'd drank so many pints on't if I didn't like it? You're wool gatherin', Polly! Hand the mug here, and I'll soon tell you whether it's good stuff, or belly-vengeance."

This somewhat pacified Polly, although she continued grumbling to herself, whilst Bill was drinking; much to his amusement; for he gave me many a knowing nod and sly wink at the old dame's expense.

When the pot was emptied we strolled down to the North Sea, a snug little haven, so called, lying between vast walls of rock, which the sea had bored with caverns and decorated with marvellous and most suggestive ornaments. The steep and lofty beach was crowded with boats from the small cobel to the deep sea smack; and the fishermen were busily engaged amongst them in their various employments. I entered into conversation with three or four whom I found caulking and painting one of the larger craft; and to put them at their ease and make them more communicative, I lit my pipe and talked to them as I sat down on the beach. I found that the common report respecting their ignorance was no fable; not one out of the present group could read or write; although they were smart, fine men, with a singular expression of goodnature and intelligence in their features. Whatever related to sea craft they knew well enough; for they lived close to Nature, on the grandest element of her power and sovereignty; and were familiar with her storm wrath, and all the beautiful, sublime and terrible forms of her oceanic incarnations. But the spiritual empire which man has conquered, and which is his highest triumph; and of those intellectual kingdoms which he has established there, in the vast and splendid region of the soul, these poor fishermen were as utterly ignorant as the most brutal animals. I did not of course, and as the reader knows, expect to find them otherwise; but I am not the less shocked and pained at the disclosure. I am, indeed, always much affected when I meet men thus circumstanced and conditioned. What had they done to forfeit their claim to this high heritage and its immunities, that they should be thus doomed to live in grim Megatherium life, cohabiting only with the monstrous, aboriginal forms of nature, as if Plato had never taught the immortality of the soul, and Jesus Christ were a myth? They had done no evil thing that I could discover to justify the infliction of that primal curse upon them, unless, indeed, the Omnipotent had created them without souls on purpose, and by way of experiment; a solution of the difficulty which would put an end for ever to all further questions and reprimands, as so much open rebellion against the Divine wisdom and authority. For we do not ask why a dog is not a man, nor do we feel any evangelical longings to make the dog a Christian, knowing that, good, faithful and affectionate as he surely is, he has no Christian faculty nor relish for creeds, and that he is not therefore a proper subject for Christian sympathy. His spiritual darkness is a necessity of his canine constitution; and I should like to believe, as a satisfaction to the justice of the universe, that all

poor men like these fishers were properly *canes*, and had no spiritual *fundus* whatsoever. Seeing, however, that, as a general rule, they have the same organs, offices, passions and dimensions as the brightest specimens of their race, one cannot avoid doubts in the matter, and I prefer to give my poor fellow images the benefit of them.

So in effect I told the Flamboro' men as I talked with them this fine morning. They were quite willing, if the means could only be found, to learn to read and write, and count; and would not be ashamed to meet together in classes for this purpose. They undertook also to speak to their mates about it, for they were as clannish as Scotch Highlanders, and if the right men whom they trusted only led the way, they would follow even as Martin Luther said, "though all the tiles on the way to Worms were so many raging fiery devils," or something quite as brave as that. I left them therefore with this understanding, promising to return again, and help them to organise themselves into an institution for this primary learning, as soon as they were ready.

I was a great man with Bill Gibbons after that, and he took as much care of me in his boat as if I had been a real live lord, instead of a Rommany pal in the disguise of a philanthropic gentleman. I had never been in an open boat on the Flamboro' seas before, although I had often traversed them by steam, and knew the coast thoroughly. I had not visited the wild romantic caves, therefore, of the headland; and I now directed Gibbons to pull me towards them. He, however, being an artist, and having a veritable eye for the picturesque, ventured thus to speak:

"Go out to sea a little way first, sir, wath you, sir?"

"What for?" I asked.

"So that we can take in a good sweep of the coast, and see what a picture it is, and how fine it looks in its sea-riggin'."

"Very well, Bill; pull away! I see you know how to make the most of the old rocks."

"Ay, ay, sir. And very grand they be; 'specially when a gale o' wind's blowin'. I've seen um when the waves has washed more nor half way over um, and the foam has riz up like great clouds, floating right over their tops, and lyin' as thick as snow on the high lands there aboon for a quarter of a mile. And a pretty sight it was; for the foam was colored in blue and red and orange, just for all the world like a rainbow."

"A storm must be a magnificent sight at the Head, Bill."

"Ay, sir. And many a one have I seen; and many a ship in distress have I and my mates gone off to in the dark winter nights, when you could not see the light-house signals nor two yards before you any way; and the wind's been dead ahead, and the sea runnin' sky high. See, sir," he added, pointing out some rocks to the southward; "a fine ship struck on them rocks, and all hands lost, the 14th of February, this very year. It was a dreadful night, and the sea run so high we couldn't get out to help um, poor chaps! We watched um from the cliffs until they was all swept away, and the ship went to pieces."

Bill wiled away the time with similar narratives of shipwrecks and disasters at sea, until he thought we were far enough out to do justice to the picturesque coast. He then lay on his oars, and pointed out the most notable features of the scenery. A little to the right were the white cliffs of Speighton—populous as we have before described them with innumerable birds—rising perpendicularly from the sea, and presenting a smooth and bare surface, without any oasis of vegetation to relieve their grim and stony barrenness. Straight before us was the "North Sea," on either side of which the rocks assumed that wonderful architectural appearance which has made them so famous and interesting. Shattered temples, fortresses and amphitheatres, miraculous caverns, arches and fallen columns; rugged and mighty rocks standing alone in the waters, like monuments of obliterated and forgotten history, arrested the eye and startled the imagination, as if one were gazing upon the ruins of some vast Palmyra of the ocean. "Robin Lithes Cave," the seaward entrance to which we could clearly discern, lay to the left of the North Sea, and as it was the largest of the group, and the water was high enough to float us through it, I directed Bill to pull northward first of all.

We entered it by a rugged and narrow opening, which gra-

dually swelled into cathedral dimensions, and became impressive through its grandeur and magnitude. A twilight darkness prevailed in it, broken here and there both by the noon-day glory which illuminated its eastern and western portals, and by the light which broke through the natural crevices and shot down through the shafts in the lofty roof. There was a hollow reverberating roar in the cavern, as the waves rolled over the rocks beneath us and struck against the side walls, which sounded like the famous Greek line in the *Iliad*. We pulled farther on into the darkness, and Bill now lit a couple of candles which he had brought with him, thus suddenly converting the scene into a *Salvator Rosa* picture. Farther on we heard voices, and presently came up to a boat loaded with visitors, who were clamorous for one of our candles; for like the foolish virgins, they had come to Robin Lithe's feast without oil in their lamps. Whilst Bill was hesitating what to do, awaiting his orders, a sweet voice, which sounded familiar to me, repeated the prayer of the petition, and I immediately acceded to it with strange emotions in my heart, by passing the light to a small white hand and arm, stretched out through the background of darkness to receive it. The boats were close together, lying alongside, as the salts say, and as the hand was withdrawn, the light fell full upon the woman's face. I was not at all surprised at the disclosure it made, for I expected it from the music of the voice—although, of course, I could not be sure who it was, notwithstanding my inward admonitions and the tumults which that voice awoke within me. It was she, however, my beautiful *Psyche* of the heath; and such was our second meeting, although she did not recognize me again. The boats separated, and we heard the merry laughter of our fellow-voyagers far down the cave, which now had no more attractions for me; it was dark, dismal and lonely, as the solitude and horror of *Hades*. I felt drawn also to the retreating boat as by mighty invisible cords, and the power I felt compelled me to order unconscious, astonished Bill Gibbons to follow it. We came up to it just as the *Charon* of its destiny was urging it through the entrance into the sea; rather a difficult thing to do at any time, and now dangerous, because the wind was blowing on to the shore, and the sea was somewhat rough. We waited until they had cleared the outlying rocks, and then followed in their wake. But hark! what shrieks are those rising above the wind and waves? "Quick! Gibbons, quick! Some accident has happened. Pull man, for your life;" and in a few moments we also had cleared the rocks; and yonder, some fifty yards off, a female figure was struggling with the waves, almost within reach of the boat we were following; and twice they have tried to save her, and twice they have failed. What cowards! will no one venture in to save her? Oh! it is she! Pull man, pull for the dear God's sake! And now for the rescue! Into the sea I plunged, dashing through it with a swiftness which fear, hope and love can alone inspire. I grasp at her flowing hair; one mad, mad, but alas, too eager grasp. She escapes me—sinks—oh God! Sinks under my very hand! And down, down into the deep I follow her—bear her to the surface—and she is saved.

From first to last, the whole time of the catastrophe did not exceed six minutes. But how did it occur? And what insanity or cowardice prevented the boatman from venturing into the water to save that beautiful girl? First, as to the cause of the accident. She was leaning over the gunwale at the time, and the current, which was running very strong round the extreme rocks, caused the boat to jib so suddenly, that she was precipitated from it into the sea. And secondly, as to the reason of the boatman not venturing after her, he had a very sufficient one, he could not swim! Positively this man whose life was always in jeopardy, always exposed to the wiles and treachery of the sea, had never learned that to him—and all men indeed—most indispensable art—the glorious art of swimming. And what is more, there is not a fisherman in all *Flamboro'* who is practically acquainted with it; and it is not long ago since one of their best pilots was drowned in smooth water, for lack of this very knowledge, within ten or twenty yards of the shore. The little butterfly-catcher, however, was saved, and I got many thanks from her friends, and from her beautiful blue eyes, and an invitation also from the rector of *Flamboro'*, who was present, and at whose house she was visiting, to call in there when I should pass that way.

The boats again separated, and I now took an oar myself, to keep my blood in circulation, and we pulled round the head to another small bay called the "South Sea," which lies at the foot of *Danes' Dyke*. Here I landed and dismissed my man, taking the cliff route towards the light-house. I was full of the late adventure, as was natural enough, and was not a little elated at my own share in it. The singularity of the whole occurrence, however, did not strike me so forcibly at first as it did subsequently, when I had time to think calmly and deliberately over it. Then it was that I detected its subtle design, as one more means to an ultimate, planned and fatal end, and saw that I had but fallen into a trap, and that my elation of spirits was particularly ill-timed and out of place. This came of reflection; and that dark habit which I had so fatally acquired of looking into the dread arcana where the *Nemesis* of life and death presides, with all her secrets. I read my adventure in its fullest meaning, and knew well enough what the issue would be. I must bide the time of fruition, however; much as I now longed to accelerate events, and force them to maturity. How could I avoid this longing—however insane I might know it to be—with the certainty before me of possessing so beautiful a prize as the fates had in store for me? It was impossible; and the thought that I was one step nearer to this dear object made me revert once again to the accessories which had advanced me, and in the fulness of my heart I blessed them one and all; but especially thee, O glorious art of swimming! who by the magic of thine influence hast so often aforetime enabled me to battle with the storm and the tempest, defying their utmost rage, and rejoicing with the perfect confidence of a full security in the midst of their direst and most tumultuous terrors. Thou! the protector and delight of my boyhood whether in the calm waters of my native *Nene*, or the classic bosom of *Cam*, the beloved river of my student days, or in the majestic arms of the mighty *Hudson*, rolling proudly with its tides and currents amidst subject isles and guardian mountains! Thou who hast ever been my friend and benefactor, alike in the peril of death and the blessed rapture of exultant and secure life, to thee I pay my profoundest homage and allegiance, and most because through thee and thy glorious aid I was enabled to rescue from thine enemy and man's the most beautiful of earth's darling daughters.

On arriving at the *Jolly Pirate*, I remounted my horse and rode back to *Burlington*, returning on foot to the tents, which I reached at midnight, in time to see big *Toon* and his pals go off on a poaching expedition.

(To be continued.)

NATURAL AFFECTION AMONG AFRICANS.

THE African race are not entirely without natural affection. Heathenism and the slave-trade have done much to destroy this feeling, but they have not eradicated it from their hearts. It still remains there, and can never be entirely uprooted. Nothing but the genial influence of Christianity is wanted to develop this and other elements of excellence in the African race, and make them one of the most amiable and affectionate people on the face of the earth. Among the *Kru* people this trait of character shines forth amidst all the absurdities and unnatural restraint to which, in their heathenish darkness, they have subjected themselves. It shows itself in every relation of life to greater advantage than that of the marriage connexion, which, in reality is little else than that of master and slave. The parental relation is very strong. Men of large and robust frames, whose countenances indicate anything but the milder graces of humanity, may be seen bearing about in their coarse brawny arms, tender infants, and bestowing upon them the most lavish expressions of overflowing affection. Brothers and sisters are bound together by the strongest cords of natural affection. The strongest of all the natural ties are those between the mother and her children. Whatever other estimate we may form of the African, we may not doubt his love for his mother. Her name, whether dead or alive, is always on his lips and in his heart. She is the first being he thinks of when awaking from his slumbers, and the last he remembers when closing his eyes in sleep. To her he confides secrets that he

would reveal to no other human being on the face of the earth. He cares for no one else in times of sickness. She alone must prepare his food, administer his medicines, perform his ablutions, and spread his mat for him. He flies to her in the hour of distress; for he well knows if all the rest of the world turn against him, she will be steadfast in her love whether he is right or wrong. If there is any cause that justifies a man in using violence towards one of his fellow-men, it would be to resent an insult offered to his mother. More fights are occasioned among boys by hearing something said in disparagement of their mothers, than by all other causes together. It is a common saying among them, if a man's mother and his wife are both on the point of being drowned, and he can save only one of them, he must save his mother, and for the avowed reason, if the wife is lost, he may marry another, but he could never find a second mother.

A SPANISH PROVERB.

There is a town in Spain notorious by a proverb—"dearer than the fish of Alagon," implying that a man has paid dear for his whistle. The explanatory story is pleasant enough to form an episode in Don Quixote or Gil Blas. In times past there was a certain captain-general of Aragon, who was a great gourmand, and very fond of salmon; of which delicious edible he was in the habit of receiving a weekly supply from the Bay of Biscay. Of course, the muleteer who brought it passed regularly through Alagon, on his way to the vice-regal palace in Zaragoza; and the worthy alcalde (mayor) of the village, having nothing better to do, had often held converse with the passing muleteer, and made himself acquainted with his affairs. At length he took into his head that this said salmon, which was so nice a thing in the mouth of a captain-general, could not well prove unsavory in that of an alcalde. So one day he stopped the returning muleteer, and told him that he must have some of his fish. In vain did the reluctant muleteer protest that his excellency would be in despair, and that he would be ruined; he insisted upon taking some of the best fish, and promised to pay for them at the same rate as the viceroy should pay for the remainder. The disconsolate muleteer went his way, and arrived in due time in Zaragoza. Of course his coming was attended with vast excitement. Cook, scullions and major-domo, courtiers and parasites, placemen and pretenders to become so, were all in a terror of dismay when they heard of the disastrous deficiency. The matter was broken with caution to the insulted potentate, and the muleteer ushered into his presence. "How is it, my friend, that thou has come so scantily provided?" "May it please your excellency, the alcalde of Alagon has laid hands upon the best of the fish. He says that he has as nice a tooth as your excellency, and that he will pay for those which he has retained whatever your excellency shall pay for the remainder." "Tell the major-domo to pay thee a pound of gold for each pound of salmon, and go in peace." The muleteer did as he was ordered, and received the money with the best grace he could, and of course lost no time in going in search of more fish. At Alagon he had an interview with the worthy alcalde, and asked if the fish were not indeed as suitable food for an alcalde as for a captain-general? The alcalde pronounced it a delicious morsel, and professed his intention to eat it often. He sent his willing hand in search of the pistareens that were to pay for it, and begged to know what his excellency had given. "A pound of gold for a pound of salmon!" was the answer which broke like thunder on the alcalde's ear; he was a ruined man; he had eaten up his whole substance—house, lands, sheep, mules and oxen, at a single meal. The word salmon was of course no very pleasant sound in his ears afterwards; neither is it in those of the natives of Alagon to this day, against whom the proverb is used as a reproach.

A NAVY surgeon loved to prescribe salt water. He fell overboard one day. "Zounds, Bill," said a sailor, "there's the doctor tumbled into his own medicine-chest!"

THE TURKISH BATH.

As there has been much talk lately about Turkish baths, and whether it is possible or desirable to bring them into common use in this country, and as we know that there are most erroneous notions prevalent with respect to their cost and comfort, a short account of a visit to one recently constructed at South Preston Cottage, North Shields, may possess some public interest. On a fine clear, cold, rather frosty night, just as the moon was rising above the trees, robed in the bath dress, a loose flowing cape reaching to the knees, we were conducted by our host from the vinery (with its sashes open) into the outer bath apartment, where seated upon low stools, with the thermometer at eighty-five degrees, we were soon in a most genial glow. Thus prepared, we entered the inner apartment. Seating ourselves, *à la Turc*, on a low wooden bench, we waited in profound silence the moment when all our skin impurities should "melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew." Soon a copious shower of perspiration ran from every pore. Our attendant commenced a brisk friction with hands and feet over the whole surface of the body, and produced a result that we confess we were not prepared for. Accustomed to daily use of the ordinary warm and cold baths, and the constant use of "flesh-gloves," we fancied that we had left little to be removed; but, under the skilful hands of our manipulator, we were soon divested of a rough coat of dead epidermis, that must have been a terrible obstacle to the delicate process of respiration which nature intends to go on constantly over the whole surface of the body. Next we were rubbed from head to foot with soap, followed by a delicate stream of warm water poured over us, which produced a delightful glow of invigoration such as we have rarely experienced before. A sense of purity over the whole body, and a deep calm as of settled peace, fell upon us with all the freshness of a new birth. Next a bracing stream of cold water, and we stepped again into the first apartment. When the body had been rubbed perfectly dry we were conducted into the vinery, where, reclining on a couch, every muscle in repose, we were exposed to a current of cold air, with the loins only girded. Yet, as we imbibed a fragrant cup of coffee, there was no feeling of chill; but one of perfect health and renewed energy vibrated through the body; while through the mind, sympathising as ever with her earthly dwelling, passed rapid visions of all that was pleasant in the past or hopeful in the future; and we left the dwelling of our friend convinced that few of the blessings of modern civilization as auxiliaries to health, are to be compared to this English version of the Turkish bath.

JASMINE.—We are told that a Duke of Tuscany was the first possessor of this pretty shrub in Europe; and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy what he alone wished to possess, that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single flower, to any person. To this command the gardener would have been faithful, had not love wounded him by the sparkling eye of a fair but portionless peasant, whose want of a little dowry, and his poverty, alone kept them from the hymeneal altar. On the birthday of his mistress he presented her with a nosegay, and to render the bouquet more acceptable, ornamented it with a branch of jasmine. The *povera figlia*, wishing to preserve the bloom of this new flower, put it into fresh earth, and the branch remained green all the year. In the following spring it grew, and was covered with flowers. It flourished and multiplied so much under the fair nymph's cultivation, that she was able to amass a little fortune from the sale of the precious gift which love had made her; when, with a sprig of jasmine in her breast, she bestowed her hand and wealth on the happy gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls, to this day, preserve the remembrance of this adventure, by invariably wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding day; and they have a proverb which says, a young girl worthy of wearing this nosegay is rich enough to make the fortune of a good husband.



SUNDAY AT THE DIGGINGS.

MY TRIP TO AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER VI.

TAKING Grasmere in my way, I pushed on for Ardglass. David was, as I expected he would be, completely captivated by the hopeful chances of my expedition. He decided at once on accompanying me.

The matter required a little diplomatic tact. He did not wish to offend his aunt and uncle, nor did he wish his ne'er do weel repute to be increased at Grasmere. I was received with a thorough bush welcome, and it was settled that I was to stop a day or two to talk over old times. The old lady questioned me on all the border topics; and the genealogical tree of every house was passed in review by the worthy matron:

Graham and Fenwick, Musgrave and Shaw,
Ridley and Thirlwall, and Featherstonhaugh.

I was expected to know the births, deaths, marriages and fortunes of all of them to the third and fourth generation. My store of information gave me a world of credit with the good lady, and set my character, already well reported, on an inextinguishable basis.

In the evening, when we were sitting over the fire, Mr. Sinclair took his pipe, Mrs. Sinclair her knitting, David Graham and I sat at the massive table. We spoke of old times at home, old friends and scenes, and other emollient topics. At length I broached the delicate subject, the wonderful gold discoveries, and their effect on the colonies, both in the present and the future.

Mr. Sinclair laid down his pipe testily, and then in a measured tone took me up.

"Heh, sir. They will be the ruin of the colonies. We are doing pretty well now, after a great deal o' fash. And now this will turn the brains of the people, and every pair creature that's too lazy to work will rin for the gold diggings, thinking to pick up a fortune in a few hours."

Here was a nice beginning!

"May be it will turn out for the best," said Mrs. Sinclair, mildly apologizing for dame Nature.

"Hoot, wife!" rejoined Mr. Sinclair. "It may be for the best; yes it may be best for Archy Richey, when he comes home from Adelaide, and finds that all his men are gaun clean away to the diggin' in his absence, without his leave, or only one in their place."

It was clear that Mr. Sinclair knew all about the diggings, or rather their ill effects on the labor market, and had not chosen

to communicate his bad news. Mr. Sinclair asked me some questions about Adelaide prices, smoked out his pipe and calmly retired for the night, intimating his wish that David should go out to a distant part of the run, to look after some stray cattle early in the morning.

In cabinet council David and I settled that this was a mere device to take him out of the way of temptation. It was decided that I should talk over aunty on the morrow, and that the next evening David should formally ask leave of absence. I found little difficulty in getting the good lady's consent, though she was a little averse to parting with her nephew so soon. She predicated, however, that Sinclair would not agree, and so we found it. In the evening David returned, announcing that

he had found the lost one; a piece of luck, which, on this occasion, Mr. Sinclair did not rejoice over. The subject was mooted, and David signified how he should like to go up with me.

"The rolling stone gathers no moss," quoth Mr. Sinclair.

"Well, but uncle Sinclair," said David, "should you object to my going away for a time?"

The uncle referred the matter to the aunt. The result of the family council was that David, whose courage was braced up by Sinclair's opposition and cold sarcasms about his unsettled disposition, declared his intention of going. The following morning Sinclair summoned his nephew, paid him the balance of his small salary to the last penny, and told him if he was going he had better go at once. David asked if he could take his own horse, which his unmoved relative declined, as there were only working horses on the run. David offered to buy it, but was reminded that his small sum of money might yet be useful, and that gold hunters mustn't mind difficulties at the outset. They parted without so much as a "God speed ye!" Far other was the parting from aunty, who shed many tears, and hoped soon to hear from us.

This want of a horse was a *contretemps* to us. The mere walk was nothing to a hardy borderer. But the difficulty was our one horse. It was either too much or too little. We made our way through the bush, however, until at the post station of Bullagory we managed to pick up an old screw at an outrageous price, which fell dead long before we reached Ballarat. David brought only a small kit away with him, and a fine dog, a scion of the famous Grasmere breed, who did us valuable service on our journey, and was destined to play an important part in my Australian history.

After a weary three weeks' march, which was not without its perils and interest, we stood on the side of a hill. Before us in the flat below were the Ballarat diggings. Breathless with excitement, we contemplated the scene for a little while. The eye looked on the objects of the landscape, but they left no impression. All ideas were swallowed up by the one great fact: we were on the diggings. There, before us, were the visible, tangible proofs of unimaginable wealth. The diggings were not a fanciful creation of the brain, a doubtful figment, a newspaper narrative. The evidence was patent! Heaps of earth in all directions, the ground honey-combed with holes innumerable, testified for us. We broke into a loud shout, shook hands with each other, and upon the spot, "accoutred as we were," in red jumpers, long boots and generally uncivilized make-up, we per-

formed a *pas d'enthousiasme*. Bran assisted by bounding about and barking in a frantic and demented fashion, as though his canine brain, too, had been turned by the *aura sacra fames*.

Descending, at last, we passed a few diggers who had witnessed with indifference our demonstration. Their present occupation was all absorbing, and they had passed through the malady in all its stages. We stood to watch the occupations of some of them. One man, working by himself, picked out a small nugget in our very presence. We asked permission to examine it, which after a glance he conceded somewhat doubtfully. We held it in our hands, devoured it with our eyes, weighed it with our fingers.

"What's it worth?" said I.

"About half a sovereign, I should say," said he.

"I'll give you half a sovereign for it!" I exclaimed.

"You can have it."

I took out the money and gave it to him.

"I've got a handsomer one, you can have, if you like." He laid down his tin dish, and putting his hand in his breast he pulled out a little box that was hung round his neck. He showed me a nugget of gold mixed with quartz, and bearing some resemblance to a man's head.

"No, I thank you! It's pretty, but I will keep the first piece I saw and handled on the diggings. There are not as many people as I expected to see."

"Oh! they have pretty near all cleared out. News came of new diggings at Mount Alexander, about a hundred miles from here, and as the take was getting slack here, they have made a rush."

"And are they really doing well there?"

"I don't know about that; I haven't seen any one myself who has been there. They say the workings are easier there to what they are here; and there's more water."

Finding him communicative, we had some further conversation with him. He informed us he had come over from the Sydney side. The diggings there were nothing like so rich as these. His party had had no luck for some time. When the rush took place for Mount Alexander—as he didn't much like his comrades—he had remained behind, and had been prospecting for himself, contriving to pick up out of old stuff and some of the deserted holes, about an ounce a-day; while he could do that he didn't care about leaving. A certainty was always better than a chance.

"Is there a place to eat or drink here?"

He pointed out a refreshment booth close at hand. We invited him to take a nobbler—a reasonable request—to which he acceded, and we adjourned to the booth. It was a common frame tent. Over the entrance was inscribed "Tom Blower's Old House at Home." In the entrance was a thick-set, bow-legged, ill-favored man; who stood his ground, as if rather to repel than invite custom. We passed him and took our seat, side by side, behind a wooden table of desponding appearance. It had lost one leg in the service. Along one side of the tent were some rough boards resting on barrels, which served for a counter. Behind this the stock in trade was arrayed. Some cases and barrels, bottles and a few glasses, tobacco, cigars and pipes made up the show. A pile of hard biscuits and a lump of corned beef were the edible luxuries of the Old House at Home.

"Nobblers if you please, mister," said the digger.

The man set a bottle of beer and a glass before us.

"We asked for nobblers," said I.

"Well, I heard you," said he, "I ain't deaf; if you don't like beer, you needn't have it!"

"We would prefer nobblers," said I meekly.

"Well, then, you won't have them here, that's all!" said he, taking the beer away.

"He's been out o' rum this two days," said our new friend, "but I didn't know but what he might have some more."

He now petitioned our courteous Boniface for the return of our beer. He slapped it down before us.

"Five shillings!"

"What! for a single bottle," said I.

"Five shillings," was his explanatory reply. I paid the money.

"Will you open it, if you please, or lend us a corkscrew?" said I.

This outrageous request was too much for our surly host, he

broke out into a torrent of vituperation and blasphemy on new chums like us, who didn't know their own minds, and expected to give as much trouble as they liked; but we should find ourselves mistaken.

Cursing and swearing have always been accounted an accomplishment in the bush, and a perfect bushman rather prides himself on the variety of his oaths, adapted to all the phases of human passion, affection, hatred, mirth, sorrow, approval, condemnation. This fellow's torrent of expletives obnoxious took us, however, by surprise. The matter, not the manner of his wordy attack was decidedly irritating.

"That'll do, my friend!" said I, calmly; "keep yourself cool!"

This only elicited a new volley, winding up with an allusion to our maternal parents, national and personal.

This brought David Graham to his feet in an instant, with a tremendous Celtic oath, seconded by one! two! delivered straight from the shoulder.

The crushing bones before the blows gave way,
In dust and blood the groaning bully lay.

Boniface understood this style of argument. He gathered himself up, declined the proffered renewal of David's rough courtesy, and retired sullenly.

"Served him right. He was a vulgar varmint. I don't know how it was; there was plenty of chaps able to lick him, but everybody seemed afraid of him," said the friendly digger.

We drummed on the table, but as no one came, David went behind the counter and brought forward the beef and bread. Our new friend with the back of his knife knocked off the head of the porter bottle with a skill that argued practice, and the foaming beverage was soon transferred, by the medium of the single glass, to its more appropriate receptacle.

"Here's welcome to the diggings, and good luck to you!" said our friend. A toast to which we responded. We cut into the beef and bread, and the bottle being finished was thrown out of the tent, and another brought out by the assiduous David. This being disposed of, David, who took upon himself all the duty, shouted—

"What's to pay? We are off!"

This brought our unwilling entertainer from behind his screen, whence no doubt he had been taking note of our proceedings.

"What's to pay?" repeated I.

"Twelve shillings!" he rejoined.

I threw down a sovereign. He gave the change.

"Two bottles of beer and some bread and meat for seventeen shillings; that's pretty good profit," said I.

"Well, we diggers don't get all the profit," remarked the digger.

"Good morning, Blower!" said I blandly as we retired.

"Blast you! I'll mark you for this day's work!" was his valedictory.

"Never bear malice, Mr. Blower; never bear malice," was my rejoinder. "It spoils a man's comfort and digestion."

"They say that gent's a Vandemanian, and he's wicked enough for one, anyhow. He's bound to keep his promise, and he'll mark you if he has a chance," said the digger. "I shall go to work again; what are you going to do?"

We hardly knew; we had come down to look about, and had no definite plan.

"Have you got a tent?" said he.

"Nothing but a horse, a dog, and a couple of packs. We came over from Adelaide and lost one horse coming along."

He liked Adelaide people. Had made two trips from Sydney to Adelaide in the brig William. We should find horse keep precious dear, and the animal of no use. He had a tent himself—and that was about all he had—over there on the hillside, with a blue pennant. If we chose to come back there in the evening, he would meet us and have a yarn.

We deposited our packs and our saddle at his tent, turned out our horse to pick up what he could, poor fellow, which, with the ground all trodden and trampled as it was, was not much, and then we ranged about prospecting for ourselves. We sifted some of the stuff which had been rejected by others, and even

from that picked out some grains; abundant evidence of the richness of the soil, if we had only the requisite implements.

After wandering up and down, until we were tired, we adjourned to our friend's tent, and threw ourselves on the ground to await his arrival.

"Well, what luck?" said I, when he came up. "Had a pretty good day?"

He looked a little suspiciously at us, and answered rather drily,

"Not partickler good to-day."

I took no notice, but went on questioning.

"Where do you feed and get a wash?"

"I reckon that it's little washing most of us gets. There's the trouble of fetching the water, and then we have nothing to wash in except it's the camp oven or the tea kettle. And then a fellow's mates don't like that. As for feeding, you can get your meals pretty comfortable when you are in a party; but when you are on your own hook you can't do it, and then you have to go to the store, and they charge so precious high that it is like eating your own head off. No! it ain't all play, ain't digger's work?"

"Well now," said I, plunging into the matter, "we want to go to work at once. What's the best way to set about it? What tools do we want?"

"My name's Jack Wilson," said he.

"Mine is Peter Brown, an Englishman; my friend is David Graham, a Scotchman, last from Adelaide."

Mr. Wilson was better satisfied with the mutual introduction. He put out his hand, giving us a hearty squeeze that left the impress of the fingers on mine.

"The first thing I vote for is to have supper. No—not at Mr. Blower's—I only went there because it was near by where I met you. We'll go to another place, where I always go."

We went over accordingly to another place, not more imposing in exterior than Mr. Blower's establishment. The internal accommodation gave promise of better treatment. Half a dozen tables of boards on barrels argued custom. The general store attached told of a choice of articles, and the smoke of a fire, backed by the appearance of sundry kettles and camp ovens, told us that we were in the land of plenty.

"I stand treat," said Wilson.

We took our seats, he called for supper. A piece of baked beef with mustard and pickles, and hot flour puddings with sugar, served on plates and washed down with plenty of tea, was a repast, under circumstances, sumptuous, and better than the best served up to Homer's heroes. For this the charge was three shillings and sixpence a head. Afterwards we had some bottled beer.

"I don't live like this every day," said Wilson. "But all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Well now we've had our grub we can have our yarn. First, let's look at your hands." We exposed our palms expecting some kind of divination. "Just as I expected. Now you see you're not working men. Strong enough? Oh, yes, plenty strong enough. But rouse up out of a wet snooze, and go aloft in half a gale of wind to reef topsails, rigging all frozen perhaps; and to have 'all hands' two or three times in a watch; this is hard work. Or to dig or plough all day in all weathers, that's hard work. I tell you digging's enough to kill a horse when you really work. Picking and shoveling hard earth, may be stones, all day long; stooping till your back aches again, and throwing it up out of the hole, or may be hoisting every painful of stuff. Then after that walking a couple of miles, perhaps, to water; and then standing up to your knees in the water washing the stuff for hours; and when you've done, no comfort when you turn it, and only poor food to eat, and a precious price to pay for it, whether you're lucky or whether you ain't. That's a digger's life! And I reckon there's a good many 'll find out their mistake, afore they're done with it."

All this was said, not continuously but at intervals, between the puffs of his pipe. We listened, and attentively. His manner of treating the subject was not enlivening. Shades put in too deep.

"Howsomdever that won't do you no good. When you do take a good haul you forgets all your trouble. Ah! only to

think, I was in the next hole to the fellows as got out the big nugget. I suppose you've heard of that? No! Well, then, there was me and my three mates, four of us you see, and we set to work and we digged and we worked steady and we sunk a hole about forty foot, and then we came to a ledge of rock; they say, though I can't say it myself for certain, that you're never sure of getting to the gold before you gets to the pipe clay; though some on 'em have got to the pipe clay without ever getting to the gold at all, ha! ha! Well, you see, we was about forty or that to five and forty foot down—we had spent all our money; we hadn't made an ounce, no not a blessed ounce, the four of us. Well, another party, four o' them, just like we were, new chums too, just as you may be; they come and they opened a hole about seven foot off of us. Well, the very first day they picked out some fine gold; the next day they came upon a pocket of nuggets. Well, I was a standing at our hole, I had just come up from the bottom, and I see two o' the new chaps stooping down to lift something, while the two others was in the hole handing out the bucket. I had a jolly laugh to myself at the idea of them four chaps to lift their bucket of stuff, and I was thinking how nicely they'd get on at that rate, when I sees something besides stuff in the bucket. I sang out, 'You've got a prize there, mates,' and I ran over to them. There was the nugget. My eyes! such a nugget! I never see such a one before nor since, I tell you. It more than half filled the bucket, and they carried it off between them to their tent. That was a nugget. I've heerd say it weighed near eighty pound."

"What, of gold!" exclaimed we in a breath.

"In course not," replied he with a hearty laugh. "No not so good as that; gold and quartz mixed together. I don't know the value of that nugget, but from first to last out of that hole, not six feet deep, they made one thousand pounds apiece for the four on them in five days; and we had worked near as many weeks and made nothing at all."

"And what became of them?" asked I.

"I don't rightly know. They got to watching each other, and then it was decided to go home with the gold. And I have heard, though I don't know myself, that one had charge of the gold and wasn't allowed to be armed while the others were, and so they got it down to the ship and went home. That was what made my mates give up and go away to Mount Alexander, though you may take my word that this 'll be a great place again for them as will have patience."

"Wonderful! one thousand pounds in five days."

"Yes," said he, "and we nothing at all in as many weeks. They had the ups and we the downs. However, I reckon you had best go to Geelong and make up your outfit. You will want a tent and a cradle, pickaxes, shovels, tin pans, a cooking oven, kettle, and ever such a lot of things. You can then return here and work if you like to do as I am doing just now, or else perhaps you will be able to hear at Geelong what they are doing at Mount Alexander, and then you can start for there. If it's true that they don't go deep there, I should think that's the best place for you."

"Would you feel disposed to join us, and make a party?" asked I.

"I should like to very well," was Wilson's reply. "But may be you have more money than me, or may be we should quarrel, and it's better to work alone than to quarrel among yourselves."

"Oh, I dare say we shouldn't agree badly," said I.

"No, I dare say not," was his rejoinder. "But it's always fair weather and plain sailing when you begin. Sometimes it's too much hard work and no luck as makes a party split; sometimes it's too much luck coming all of a sudden. Anyhow, it wouldn't be no use my going to Geelong just now. I'm doing something, and it's no use a fellow leaving his luck while it lasts. If I was to go down to town I should only be spending myself without helping you. There's two or three holes I should like to try before leaving here. You'd better go down, and if you come back, well; if not, you can write to me what you're a going to do; and unless I have something extra in the way of luck, I can join you—if you want me."

We went to the tent, got up the horse, and made him fast to



BALLARAT DIGGINGS.

a tent-pin, for horse robberies, which afterwards became so general, had already commenced. Bran watched outside. The following morning we bade adieu to Wilson, and started for Geelong. Before going he displayed his small stock of nuggets, and insisted on David accepting one. We were both much taken with this hearty sailor; and although our sudden proposal to him might seem hasty, I can only say, that under such circumstances, friendships take root rapidly, with little check from merely prudential motives.

We went down to Geelong, which we found in a ferment of business, caused by the sudden flow of population and its rapid ebb, now that the tide had turned. Nothing could arrest the growth and prosperity of the town, for the local attraction of the diggings, though much reduced, was still considerable; while a fine agricultural back country gives permanent advantages of position to the town. It is very pleasantly situate on some hills which slope gently upwards from Corio Bay, a deep indentation of the larger bay of Port Phillip. Everything around us gave note of a sudden rush of prosperity. Extravagant prices, high living, reckless expenditure, a wanton waste of all things. Rents rising day by day; everything doubled, trebled, quadrupled in value. The accounts of the Mount Alexander diggings determined us to throw ourselves into the rush and to start for that place.

We ran over to Melbourne in the steamer, and the fleet of

first-class merchantmen lying in Hobson's Bay, at the mouth of the Yarra-Yarra, was certainly an extraordinary sight, considering that Melbourne was then only eighteen years old. At this time the streets were comparatively deserted, notwithstanding the numbers continually pouring in from the other colonies. The instant people arrived they started for the diggings. The ordinary residents migrated to the diggings. Clerks quitted their offices, public and private, and were only to be retained at salaries beyond their most extravagant expectations, and even then they felt themselves sacrificed. Sailors ran away from their ships, the instant night permitted them to leave unseen. Those who could not steal the boats threw themselves into the water and swam ashore. Not a few drifted out into the bay and were lost. Shepherds, bullock-drivers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, shopkeepers, masters, apprentices, all had a "slug" at the diggings. The local *furor* was soon over; digging even for gold required nerves and sinews, with powers of patient endurance. The Sybarites of the desk and counter could not stand it. Leaving the field to the working man, they preyed upon the produce of labor, which always works less for its own profit than for that of its taskmasters.

The rough, hardy, simple-minded giant is mastered by the plotting, crafty dwarf.

All conversation, all inquiries, all news turned upon the one, the all-absorbing topic: gold! gold! gold! The generality of people were taken by surprise, borne down by the prodigious avalanche of prosperity. They became wealthy in spite of themselves; even in spite of their efforts to stand still. They were carried along like corks upon a stream. Some there were who had skill to discern the signs of the times and courage to profit by them. They played for an immense stake, and by one or two bold ventures realized a colossal fortune. Among these was a Jewish firm, the Brothers Joseph. They were three brothers, one or more of whom had, as it was generally believed, been under the ban of the law, and had left his country "for his country's good." This was the past. In the present they stood forth at once eminent for probity, for fair dealing, and for a liberal-handed charity that knew no distinction of Jew or Christian. All three brothers were very wealthy. The instant the diggings broke out, this firm saw their opportunity, cleared out the whole of their immense stock of dry goods by auction, and applied their capital to the purchase of gold. At that time there was not an assayer in the country. No one knew the value of the metal. So utterly unprepared were the people for such an occurrence, that it was commonly bought by *avoir-dupois* measure, and the most nefarious cheats were openly, almost without concealment, perpetrated on the unknowing diggers, when they came to sell the produce of their labor and luck. To these petty rogues the honorable house of which I speak was a conspicuous exception. The price paid at a venture chiefly by the children of Israel, who seem in all monetary contingencies to be equal to the crisis, commenced at two guineas the ounce, from which it had risen to fifty-eight shillings, fourteen and a half dollars, in March, 1852. At this figure the wealthy firm of which I speak purchased every ounce they could get. They obtained advances on their shipments and continued buying. At length news came that the London assayers and bullion brokers had declared the gold of high purity, and in a day the price rose fifty per cent. The Brothers Joseph in the course of a few months had cleared over one hundred thousand pounds sterling by their gold dealing alone.

While we were waiting at Melbourne, making up our outfit, thick and fast came the extraordinary stories of sudden wealth. The gold discoveries had been really owing to a shepherd on the Sydney side, who found a nugget in his wanderings, and made a small store of wealth, but whose secret was not generally divulged. So now, one man going carelessly along, driving his team of sluggish over-worked and much-whipped oxen, had seen something glitter in the wheel rut. He stooped, and with his knife brought to day a lump of the precious metal, and following up his chance disinters a whole sitting of such pleasant eggs. In a few minutes he is richer by seven hundred or eight hundred pounds. In another instance we hear of a party of luckless diggers having quitted their claim in disgust. They have opened two or three holes. They have worked hard and

incessantly for many days, spending all—time, labor, money—gaining nothing. One of the party, with a great oath, swears he will have one more stroke for luck before he quits the accursed hole on which they have wasted so much. His mates swear at him for a fool, wasting more time and disturbing the load to get at his pick. But a wilful man will have his way. That last stroke for luck did the business. A vein or nest was opened. The party were worth their five hundred pounds a-piece, all by reason of Bill's impracticable obstinacy. Such were the tales (for the most part true—no freak of fortune could be styled improbable) which kept men's imaginations at fever heat.

The colonial government did what they could. The intellectual standard required by the British Colonial Office is never very high. Men whose interest is too good to be passed over, but who are unfit for other branches of the public service, often pass muster for the colonies. In the Australian colonies, with the exception of Sir George Grey and Sir William Denison, the gubernatorial calibre had been even less than usual. The embarrassment caused by so unprecedented and abnormal a state of public affairs, was still further increased by the inauguration and commencement of the new political constitution, which took effect simultaneously with the gold diggings, on the 1st January, 1852. A popular element was thereby infused into the legislature; together with the anxieties caused by a new social development, came the debates and agitation of a new political movement. Wiser and more energetic rulers might have held themselves excused for short comings under such circumstances, but Governor Latrobe and his staff of officials, familiarly known by the *sobriquet* of "Celestials," whence derived I know not, were completely paralyzed. The small fry abruptly demanded leave of absence, and if refused, took French leave. The *dii majores*, unable to meet the unparalleled crisis, let public business "gang its own gait," and looked after the main chance. The diggings being all on public lands, there was at first some idea of establishing a royalty on the gold field, but the impracticability of collecting it dissipated the idea; and a digger's licence fee was imposed, moderate enough in itself, and expedient as a matter of revenue, but collected in a manner so arbitrary and corrupt that it afterwards led to serious riots, and was abandoned by the government. A gold escort was also established, but of such weak and ineffective character, as to invite plunder instead of repelling it.

We bought a spring-cart and harness at an incredible price, together with other articles of prime necessity, being careful not to overload our horse, the purchases nearly exhausting my small capital. We had written to Wilson, and to our regret were obliged to start without him. The road to Mount Alexander was at this time nothing more than a wheel track, cut up in all directions by the heavy ox drays, with their enormous loads. It was now the beginning of the winter season, when the heavy rains would make matters still worse; the wagons travelled in teams for the purpose of helping each other, and it was no uncommon circumstance to see eight or ten yoke of oxen attached to a dray, and vainly struggling to drag it out of a deep hole, in which one wheel had become firmly imbedded. The drivers had the greatest objection to commence the task of unloading, more from hatred of work than of any extreme trouble it involved. They would stand and flog the poor stupid animals, cursing in the most horrible manner, for it is settled that bullocks cannot be driven without a liberal use of strong expletives. Bad as was the road now, it was a pleasant path compared to what it became twelve months later—ere yet the government, under powerful pressure, had commenced the very necessary work of mending their ways.

Owing to the care which we took in easing off our horse, we made more rapid progress than many stronger parties who had encumbered themselves with heavier baggage. Once on the diggings we sought out a favorable location, in which the contiguity to water and retirement from neighbors was a material consideration; at this time there was not more than fifteen thousand people on the diggings, spread over an area of some miles. It was not therefore a difficult task to suit ourselves with an unexplored spot. Having found one to our liking (in which we were determined by fanciful notions of what a gold

digging soil should be), we set to work, pitched our tent, and turned out the horse to crop the herbage. We had mercifully brought with us a small supply of corn, determining not to part with our horse, for the greater convenience of moving about. Our first essay was a "prospecting" expedition, during which we roamed about, tin dish in hand, examining the surface for gold, either as the means of immediate gain or as the index for further and more elaborate operations; in so doing we followed popular practice, but in reality the mere deposit on the surface could obviously be no guide for deeper deposits, but merely the evidence of the general diffusion of the metal. After a week of prospecting, we found that our gains had not paid expenses, and it was time to think of doing something on a larger scale. The second Sunday of our arrival, we cleaned off the week's dirt and soil, and betook ourselves to the post office; this was a general rendezvous—there were hundreds waiting for their turn at the little window, where a single clerk answered an unceasing stream of inquiries. We beguiled the time with inquiries about the last new flat or gully, the price, the yield, the size of the biggest nugget—gold, nothing but gold! The rough joke, the hearty laugh were suspended, all thoughts were concentrated upon one sole object. In such an intensity of feeling, it was no small credit to the national character that the Sabbath was always kept on the diggings. In early days it was merely a day of rest; afterwards religious ordinances were introduced and generally attended.

There were several Adelaide men among the crowd, one of whom claimed acquaintance with me. I recognized him as Read, an emigrant whose children had been among my patients in the fever. He was a quiet man, and his steady, subdued solicitude for his family had made an impression on me at the time. They had come up to the diggings with two of his shipmates, and had preceded me by a fortnight. They had been doing pretty well, but dissension having arisen the party seemed likely to break up, his friends desiring to abandon their present moderate fortune, in search of greater luck at some more promising spot, and he preferring to stick to a certain moderation rather than doubtful greatness. One of the party, too, was a "pick up" on the diggings, whose character and friends were not satisfactory to Read, and this increased the chances of a split. I told him where he would find us, and that in such a case we might be willing to take him into our party; he expressed himself as greatly pleased with the chance, and said he would come over and see us at any rate.

After some hours of waiting our turn came, and I was gratified to find a letter from Wilson, announcing his presence on the diggings and giving us a rendezvous. We soon hunted him up, and after a hearty greeting we all repaired to our tent.

He had been on the diggings only three days. After a few days of his lonely life at Ballarat he had found it tedious, and falling into a quarrel with some men who had insisted on working a deserted hole in which he was, and which he would not give up, he thought it might be dangerous, and came over to join us.

"For though," he concluded, "I guess you're more of gentry than working men, I expect we shall be able to pull pretty well together."

"What's become of friend Blower?" asked I.

"Well, he was an ugly customer, that's certain; but he found Mr. Graham a deal uglier. I wasn't over his way for the next two days, and then he was cleared out and gone. I shouldn't wonder if he's here somewheres. I ain't over anxious to meet him."

"Why," said David, "you are not afraid of anything that blackguard can do?"

"Afraid! No, I reckon I am able for most men of my weight and inches," he replied rather quickly.

"No offence! I did not mean were you yourself afraid of him. But why should any of us care about meeting him?"

"I understand," said Wilson mollified. "Well, it's just this. I have been longer in the colonies than you, and have seen more of the people. I have been trading about these colonies five years come next June. That fellow was a Norfolk Islander, if ever there was one. How he got here I can't say. You can tell it by his walk and his look. Your regular convict

can't look you straight in the face, like an honest man. He ain't that neither. He looks down and aside as if he was expecting the keeper with his whip every minute. Then he walks with his legs wide, so do I, so does every sailor for the matter o' that; but the convict has a walk of his own."

"What's the cause of that?" said David.

"Why to save the irons striking against his shins and his ankle bones, to be sure. Well, these scoundrels understand each other, and they always join in any devil's work that's on hand. Honest men have no chance with villains; for a villain will do what an honest man can't. If it's to be a regular fair stand-up fight, why one man's as good as another. But that's not the way lags go to work. We've only had the best of the diggings yet. We ain't had all the tagrag and bobtail that's sure to find their way here from all over the world, as I've heard they did in California. And even already there's been some curious things happened. There was one poor fellow at Ballarat, he was a drinking rum in Mr. Blower's store one night; everybody knew he had been pretty lucky, and a fellow always carries his swag about him. It's a bad practice, but there's nowhere else to put it. The next that was seen of him was that he was down a hole head foremost. He must have tumbled in when he was sprung and broke his neck. Well, perhaps he did. But what became of his swag?"

"Well, but where were the police?"

"Police! there's no police; every man's his own policeman! Besides, who likes to make a row. It wouldn't bring the dead to life. And then them as found the dead body would be the first suspected; not that we suspected them, but the police would. And then besides, men like Mr. Blower always have a way of making it square with the police, till such times as they can't square up any longer, or till there's a something extra done and a row is made; then the police is all of a sudden very clever and very active, as the papers say, and somebody is nabbed and tried and put out of the way. And then all's quiet and snug again for a time. Police indeed! They only annoy poor people and little thieves."

"Your small ones hang while great ones go unwhipt of justice," said I.

"I don't know about that," said Wilson sententially; "but this I do know, that police pay is no great things, and for all that policemen out here manage to get rich. Any way, we had best keep out of the way of Mr. Blower and his friends. He's taken a grudge against one of us, or as likely as not against all three, and he'll pay it if he has a chance."

Turning our conversation to matters more profitable, we asked Wilson what he thought of our position. We told him our proceedings. He liked the place well enough, and that it was as good as any other. We could not tell till we tried. And if we only had another hand we might begin sinking a hole. I mentioned my meeting with Read, and we were all agreed that he was just the man. We soon made arrangements for a division of property. I reserved the horse and saddle for myself. For the rest Wilson paid me his proportion in ounces measured at a guess. The following day we set to work. I hewed away at a tree for fire wood, Robert and Wilson dug. I had taken what seemed the easy work, but they had the best of it. It was a gum tree, harder and more stubborn than oak. The axe pained my arms to the sockets, and I narrowly escaped two or three slivers on the legs.

"I think you had better let me have a try at it," said Wilson.

I changed my vocation. "The most ancient and honorable profession" of digging suited me better.

Two days afterwards Read came over. His mates and he were about to give up, and if we liked he was ready to join us. We took him into our fraternity, and went to work with renewed energy. The first hole turned out remarkably well; Wilson, whose quaint humor was the life of our party, insisted that he had brought his luck with him from Ballarat, else we should never have struck such a good find. We as strictly maintained that he was only a drawback, but for his presence we should have had the luck of his neighbors at Ballarat, and have found a great nugget. What with the washing and the nuggets, we cleared over £400 a-piece. This was at the rate of

£100 a week. If the work could go on thus bravely we should do well. But as Wilson, whose philosophy was the reverse of Mark Tapley's, often observed, "It's too good to last."

We struck a new hole, reserving our rights in the old one, the yield in which had fallen off. We had as yet been little troubled with neighbors in our immediate vicinity. But as time passed, population gradually spread out, extending itself towards us, and it was evident that our domains would soon be invaded. One or other of us visited the post-office occasionally. By June the emigration from Europe began to set in, and each week brought a great accession of strength to the digging community. Canvas towns arose, and the stores began to assume a substantial appearance. One day our nearest neighbors were engaged in felling a tree, and one who, like myself, unhandy at the work, so disposed himself that when the tree fell, a bough struck him, and he fell senseless to the ground. Wilson ran over to see what was the matter. His comrades appeared to regard the occurrence with some degree of apathy; and as the man did not immediately revive, Wilson, who knew my profession from conversation with old Read, signalled for me to come over. I did so, and examined the man, he was stunned; and when we recovered him by the plentiful use of cold water—our only restorative—I discovered that his arm was dislocated at the shoulder; I at once reduced the dislocation and bandaged him up.

"By goles," remarked Mr. Wilson, "it's a sin for you to be digging. It's all very well for rough chaps like me. But we haven't hardly a doctor on the diggings. Every poor fellow that gets hurt or sick must away down to Melbourne, or else he must stop and die. It would be a public service for a man like you to set up; you'd soon make a pretty pile of it, and no mistake. There'll be a deal of sickness here yet. The new chums came straight off board ship and up here; they know nothing about it, and ain't used to sleeping under canvas, standing up to their middles in water all day, or digging in a hole, let alone the difference of food and the bad drink, and the hold the gold takes on a fellow's mind."

In good truth some such thoughts had occupied my own mind. We had no repetition of such luck as at first fell to our share. We had no right to complain. But our first success made the subsequent labor wearisome and tedious, and I felt that both David and myself might now be doing better. I had not, however, opened the matter, for I did not choose to be the first to break up a party that worked so harmoniously hitherto.

"Well, but what will you do if I turn doctor?" said I.

"Oh, live and let live! is my motto. If you or I can do better than by working together, let's part good friends; now you can do either!" said he, "and though it would be a loss to us, you've a right to look out for yourself. The best of friends must part, and perhaps we might have a split yet, if we kept on together."

The next morning I went over to see my patient, who was doing tolerably well, having sustained no farther injury. The man thanked me and offered me the pick of his nuggets as my fee. I refused to take anything. This brought down the house, and I was fain to escape.

My reputation for medical skill soon spread far and wide. Every day I had visitors who came to consult me. I found, as Wilson had shrewdly thought, that there was plenty of practice and likely to be more. Advice was all I could give for the present; I had neither drugs nor instruments, and as I could render but partial relief to my patients, I refused any fees. This course, though it brought me renown, was very inconvenient. We accordingly held a chapter, and it was decided by my three compeers that I was a second time called. Physic was my destiny!

I determined accordingly to start for Adelaide and to get up my instruments and a stock of drugs, and to return to the diggings. The journey would be a relief from the dull monotony of the digger's life. To say and to do were in those days the same thing. I left my share of the outfit between the three as some set off for their loss of myself, and in two days was in Melbourne. Here I sold my gold, and found that in my first four months at the diggings I had cleared about six hundred and

fifty pounds; not a fortune, certainly, but a sum which formed a small capital, and which under ordinary circumstances one might have sighed for hopelessly. I sold my horse for a good price, and after a tiresome beating passage of eighteen days, was again in Adelaide.

I had a long and, according to precedent, a post-prandial congratulation with my friend Mr. Dixon. His custom of mixing good eating with wise counsel was decidedly agreeable, and in the main judicious. "After dinner sleep a while," says the old saw. But I am disposed to believe that the assimilative process goes on quite as satisfactorily under the influence of pleasant intercourse. Besides which, the sense of complacency engendered by an easy stomach favors a spirit of mutual concession. I hold with the wise practice of good dinners as an accompaniment to the settlement of important affairs. In *vino veritas*—the dinner and the manner of it brings out a man's nature. His mastication and digestion is an index to his mind and morals.

There is a man who takes no pleasure in rest of any kind: he bolts his food in chunks like a wolf, and with double ostrich power digests it on the trot. There is another who, like a boa constrictor, performs deglutition in a state of torpor. The Cretans of old, slow bellies and great liars, are held up for all time as an example of the moral obliquity associated with a tardy digestive process. Avoid both these men. The one will snap you up without winking, and be ready for another; while the cold-blooded monster will slowly make a meal of you, callous to all your struggles. The happy man is he who, whether as guest or amphytrion, joins good eating with good talking, mellow wine with a clear head; taking his time over his business as over his dinner, allowing neither to override the other, and wisely ordering the affairs of life so that there is no undue preponderance.

My colloquy with Mr. Dixon on this occasion had no personal issue. He was sincerely glad at our success, and approved my plan. As I might not return to Adelaide for many months, if at all, I determined on a visit to Grasmere before going back to Melbourne. I accordingly rode up and spent a few days with them, during which I had an opportunity to sound the praises of my friend David. I was especially careful to impress on Miss Langley's mind the manly spirit which had urged David to his present step, and the cold relations which existed between him and his uncle, making dependence irksome. She listened graciously, and when I placed a letter in her hands, with a request from David that it might be forwarded direct to Aunt herself, she not only promised that it should be done, but that David Graham should be duly advised of any events at Ard-glass.

Having taken my leave, I turned my horse's head once more towards Adelaide. From thence I returned with all my baggage to Melbourne, by the fast schooner *Flash*, once a crack vessel in the British royal yacht squadron. We ran up before the wind to Melbourne, and let go the anchor on the fifth day.

CHAPTER VII.

MELBOURNE had materially changed, even in the few months that I had known it. The full flood of emigration was now set in, and the population increased at the rate of a thousand a week. The *Marco Polo* made the run out in seventy days, with upwards of seven hundred passengers. Other ships, the *Lightning*, the *Red Jacket*, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the largest and fastest clippers afloat, succeeded her. The little town had to accommodate a population of ten times its capabilities. The influx of goods exceeded that of human beings. A consumption of foreign commodities, as well of luxury as necessity, took place, exceeding any that had ever been known in the annals of trade. Australia, hitherto the abode of convicts, where vast domains were of so little value that they were held almost rent free by a few score of pastoral autocrats, had suddenly become a dependency superior to Canada and second only to India in value and dignity. The available business force and arrangements in the town were altogether inadequate to this overwhelming rush. Vast quantities of precious goods perished for want of storage. Vessels lay for weeks, perhaps months, unable to discharge cargo for want of hands or want of lighters and



ARREST OF THE ROBBER.

small craft. The new-comers became dwellers in tents, and a whole canvas town arose in the outskirts. Rents increased to such an extent that single rooms, in a business situation, were worth fifty dollars a week, while a small four-roomed house was worth twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Notwithstanding the prodigious inpouring of imports, retail prices kept continually rising; for the grasping extortion of the dealers was altogether outstripped by the inconceivable folly and extravagance of the buyers. While lounging about Melbourne, waiting to get my baggage up to the wharf, I walked into a small auction room. Here I saw among other things, a lot of small pocket looking-glasses, put up for sale, their common retail price being about ten cents. A digger coming in, fancied one. Some one bid against him. Determined to have his whim, he kept bidding until it actually cost him nineteen and sixpence sterling, nearly forty times its saleable value. This was an every-day occurrence.

The excesses to which the lucky diggers abandoned themselves reminded me of the stories told respecting sailors and the prize money in the war—"Earning it like horses, spending it like asses." After a long stretch of severe labor and great privation, the digger would come down to Melbourne for a spree; the public-house was his abode during his stay, his enjoyment being one wild, furious Bacchanalian orgy. Passing a public-house in the outskirts one day, I saw a body of drunken fellows flinging stones at a dozen of wine—they were having a cockshy, each lucky hit sent the red liquor flowing down the road (the best place for it), and brought shouts of drunken merriment. I stopped to view the novel pastime. An extra lucky digger had made the place his head-quarters. His first exploit, after refitting himself with new clothes, all of the digger cut, bran-new red jumper, wide-awake, long boots and so forth, was to stand treat for all comers; after dozens of brandy had been spent in this way, then came champagne, and then the outdoor sport of a cockshy. The money flowed like water, and the publicans heaped it up. Every third house became a public-house. The service of Venus always went hand in hand with that of Bacchus. Every digger mated himself when he came down. Some of the unions were for the occasion, others for all time. The wedding was an event; all the hackney carriages were hired. The bride and bridesmaids in the most showy attire,

the bridegroom and his men in new clothes, took possession of the vehicles and made a day of it, galloping about the town suburbs and stopping at all the public-houses to drink, roaring, shouting, hurraing and spending the earnings of weeks and months in the frantic extravagance of a few days. The bad liquor, the hot sun, and the excesses made delirium tremens as common as corns or colds. The hack drivers had their share, too, of the plunder. Five dollars a mile was the common charge, and the hackmen often declined to take decent people, lest it might prejudice them with their digging customers. We were living under a proletarian Plutocracy. Chaffering or bargaining there was none. Men had no time to waste on a few pounds more or less.

In those days there was no exchange at Melbourne; the auction-rooms served for the place,

Where merchants most do congregate;

and time hanging on my hands, I was a pretty constant attendant at them. One day a quantity of land was put up in lots; the last lots seemed to hang on hand and the prices fell off. It struck me that I would try a hazard. The title was a government grant, the land was near town. If I did no good I should do no harm. It could not be a greater lottery than digging. I ventured a bid, and it was knocked down to me at a price less than half of the others; and the auctioneer advised me to take all the remaining lots at the same price—over persuaded by his eloquence, I did so. I went into the auctioneer's office, paid my deposit of ten per cent., and received a memorandum of the purchase; I was annoyed to find that the purchase money was over five hundred pounds. I had allowed myself to be drawn into the vortex of speculation, and had pledged nearly all my available capital for what I knew not. Dissatisfied with my folly, I walked out, doubting whether it would not be better to forfeit the deposit.

"Sir," said a rough-looking man near the door, whom I had seen bidding in the room, didn't you buy the rest of them lots at Prahrasc?

"I did," said I.

"Are you disposed to sell your bargain?"

"Well," said I, brightening up, "that depends. Do you want to buy?"

"What 'll you take?"

After a little fencing, he proposed one hundred pounds. I declined, and had the exemplary modesty to say two hundred pounds. He did not seem in the least surprised, but we finally settled it at one hundred and fifty pounds. Eager to close his bargain, he carried me off to a lawyer near at hand. The lawyer filled up a cheque for the money and my deposit. The buyer could only sign his own name, which he did. The cheque was duly honored, and I was one hundred and fifty pounds richer. The love of gain is an appetite that grows by feeding. I half regretted that I had not stood out. I believe he would have given all I asked. It was, however, a pretty good morning's work, better a good deal than digging.

The idea that I could make money by land speculation immediately entered my mind. On getting ashore, I had written to David, to announce my return, but I was sorely tempted to stay where I was. On second thoughts a less selfish policy prevailed, but I resolved to adhere to the spirit of our compact, postponing land speculations for a future day. I thought, however, with such opportunities, that it would be foolish to let money stand idle. So I looked about and picked up what information I could, and invested nearly five hundred pounds in land, with a view of letting prices go up and then selling again.

After waiting about for nearly a fortnight, I was at last able to get my goods to the wharf. I hired at once with a man, who worked to and from the diggings with a light two-horse cart, as a carrier. I settled with him to take up a load at the moderate price of £30 a ton. Before I left, cartage reached £120 a ton, dead weight. Yes, actually \$600 for ninety miles! I bought a supply of good flour and provisions, some other little matters, onions, raisins, condiments, preserved fruits and almonds, unattainable luxuries on the diggings, and a small stock of drugs. This, and the provision which I had made at the bank for my land purchase, reduced me to poverty.

I found the party at the old place. A party had settled above us higher up the dell, and there was some danger of our water being cut off. The old hole had not been quite abandoned, and still gave a slight yield. Now that I was come, it was decided to shift our quarters as soon as a desirable locality could be found; but first they would work at the old hole. I commenced operations as a medico at once, turning the tent into my consulting-room and dispensary. My calling was published to the world by my brass plate fastened on a board and elevated

on two supporters in front of our tent, "Dr. Peter Brown." Some of the stores were turned out, and the old spring cart was converted into a temporary magazine. I regretted now that I had not brought up another tent, the necessity for which had entirely escaped my recollection.

From the time of my opening, business flowed in pretty steadily. Ophthalmia and dysentery, the consequence of their work and change of life, were very prevalent; and there were plenty of accidents, a great number of which proceeded from careless handling of fire-arms, to which the new "chums" in particular were altogether unused. My fees were arbitrary. After a few preliminary essays, I found the no-credit rule to be absolutely necessary. Some diggers were liberal to profusion; others did not care to pay after they had received the benefit, and either pleaded poverty or walked off promising to pay next time—a deferred epoch which seldom arrived. Having examined my patient, before I opened my mouth or prescribed I required my fee. If he pleaded poverty and could establish the fact, either as a new chum or by other probable causes, he received the advice for which he came as a favor; otherwise, payment in advance was the doctor's law, as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians. In case of accidents I did not stir from my tent until the visiting fee was paid, nor would I commence an operation unless paid in advance. Notwithstanding the want of feeling implied in this rigorous attention to money matters, I found practice steadily increase.

The old hole was now worked out, and with singularly continuous luck; for while out of five others which had been opened they had only paid expenses, they had another great haul from it. Wilson and Read now determined to go prospecting in search of a new place. David was left with me. During their absence we had a letter from Adelaide; it was from Miss Langley, and addressed to me.

"Yes," said David, enviously, "you doctors always have the confidence of all the nice girls."

"We deserve it; they can always place reliance in our perfect discretion and silence. It's the very elementary principle of our calling."

"I suppose, too, the turbulence and disorder of medical students is part of their profession."

"Of course. Again, my dear fellow, didn't the wise man set



BURNING THE JOLLY DIGGERS.

us the example—did he not? In order to be wise, sound folly to its depth."

"Well, go on with the letter; just read it out."

"There it is, at your service; I have no doubt it is principally for you."

The young lady had kept her promise, she had been to Ard-glass, had seen Mrs. Sinclair, and been kindly received. Mr. Sinclair had never mentioned David's name since he left. Aunt's regard for him was undiminished, and she sent her love to him, and was greatly pleased with his success.

We canvassed the kind writer's merits, aunt's excellent heart, and old Sinclair's Nabal-like disposition.

The topic was a fertile one, but at length a patient put an end to it. David took a turn outside until he was disposed of.

"I say," said he on coming in, "I forgot to tell you I have got some news for Wilson. I saw his friend, old Blower, to-day. He was up near the post-office. I shouldn't have known him, but I saw a fellow looking at me very hard and that made me look at him, and then I recollected who it was. He was talking to another, as pleasant a looking fellow as himself."

"Did he know you?"

"Can't say. Most likely, as I knew him. Besides, the dog was with me."

The digging went on with varying luck, and we were already in the commencement of 1853. My practice grew steadily. Every emigrant, almost without exception, tried his luck at the diggings; and then disgusted either with hard work, want of success, or borne down by sickness, the greater part sought more congenial employment. In fact, digging is an occupation suited in its hard work only to the strong, and in its vicissitudes only to the most stolid dispositions. Licence and disorder were inevitable to such a mixed population as lived on the diggings. The laws were loosely administered, and the people in a constant ferment of movement, working alone spots so long only as caprice or present profit dictated, and like nomads shifting their habitations on the instant. As the sun went down you might see a party at work; in the early morning their tent was struck and their place was known no more. The mass were orderly, peaceable and well-conducted; but there was an active leaven at work that threatened the most pernicious results. Vandemans arrived in considerable numbers; and as corruption engenders corruption, all the bad and evil disposed gathered to a head, to the loss and danger of the industrious. Crime was increasing prodigiously; desperadoes secured the silence of their victims; none but strong, well armed parties felt themselves safe, and for property not immediately under hand there was no safety whatever. This had been from the beginning, but during 1853 the saturnalia of scoundrelism and brigandage was at its height. The cause of the evil was well known. The police were unable to deal with it. Numerically they were weak, individually, inefficient. Many of the old police quitted the service and retired with fortunes. A singular scene occurred in a court of justice one day when I was in attendance as a witness. The prisoner was indicted for burglary. The robbery had been daring, the plunder carried off was considerable. The evidence against the prisoner was very slight. The prisoner's counsel, a blustering son of Erin, of much ready wit, was watching the case, when one of the principal police officers was put up as a witness. He merely proved the arrest of the prisoner.

"What did you find on him?" said the attorney-general.

"A pistol, a life-preserver, and one hundred pounds in his pocket-book," was the reply.

"The lying blackguard!" said the accused to his counsel in a whisper that I and others distinctly heard. "The thief took away from me more than eight hundred pounds."

"Hold your tongue, you d—d fool," said his acute lawyer. "Do you want to be hanged?"

The fact was no doubt true. The policeman kept the money. The culprit saved his neck.

The government invited new police. They raised the pay, but no pay could keep pace with the gains of digging, uncertain though they were. Men only entered the police who could do nothing else, and quitted it the moment they had a chance. Sly grog-shops were established all over the diggings. These

places were the trysting-houses of villainy, while the vile compounds sold were death or madness to the wretched diggers. They were well-known to the police, who made frequent descents for the purpose of suppressing them. The duty was performed honestly or negligently, according to circumstances. Sometimes the sly grog-seller received a friendly warning, and the stuff was all removed. At other times a pressure of the hand at the door of the tent drew a shade over the eyes of the Themis.

New diggings were continually discovered, and rushes took place in every direction whenever there was a report of some extraordinary piece of good luck. The Bendigo diggings were opened, and these were famous for their nuggets, an agreeable change from the washing, though attended with severe labor in breaking the rocky soil. The rush for Bendigo was prodigious; in a few days Mount Alexander diggings were almost as deserted as those at Ballarat had been.

In a Sunday cabinet council, it was decided that as all the world had gone to Bendigo, we had better follow: the diggers to get their share of the good things, and I, because it was my instinct (professionally) to prey on my fellow-creatures. To Bendigo, accordingly, we made our way, with much difficulty and at no small cost, though the distance was only thirty miles. Thanks to the Vandemans and their allies, horseflesh had become almost beyond price. Horse-stealing became a passion (I lost two good animals myself), and the legislature were obliged to pass an act to provide for the immediate recovery, by summary process, of stolen horses; to countervail which auctioneers guaranteed their customers honesty, for a commission.

At Bendigo, bloodshed and robbery became more rife than ever. A police barracks had been established at Mount Alexander, and this with the presence of the commissioner, weak though the force was, preserved at least the semblance of protection. At Bendigo matters grew worse, and the diggers talked of self-protection and lynch law; but there were no Yankees to organize vigilance committees or other expression of the popular will. The arbitrary conduct of the government officers in enforcing the licence fee, and even oppressing private individuals under pretence of proceeding with fire and sword against sly grog-shops, discouraged honest people. They were as much exasperated against the authorities as against the depredators, whose organization for nefarious practices was notorious.

One evening after our arrival in Bendigo, I was summoned to see a man who had met with an accident. I asked what it was. His mate had been cleaning his pistol and had shot him by accident. Where was the place? "Only at the Jolly Diggers, hard by the commissioner's tent." In the state of the diggings I did not much affect rambling about at night; in this case professional duty rose to my mind. It was near the commissioner's tent, too. I decided to go.

"My visiting fee?" said I.

Some loose gold was poured into my hand. I got my pocket case of instruments and lantern—in walking without a light there was always danger of pitching headlong into the unfenced holes—and I followed my guide.

My patient was at a good-sized tent near the commissioner's, as I had been told. I entered it; a more villainously ill-favored set of fellows it has not been my lot to look upon. A good deal has been said and sung about respectable thieves and elegant highwaymen. I have not much faith in the graces of Claude Duvals and Sixteen-stringed Jacks.

"This distance lends enchantment to the view."

Having been face to face with a good many worthies in these latter days, I can safely say that, whatever their shape before their fall, it had retained no external marks of the angelic nature.

The fellows in whose presence I now found myself were evil-looking enough for the villains in a melodrama. They were sitting at a table of rough boards, drinking and playing at cards. Their language was seasoned with oaths the most horrible and appalling to ears unused to such infernal discourse.

One of the gentlemen rose from the table, resigning his hand to the gentleman who had entered with me. In him I recognized an esteemed friend, Mr. Blower. I felt a little uneasy—perhaps it was coming out in the night air.

"Slack your jaw, my chicken; here's the doctor," said Mr. Blower. This introduction was seasoned with pithy expletives; my own name not escaping a suitable qualifier. I advanced.

On the centre of the tent lay the wounded man; a rug between him and mother earth, his head pillowed on a log of wood. He was growling like a hurt wolf; cursing himself, his bad luck, his comrades, everything and everybody. He grumbled at the delay in my coming, more at the delay in my being sent for, and most in the knowledge that his patron and friend, Mr. Blower, would not have sent at all only he wasn't a going to die just yet.

Mr. Blower suggested, in a friendly way, though with some strength of words, that in his weak state conversation on unpleasant topics might be hurtful to him.

"Yes, my man," said I, not desirous to be the depository of secrets belonging to such honorable men. "You'd better not talk, as your friend says. I came to cure you, not to talk with you, and time's precious."

"That's what I call coming to the point. Will you take a nobbler before you go to work, doctor?" kindly asked Mr. Blower. Before every word that would bear it, that gentleman inserted some sportive metaphor.

I declined the courteous invitation. I was careful to address Mr. Blower, and asked no more than was strictly necessary: Where was the hurt? what was it? and how long ago? I was informed that one of the sick man's pals, not now present, had had been cleaning his revolver, that in some skylarking between them the pistol had somehow gone off and had hit the game chicken in the back.

"I must examine him," said I.

"Must you, though?" said Mr. Blower; "can't you prescribe for him? He don't like to be disturbed, you see."

"Can't do anything without an examination," said I decidedly.

"Here you, Jim, hold up! The doctor (with his usual metaphorical allusion) can't do without looking at you."

Jim gave the doctor his anathema. "If he could'n't do his work without worrying a fellow, what was the good of him?"

I remarked to Mr. Blower that it was no use for me to stop; that it was a pity I had been sent for. Feeling it necessary to soften my declaration, I added that Mr. Blower was evidently a man of sense, and that he knew I could do nothing in such a case.

This carried the point. Mr. Blower excused his friend's weakness on the ground of "a delicacy gents had about stripping before other gents as they didn't know. But of course doctors wasn't like other people."

I observed blandly that the business of a doctor was, as people say to little boys, "To hear, see, and say nothing."

So *Æsopian* an apophthegm established my reputation as a safe man. Nobblers all round were instantly prepared. Mr. Blower in a concise eulogium proposed the doctor's health, in which even the sick man joined; and I was obliged to taste the fiery stuff, adulterated with the most destructive and deleterious poison, in responding to the toast.

The sick man now, with my assistance, stripped with some groans and a profusion of curses. I turned him over to examine him, his back and arms were seamed and scarred with the lash, and the Norfolk Island brand. I had the secret. He was an escaped convict of the worst class. I probed the wound. The bullet had passed in an oblique direction from the shoulder across the back, where it had lodged. Some robberies on the diggings had been committed by creeping under the sides of the tents. A shot from the inside would very probably strike in the shoulder or back. Friend Blower held the light. I cut down for the ball, took it out, and presented it to my impromptu assistant. The wound was dressed and bandaged up. I made a dummy of his jacket and jumper, and placed it under his back, while another was pulled over his head.

"Easier now?" asked I. He assented. Mr. Blower swore by all his gods that I was the very prince of Galens, there was ne'er a man on the diggin's could hold a candle to me, and generally took me under his protection. I thanked him for his kind assurances and wishes for my welfare, and reminded him that a fee was the usual thing. I had forgotten, or to speak

more correctly, I had been so overwhelmed by the presence in which I found myself, that I durst not ask for the operation fee in advance.

"Why, as to the fee, doctor, that's not my business exactly. I'll speak to the chicken about it though, and I'll make him do the thing that's right."

Now see the folly and ingratitude of these scoundrels. Their heads are literally in my hand, and yet they cheat me out of a fee, well-earned too, in their service. Once a rogue, always a rogue! They are not people to argue with, so I will go home, remembering what the wolf said to the stork, who with her long bill drew the bone out of his throat. "Reward indeed! Reward! You may think yourself lucky that I left your head where it is."

The vicinage of the Jolly Diggers with Mr. Blower's evident powers for mischief was not by any means the thing. The following day we held a council.

When I told my tale David Graham only broke into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, this miscreant Blower is to be a regular nightmare all the rest of our lives. Better go down and invite him, with or without his gang, to a stand-up fight; and better still, go straight to the commissioner's tent and tell him what sort of neighbors he has."

"That's just you all over," said Jack Wilson. "A good deal he'd fight if you was to go and ask him. And what's he done that you should challenge him out? And if so be as the doctor was to go to the commissioner, what's he to say to the commissioner? And what does the commissioner care? 'If you please, sir, here's some bad boys as want looking after.' 'Then look after them,' says the commissioner. No, that's no good. All that we can do is to be on the look-out for ourselves."

"What have this infernal scoundrel and his band of villains to do with any one but me?" said David, fuming. "Leave me to fight my own battles, and as for you and Read, do as you like. I don't want you to get hard knocks on my account."

"Now, David Graham," said Wilson, "we've worked together and we've done pretty well as yet. If you want us to quarrel and split up the party, say the word. If not, why in course we keep together and help one another. As for running away, that's not Jack Wilson. Here we stand and here we stick. Only there's no need to get in their way without a call to it."

"I beg your pardon, Jack," said Graham. "You are a good fellow; only I should be sorry if you got into trouble on my account."

"All right," said Wilson. "The worst of it is, we have something to lose besides our skins. Mr. Blower wouldn't get his friends to go in for hard knocks if there was nothing else; but to give the devil his due, that sort are ready to run all risks to make a good pile. And they make out to know everybody's business, for why, it's part of their trade."

The continuing influx of population, together with the sickness caused by the total change from the long sea voyage to the hard work and constant exposure of a digger's life, so increased my practice that I was obliged to take in an assistant. His pay, three pounds a day with rations, and comfortable as any in the diggings, might have been supposed worth keeping. But liquor was his bane. The stuff usually sold on the diggings was certainly no temptation, and for a man who knew its constituents, as he did, to drink it was sheer madness. He cate herself never brewed a more infernal drench. We parted. On the same terms I engaged another who was competent enough, and attended to business. He had one little failing which I was compelled to overlook. Like Gil Blas, in the service of Dr. Sangrado, he first took his share of the fees and then divided the balance with me. Before I quitted the diggings, what with his salary and his little pickings, he was able to retire from my service, and set up in Melbourne as a land-jobber.

It being nearly time to pay the last instalment on my land, I ran down to Melbourne to see about it. I found that my lawyer had got through the work satisfactorily, and that nothing remained to be done but to pay up and receive my title-deeds. This done I found upon inquiry that prices had gone up considerably, and that it would be worth my while to sell. I

placed it, therefore, in the hands of an auctioneer, who advised me to have it plotted out, and a showy plan prepared with streets, rights of way, a church and school reserve, and other "airy nothings, to which the surveyor gave a local habitation and a name." I accepted the advice, and having directed all things proper to be properly done, I returned to the diggings, whence I again came down, and the sale took place on the ground, about four miles off, with the pleasant accessory of a free lunch for the refreshment of wayfarers, which had been also suggested by my experienced friend and adviser. This incident afterwards became hackneyed from frequent imitation, and lost its attractiveness; but my sale being one of the earliest cases of lunch on the ground, its effect was prodigious. The biddings did not commence until after the feed, and I cleared fifteen hundred pounds by my five hundred pounds' purchase, which, though a regular land-jobber might have thought it a small matter, I saw no ground for discontent.

At this time the town was in a terrible ferment with the audacious robberies that were perpetrated daily. Sundry jewellers' stores had been entered in mid-day; one man kept the door while others cleared the shop. The shop of one gold-broker, named Bell, in the very centre of the town, had been twice broken into, and a great amount of property stolen. But the worst and most successful of these outrages was the attack upon the ship *Nelson*, in the bay. She was ready for sea, and had her gold, but not her crew, on board. A gang of armed bandits had boarded her, tied up the mate and the deck watch, made their way to the treasure-room, and had carried off forty thousand ounces. Some of the boxes had been found on the shore, broken up and rifled of their contents. Street robbery and murder increased to such an extent that peaceable men would not venture out after dark. On the high-road men only moved in strong parties, and the gold-brokers, jewellers, and others who dealt in articles of value, kept loaded revolvers always ready to their hand. Such, indeed, was the sudden demand for revolvers, that I was asked two hundred dollars for a common Colt. The government bestirred themselves; rewards were offered, stringent acts were passed by the legislature against convicts, and all ticket-of-leave men found in the colony were passed back to Van Diemen's Land, the onus of proof being thrown upon the parties charged. All efforts to stay the progress of the plague for the present seemed vain. Charges of complicity were freely bandied about against the old police, and the new police force was found perfectly useless. At last a requisition was sent home to England for a strong body of the famous metropolitan police. Arrests were daily made of suspicious parties, on the ground of participation in the *Nelson* robbery. The government reward being very large, the real criminals were arrested one by one, but very little of the property was recovered. One man was arrested in London, whither he had escaped. Another was arrested in Melbourne itself. His arrest was owing to his wife's passion for dress. They had taken their passage for home, and he was lying perdu at a low public-house, for as every vessel was watched and searched, it was impossible to go on board until the last moment. His wife, however, was not disposed to acquiesce in this seclusion. She went up and down, hither and thither, and spent her money freely. Her liberal purchases and his privacy attracted attention from watchful eyes. One day during the lady's absence, a jeweller's assistant called at the house and brought home some articles which she had purchased, and not having money enough to pay had desired should be sent home. She would be home before him, and if not, the gentleman in the first floor, back-room, would pay. At first the host had no such lodger, and seemed disposed to bar the passage, but a Masonic word, and "It won't do, Bill, we know all about it; no fuss, or it will be the worse for you!" from the jeweller's assistant, who was accompanied by a couple of able-bodied friends, cleared the way.

"What's his name?" whispered the jeweller's assistant.

"I believe it's Marshall, this time," said the host obsequiously.

The jeweller's assistant was passing through the side door, when a thought seemed to strike him.

"Perhaps it will be as well for you to show me his room," said he politely.

The host demurred; the sight of a pair of handcuffs rallied his nerves. He passed up first, the jeweller's assistant following on the creaky stairs with the firm but noiseless tread of a cat. Three taps from the host's knuckles on the door: the inmate came forward and unlucked it.

"This gent has brought some things for Mrs. Marshall."

The jeweller's assistant entered the room with the easy air of a man of business.

"A couple of rings your good lady bought. She had not money enough, and said you would pay if she hadn't come home before me."

He showed the rings in two little boxes, and tendered a bill with the name of a well-known jeweller on it.

"Well, what's to pay?" said Mr. Marshall, drawing out his pocket-book.

The host had not left the room, and the jeweller's assistant intercepted a meaning glance from him to his friend. A life passed in watchful suspicion had sharpened Mr. Marshall's faculties preternaturally, and the host's glance did not escape him. Quick as light he thrust the pocket-book into his breast, drew out a pistol and levelled it; the officer struck up his hand and the ball went into the ceiling. The jeweller's assistant closed with him, saying to the host, "I am an officer, and call on you to assist." The requisition was needless, for the door was burst open at the moment and the ruffian was overpowered. His pocket-book contained a large sum of money and a heavy draft on London.

CHAPTER VIII.

On my return to the diggings I found letters at the post-office from our friends in South Australia, together with some from home. Mr. Blower had met David Graham face to face on the diggings. The Jolly Diggers had made a visit to my tent during my assistant's absence, with no farther result than a severe fright to the boy, and some destruction of gaily-pots, in their hunt after valuables. One day, on going to work, they found a party at a short distance from them, just breaking ground and making such dispositions as would effectually cut off their supply of water. Wilson remonstrated with them; they would hear no remonstrance, but claimed a right to do what they pleased in the matter; the place was free to everybody. They went on with their work, and as they threw the earth out of the hole, they succeeded in damming the little current. After a day or two of squabbling, Wilson rose before daylight, and when the party came to work, they found their dam cut through and our supply of water renewed. They came down upon our men and threatened to exterminate them in case of further interference, and went to work again to bring up a great log that should serve as the foundation for a more effectual dam. Upon this, Wilson threatened a course seldom resorted to except in extreme cases—an appeal to the commissioner. The invaders cursed him for an informer, but the threat was effectual; they desisted, diverting a part only of the water, which our friends submitted to rather than have further quarrel.

It was, however, observed, that though the enemy worked but little, their heap of stuff kept increasing, while the industry of our party did not augment their store. It was clear that Wilson's party were digging for the benefit of their opponents. A watch was set, and the enemy were taken in the very act. Wilson, from the commencement, insisted that these fellows were no genuine diggers, but that they were connected with Mr. Blower.

The stealing of washing stuff was an offence odious among diggers; and Wilson was now at liberty to go to the commissioner. This he accordingly did, the matter was investigated, the claim was decided in our favor, and further interference was prohibited under the penalty of their digging licence being taken away. Wilson's tent now became an object of concealed attack. Twice the tent took fire in their absence. Bran's continued uneasiness at night showed that parties were lurking about; and on one occasion, when David darted out into the night, he was saluted with a shot. They began to feel that there was a systematic plan of annoyance in operation against them. That this all proceeded from the men of whom they

had complained there could be no doubt, but there was no proof.

A council was held as usual, at my quarters, and the matter was debated in every way without any conclusion being come to. Against open foes it would be possible to make head, against such secret attacks it was impossible to guard. It was clear that unless these people could be suppressed, the party must remove or break up. David determined to watch for a night or two outside the tent with Bran. Work being done, he threw himself on the ground in his rug, for a couple of nights, and watched until daybreak, when he retired to the tent. He was confident that their period of annoyance was at an end, and laughed at Wilson's fears of old Blower and his friends. Wilson, however, was not to be laughed out of his antipathies; and when they found their neighbors removing with bag and baggage, he predicted that if the party had any connection with the Jolly Diggers, now would be the time for a final blow before they cleared off altogether. Under these circumstances, they took the hazardous resolution of going into the enemy's camp for information.

In the evening, accordingly, they all took a walk over to the Jolly Diggers, and having walked round and listened at the tent without any result, Read went forward to the entry, and raising the canvas flap, asked if they knew one Thompson anywhere about. Three or four men were sitting and lying about in the tent, among whom Read at once recognized one of our missing neighbors, who immediately turned his back, at the same time whispering one of the others who came forward and asked Read to come in and have a yarn; but Read had got his answer in the negative from the man whom he addressed, and declining the polite invitation retired. David and Wilson had judiciously posted themselves where seeing they might be unseen, and when Read came out they saw that he was followed for awhile.

That night passed without molestation. The following evening I received a message requesting my attendance at a tent some distance from my quarters; not caring for the errand, I sent my assistant over. It was about eleven o'clock, and we had not returned when David rushed into my tent.

"What's up now? anything the matter?" exclaimed I.

"Matter enough," was his reply. "Wilson is right after all. The Philistines have been upon us. We have peppered them, I believe; but they've made their mark on poor Read."

"How so, what's the matter with him?" I exclaimed.

"His leg is broken for one thing—so you'd better come over."

I sallied out at once, and following David's impetuous guidance had nearly tumbled into a hole. Moderating my impulses, I proceeded more leisurely to the scene of disaster. I found the tent burnt down, the property strewn about, and partially destroyed, and the place bearing all the marks of recent conflict. Read was lying on the ground, his leg broken, and stupid from a blow that he had received at the side of his head. This was no place to examine him, so I got some of the diggers, who were now congregating in numbers, to give a helping hand, and he was carried off to my tent.

It appeared that David and Wilson had lain down to sleep, leaving Read on the look-out. The dog crouched himself, as was his custom, at his master's feet. After they had lain down about an hour, David was aroused by the dog's uneasiness and low growls—all was dark, they had put out their lights for greater security, and there was no moon. David touched Wilson and roused him. Presently the dog rushed forward, and it was plain by the savage growls and the cry for help that he had seized some one. The tent was now fired by an unknown hand, and they all rushed out. Read, who was first, seized a fellow, but a heavy blow on the head had put him *hors de combat*. By the light of the burning tent, the assailants were visible, but their faces were blackened, and there was no means of identifying them. Shots were freely interchanged on both sides, and one of these had struck Read, as he lay on the ground, and broken his leg.

The diggers from the neighboring tents, attracted by the fire, now came running up, and the enemy fled, all but the man whom the dog had pinned. This individual wore a woollen comforter, whose thick folds saved him somewhat from Bran's

unfailing gripe. As it was, the force and weight of the dog's onset had hurled him to the ground, and Bran had him at fearful disadvantage. The fallen wretch struggled desperately, and the dog's blood was streaming freely from sundry stabs which he had received. Even with Bran's decreasing strength from loss of blood, the issue of the fight would probably have been in his favor, but at this juncture Wilson came up, followed by two or three diggers.

"Take the dog off, take the dog off; he's worrying the man to death!" was the cry.

Wilson threw himself on the dog instantly, and grasped him by the throat with both hands. Some of the bystanders in their impatience shouted, "Shoot him! Shoot him!" but David's arrival saved Bran.

"I'll blow the first man's brains out that offers to touch the dog. Leave him alone; this scoundrel is only getting what he deserves. Let them fight it out."

David's stern determination was, however, neutralized. Wilson's grasp at his throat made Bran's jaws relax their hold of the robber, but it was not until his eyes were protruding from the very sockets that he could be taken off and carried away. The fellow was now seized, his hands bound firmly behind him, and his face being cleansed of its unnatural hue by no very gentle hands, accompanied with much derision and uncomplimentary allusions to "his ugly mug," he was recognized as belonging to the party who had caused them so much annoyance and interruption, the facts of which were well known round about.

It was at this juncture that I made my appearance. The removal of Read in my charge had caused some little diversion. But on my withdrawal Wilson put the matter rather strongly to the assembled diggers, and a strong disposition was evinced to hang the scoundrel on the spot. Wilson, however, begged for a hearing, and silence having been with difficulty obtained, he remarked that he should like to ask the prisoner a question or two before they decided what to do with him. This being assented to, he was asked what he knew of the Jolly Diggers and its inmates. At first he refused stoutly to answer, and it was not until a little persuasive influence had been brought to bear upon him in the shape of a cartwhip liberally applied, that he admitted that the Jolly Diggers were an organized gang of robbers; that Mr. Thomas Blower, who in other lands had other names, was a trusted ally and putter-up of their exploits. Upon this there was immediately a cry to proceed to the Jolly Diggers. Thither they advanced and found Mr. Blower at home, enjoying such measure of domestic felicity as a bachelor with an easy conscience may have. The arrival of so many visitors at such an unseasonable hour was quite a surprise to him. Wilson, who was made spokesman, concisely explained to Mr. Blower that the Jolly Diggers was considered an objectionable institution, and that Mr. Blower himself was not held in very good esteem by his neighbors.

Mr. Blower would very much like to see the man as could say anything against his character.

The company present, through their spokesman, very much wished to know where Mr. Blower had been that evening.

Like King Charles I., Mr. Blower demurred to the jurisdiction of this self-constituted tribunal; but the tribunal treated this plea as contumacious, and like red-nosed Noll and his compeers, assured the defendant they were satisfied of their own powers, and meant to exercise them; whereupon Mr. Blower explained that being a man of tender feelings, he had been out to see and to comfort a sick friend. This was a story that might do for the marines, but not for his present interrogators. Mr. Blower was, however, in a position to prove his assertion, and Dr. Peter Brown's assistant could confirm him. A man ran across to my store, and my assistant on being taken down to see Mr. Blower confirmed him. It was suggested and generally resolved that this was only a device of Mr. Blower's mother wit, who, having "put-up" the attack, meant to reap his share of present profit, and "to feed fat his ancient grudge," without taking any part in the risk. The gentleman whose face had been black, but was now made white, concurred in this view, and added that it accorded with his estimate of Mr. Blower's general character. After a short debate it was decided

in view of the law's delay and uncertainty, to deal summarily with the two villains. Some, like Roderick Dhu, inclined to 'a short shrift and a stern doom;' but others, and the majority, inclined to milder sentence—to drive the two prisoners off the diggings, and to write their dismissal on their backs in letters not easily forgotten. Mr. Blower was tied up, the house of the Jolly Diggers was fired, the spirits and property destroyed, and by the red light the felon received the condign punishment he so well merited from the hands of two able-bodied men, of whose zeal there could be no doubt, seeing that recently they had been robbed of their horses and of other valuable property.

A fourth power was now, however, to appear in the field. The light of the burning tent so near the commissioner's quarters called the attention of the police, and the news of a public gathering, with the yells of the tortured wretch, for Tom Blower did not bear his sufferings patiently, brought down a detachment of mounted police. They forced their way through the crowd to the scene of punishment. The executioners were arrested, so also was Blower and his fellow criminal. Some individuals who were particularly active in destroying the Jolly Diggers were also captured, and the whole were lodged in safe quarters. I may as well anticipate here the final result. Thomas Blower alias Richard Jonkin alias Simon Staggers, with half a dozen other names, had his stripes healed. He was afterwards convicted of some of his numerous crimes and punished, though probably inadequately, for it is not in the power of human justice to mete out its punishments in fair proportions to the mere tools and to the crafty instigators of crime. The diggers who flogged him and gave him a house-warming were fined and imprisoned for usurping the functions of the leaden-footed goddess, for law and order committees are not favored by the British executive.

These untoward events broke up the party. Wilson and David had long been disgusted with the monotonous hardship and few joys of the digger's life, while Read pined secretly for the society of the "wife and duddy weans." Each knew the other's secret sentiments, but neither cared to be the first to break up the party. Read remained for some time unable to get about. Bran, my other patient, healed rapidly of his wounds, and became a celebrity. Wilson was the first to leave. After a brief season of enjoyment in Melbourne, to indemnify himself for the fatigues of a digger's life, he betook himself to a sailor's "native element," and bought a share in a coaster, of which he became captain. Read remained with us until he was strong enough to travel, when he quitted to join his family at Adelaide, and turn his savings to profitable account in agriculture.

Left to ourselves, David and I jogged along. I had my professional duties to attend to, which gave me both occupation and profit; but I began to pine for the smoke of cities, and the society of men who had other occupations besides digging for the red gold. Mr. Cooper, my assistant, had been with me nearly four months—quite an age in digging experience, and in reward for such unwonted constancy, I sold him my business, with bottles, gallypots, labels and general stock, for a moderate price, payable at a future day, with permission to use my brass plate as one of the properties. My moral accountability in thus imposing on the public never occurred to me.

Having quitted the diggings, and returned to Melbourne with David, I was uncertain for awhile what to do. I may mention incidentally, that about this time, the middle of 1853, the first Yankee demonstration took place in Melbourne. There were already a good many Americans in Melbourne, but nothing had occurred to fix public attention on them. Fires were frequent at this time, owing to the number of wooden and canvas tenements; one broke out at the back of the Criterion, the principal hotel at Melbourne. A young American in the employment of the proprietor was very active in extinguishing it. In the midst of his exertions a falling wall overwhelmed him in its ruin, and the injuries were so severe that he died. This event led to the formation of a fire company, in imitation of those of the United States. His funeral was a public one, conducted with much pomp and ceremony, the military band of the regiment in garrison attended it, and to perpetuate his memory the posthu-

mous title of the first brigade of the fire company was conferred on the dead. This reminds me of the famous legend of the Chevalier d'Auvergne, the scion of the *haute noblesse*, and one of the bravest men of his day, who refused all court titles and dignities on the ground of valor, and only petitioned to be "the first Grenadier of France." After his death on the field of battle, his name was kept on the regimental list, and when the roll was called it was the duty of the first senior subaltern to answer for him, "Dead on the field of honor."

I was undetermined whether to resume practice in Melbourne, or to embark in any commercial pursuit. As a land-jobber I might probably do well, and increase my small fortune. David, however, had satisfied himself that a squatter's life was the thing for him, and adduced so many good reasons that he half convinced me. It was a certain investment, and it conferred local standing and consideration.

While in this state of suspense, one of those occurrences took place generally termed coincidences, and which are more frequent and more significant of purpose than men usually believe. David Graham received a letter from his aunt, in which that good lady informed him that all the stockmen but one had left, and that Mr. Sinclair, who insisted on carrying on the business of the run, while bringing up a drove of young cattle to the branding-yard, had been thrown from his horse, and, falling against a tree, had received such injury that his recovery was more than uncertain; and she besought him, as her only relative, to come over and assist her. This settled David's future. For myself I had, in a comparatively brief period, realized a large sum of money. In England there was one individual whose inclinations were to be consulted before I could finally decide on setting up my tent in Australia; upon them depended my return. I left Melbourne in September, 1853, and reached England after an absence of nearly three years and a half. At present I have not revisited the great South-land. The greater West has exercised a more potent spell.

Since I left, the Ardglass station has become the joint property of aunt Sinclair and her nephew. The strong-headed, small-souled man never recovered from his fall. Auntie now has a companion and assistant in her fair niece, Mrs. Mary Graham, under whose gentle hand the hard features of Ardglass are gradually softening into a likeness to those of Grasmere.

TWO HOURS WITH A BUFFALO.

BY MAJOR BELLASIS.

I WAS one of a party who had started from the Cape Colony across the border in search of large game. My own horse carried me less well than usual, and I became separated from my companions. I was unwilling, however, to turn back without some kind of sport, and therefore made for a forest which lay on my right. On reaching it I found an opening—an elephant track or something of the kind—and followed through it; but I saw nothing worth shooting before I reached the plain beyond it. Here I perceived an old bull buffalo, some three or four hundred yards ahead, quietly grazing. As soon as I hove in sight, the old gentleman raised his head and began to reconnoitre. I loosened my rifle, which was hung on my back, and made ready to attack. I then put my horse into a canter and rode toward my enemy. To my surprise, he threw up his tail and ran at his best speed, a most unusual thing in a buffalo, who, in that respect, is more dangerous than a lion; for he always charges at you at once, and never ceases till you or he lie stretched on the plain. I spurred my horse to a gallop, and continued the chase over the open country. Suddenly the buffalo stopped, turned around and looked at me steadily. I pulled up, for I expected him to charge. He did not do so; but again completely threw me out of calculation by quietly cropping the grass. I dismounted from my horse, and approached him on foot; for I was still too far off from him to risk a shot. He raised his head as I approached him, and began to look ugly. He presented only a full front to me, and I was anxious to see his worship's broadside. A low, short bellow, warned me of

what I was soon to expect—in fact, he seemed on the point of charging, so I raised my double barrel and let it fly. As ill-luck, or my own carelessness, would have it, the ball struck only the fleshy part between the shoulders. A terrific cry of pain escaped the brute, and with head down he charged forward. At the same moment I fired from the other barrel, and might as well have shot at a stone wall, for the ball struck on the helmet of horn which covered his skull, and rebounded without doing him injury. I turned and ran over the plain; my horse was galloping away with terror at the buffalo's roar—my own legs were my last hope, and never did they serve me better. But to what shelter could I fly? The buffalo was within fifty yards of me, and gaining on me at every stride! The forest was five or six hundred yards from me, and the plain over which I was dashing for my life contained not a tree nor a bush, save one miserable, slender, stunted thing. Nevertheless, it was to that I was speeding with the instinct of desperation. The buffalo is close to me—his terrible snorting rattles in my ears—the thunder of his hoofs is approaching nearer and nearer—the stunted bush is yet ungained—another bound and I reach it, and spring up it with the agility of a monkey; it bends with my weight, and I fear it will break and leave me at the mercy of the monster. No, thank God, it holds; though so slender it is, that it bends several feet beneath my weight, and so low is it that I am clinging with feet and hands together, up as high as it will bear me.

The buffalo, thus balked, stopped and looked at me. He approached the bush, and still bellowing and pawing up the earth, he walked round and round it, and thrust his nose up till he could positively reach my shoes. Then the horrible idea came across me that in his rage he would charge at the bush, which would infallibly hurl me to the ground, where, in another instant, I should be trampled to death.

Then he stood still and sniffed at the blood which trickled from his flesh wound, and licked the place itself. The taste of the blood seemed to madden him. Again he bellowed fearfully, and threw his tail into the air, and galloped round the bush and pawed the ground, while his red eyes shot fire. Cramped, and holding on with the tightness of desperation, and barely out of reach of the enraged brute, I remained in the most terrible state of alarm, dreading that each moment might be my last.

The buffalo seemed to have no thought of relinquishing the field. One might have imagined that he had determined to starve me out, if he could not reach me. What a prospect was mine? Clinging with my knees to my mouth on the top of a miserable bush, in a desert, where, for aught I knew, the foot of man had never trodden before, and none might ever come again! Miles away from my companions, and from all chances of aid from them, and with a furious monster only waiting for my descent from my place of refuge to trample me to death! I don't know how Mr. Gordon Cumming might have felt in such a predicament, but for myself, good reader, I humbly confess that I don't believe in greater horror than I then experienced.

The buffalo now continued walking slowly (and as it were, doggedly) round the path. The idea of leaving me never seemed to strike him even faintly. I was becoming so cramped and weak that it appeared to me impossible that I could hold out much longer. Nay, once or twice I almost resolved on dropping when the buffalo's back was turned, and running for my life. The thought was madness, for I doubt whether I could run at all, had I attempted. Then I began to shout at the top of my voice, in the desperate hope that some human being might pass near enough to hear and aid me. The sound of my voice first astonished, but afterwards enraged the buffalo, who bellowed while I shouted, so that we formed a very pretty duet. There was something ludicrously horrible, and horribly ludicrous in my position; though at that time I was far from taking the ludicrous view of it.

I began to get superstitious, and almost to fancy that some fiend had possession of the horrible monster, and had marked me for destruction. I almost fancied in my madness that I could trace a look of malicious triumph in the brute's eyes, which seemed to say, "You are mine sooner or later—there is no escape for you."

Then, again, fear began to yield to rage. I felt furious with the creature for thus persecuting me. My rage, too, gathered violence from its very impotence. I felt that I could have torn the buffalo limb from limb; and instead of doing so, I had to cling to a thorny bush to protect myself from death by his hoofs and horns.

I began to curse my fate and my folly that had led me into these vile deserts. My rage turned against myself.

Again I shouted till I was hoarse. The reader will perhaps ask if, amid all these various feelings, I never experienced that of resignation to my fate. I will answer him candidly. No! It is a feeling I have never yet known. I have faced death in many a form—from an enemy—from a wild beast—from shipwreck—from a bed of sickness—yet I have never known resignation! It is a radical defect in my nature, saying little in its favor; or is it, as I suspect, that we can never feel resignation until hope has deserted us?

Through the opening in the bushes whence I had first emerged rode three of my friends. Oh, the joy that I felt at that moment! With a little pardonable exaggeration, I might parody Tom Moore's lines, and say,

Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One moment like that is worth them all.

In two minutes more the buffalo was lying dead on the plain, and your humble servant on terra firma, only half alive, after the ages he had spent on the bush. Ay, ages! Time is not reckoned by minutes, but by thought. I had lived a lifetime in my "two hours *tête-à-tête* with an angry buffalo."

A CIDER TUN IN NORMANDY.—On my arrival, the vast retort was dry; the robinet, or tap, had been removed from the extremity where it opened into the hall of entrance, or vestibule, together with the ponderous mass of iron panel, and its ten huge rivets, in which the said tap was inserted. The orifice thus left was large enough to enable me to creep through; which, after taking off my coat, and giving it into the hands of my conductress and a servant who had come to draw the cider from the second reservoir, I immediately did, to the great astonishment and delight of the two beholders. I thought of Belzoni in the pyramids! I found myself in an apartment thirty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and eighteen in height, paved with granite, and exhibiting all the strength and solidity of a casemate rather than of a tank for liquor. The great Tun of the Heidelberg measures, I believe, thirty feet in length, and twenty in depth. But it is made of wood, and its inside measure cannot, in this case, exceed twenty-eight in length, and eighteen in height. It is twelve feet wide in its extreme diameter. It is stated to contain eight hundred hogsheads of wine; but some accounts mention two hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred bottles. Allowing a pint and a half to each bottle, and fifty-four gallons to the hogsheads, the latter estimate would make a total of nine hundred and eighty-three hogsheads. This is too large a quantity for the dimensions of the tun which I saw in 1849. I conceive eight hundred is the correct figure. Each of the two mighty reservoirs above mentioned contains one hundred and ninety thousand French litres, which amount to somewhat more than eight hundred and seventy-eight hogsheads; and a dozen youths might be taught to swim in this "Peerless Pool" of apple juice.—*Musgrave*.

It has been said with justice that the most solemn of birds is an owl, the most solemn of beasts an ass, and the most solemn of men—an ass too.

A FELLOW once pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know?" he replied. "I'm not skilled in the dead languages."

A QUALIFICATION.—A merchant, lately advertising for a clerk "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been seven years in gaol!

WE suppose there are some virtues that may exist in the worst hearts, even as there are some kinds of fire that will burn under water.



THE TIGER KEPT AT BAY WHILE THE RAFT IS MADE.

A DAY AND NIGHT WITH A TIGER.

AN INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

WE were quartered at Bombay soon after the Mahratta war, when the entire country was in a tumult, and every man in the army momentarily expected that the *Punica fides* of the treacherous nation would be broken by some desperate and sudden attack upon a too confiding foe. I was then but a sprig of a lieutenant, and new to India, its climate and inhabitants, and the bad character of the Mahrattas. Our colonel had been interchanging civilities with a powerful rajah, about forty miles in the interior, with the intention of quieting his disaffection to the British, and making him reconciled to the provisions of the Mahratta treaty, by fair and peaceable means, if possible. He had received a hookah, just imported from England, of the rarest and most elaborated manufacture, which he was desirous, without delay, of presenting to the native prince, by way of *douceur*, and I was detailed to discharge the important duty of making the presentation.

I was furnished with a guard of half a dozen mounted Mahratta sepoy, and with a camel to carry the baggage, provisions and tent equipage, including a *pdl* for the servants. Why I was selected, and provided with so meagre an attendance to pass through forty miles of a country so recently the scene of tremendous turmoil and bloodshed, I never could tell, excepting that I was young and fresh in the country, and carried a sword of less use to the British army than some of my more experienced comrades in the regiment. However, I thought less of that than I have since, and I left head-quarters, at the head of my little mounted squad, with a heart as gay, and a step as light, as distinguishes a young cornet of the Blues, when he leads out to a quadrille the major's dashing daughter during the fête season at Madras.

We accomplished the first day, a march of about twenty-five miles. The sepoys rode behind me and conversed among themselves in low tones, but exhibited no signs of insubordination, and showed no inclination to abuse the relaxation of discipline which I allowed them. I had no qualms about them, and little fear of their defection; but they were Mahrattas, to a man, and I understood so well their instinctive and na-

tional proclivities to treachery, not to keep a watchful eye about me.

We encamped at seven in the evening, under the brow of a little hill and close by a tank of not very pure nor wholesome water. I occupied a *router*, the sepoys were stowed all together in a large single-poled tent, while the servants slept in the *pâl*. When I retired, I took especial precaution to reload my pistols and place them close to my pillow, and to dispose my Joe Manton, which was then new, with both barrels charged, within convenient reaching distance of my bed—a low *charpoy*. I lay awake for more than an hour, for spite of my buoyancy and spirits, I had to confess to a slight uneasiness at being in the power of a gang of fellows whose countrymen had just been waging the bitterest fight that ever spilled English blood in India. At last I fell into a feverish dose, from which I woke constantly, fancying I heard something move in my tent, and taking the little sickly flame of the Indian lamp burning on my table for the gleaming whites of a sepoy's eyes.

At length I woke once more, and looked at my watch. The "iron tongue of midnight had told twelve," and I turned with my back to the tent door, firmly resolved that these sickening, restless apprehensions should keep me from sleep no longer. I had just relapsed again into the same unquiet dose, when I was awakened by a slight rustling sound at the door of my tent. Slightly changing my position, I half opened my eyes, and saw a figure stealing cautiously across the floor in the direction of the *charpoy*. The light burned so dimly that I could distinguish nothing but a dark form; but as I felt that nobody could have peaceable intentions in my routee at that hour of the night, I seized and cocked a pistol, and rising in the bed, challenged the intruder. A voice replied, which I at once recognized as belonging to my native servant.

With his finger to his lips, he quietly beckoned me to the tent door, and I followed with a pistol in each hand. The moon was shining with a pale, sickly light, and the air was thick and sultry. There was not a sign nor trace of our encampment, excepting my little solitary routee. The whole gang of sepoy vagabonds had deserted, taking the tents and camp equipage, and every hoof that belonged to the party. I was just in time to see the last of the rascals, by the faint light of the moon, jump upon a horse, which stood unheld, about five hundred yards off, and dash through a thicket out of my sight. I was

for a moment in such a fury at this infamous defection, that I gave chase for a few yards, until the sharp stones reminded me that I was unshod, and brought me to my senses.

Manée and myself were thus left alone, and entirely unprovided, in the midst of a terribly pestiferous and marshy region, scourged at once by the malaria of the atmosphere and the fearful tenants of the jungle. What annoyed me more than anything else, was the loss of my entire stock of powder. It had been stowed in the servant's pal with other lighter articles of baggage not intended for immediate use, and every grain had been stolen. I had only the charges in my gun and pistols, without half enough in my flask to charge the barrels anew.

We passed the long vigils of that sultry night in active and cautious watchfulness, for I was by no means sure of the course which the thieves would pursue. Had they returned with a murderous intent they would have met a determined resistance while the powder lasted, and a desperate one when it failed. The royal tiger's hoarse voice was borne to our ears at intervals on the heavy night air, and the fearful scream of the night-bird of prey made the darkness hideous; but I was growing used to these sounds, and Manée had been born among them, so our fears were not alarmed, and the sulphurous morning dawned without a visit from man or beast.

At daybreak we struck the routee, and rolling up the canvas concealed it under a thick covert of stunted acacias. Its grateful shelter at mid-day would have been desirable, but to have encumbered our progress with bearing it, would have been the consummation of folly. During the latter part of the previous day's march, we had deviated from the road at the instigation of a sepy guide, who professed to know a more direct and less hazardous route to the jaghire of the rajah. My plan was to discover the road and return directly to head-quarters. To visit a rajah, even if I could have found him, in the character of present-bearer, in such a plight, with so small a retinue, struck me as inconsistent with Indian notions of ceremony, or a due inculcation of the majesty and resources of the British empire.

The country for miles around and in advance was covered with thick grass, intersected by deep marshy ravines and frequent patches of tall, rank rushes and reeds, over which floated and danced in agueish wreaths the filmy marsh miasma. I have told you that I was young then, and unused to the climate; and as I stood that morning with my Joe Manton slung for the start, and inhaled the hot breath of the young sweltering day, and took in with my eye the miles of deadly jungle that I had to traverse on foot, a slight shivering sensation crept over my heart, and I was weak for a moment—a film came over my eyes and my brain grew dizzy. There had been fortunately a flask of brandy in my routee, which Manée now administered, and I was strong again after it.

Our general course was south-westwardly, and we commenced seeking for the road in that direction. Half the forenoon was consumed in a useless search, when I determined to advance in as direct a south-west line as possible, without any reference to the travelled way. We proceeded in this manner till noon, when the torrid heat and fatigue began to have the well-known effect upon our throats, and a terrible choking sensation was added by the inhalation of the miasmatic vapor. There were creeks and small lagoons in great plenty along our course, but the water was slimy and foul, poisoned by noxious contact with thousands of the lizard tribe and other water vermin, and almost as hot as our throats.

With great reluctance I determined to fire one of my barrels at a jungle-fowl and appease my throat with his blood. We were skirting a wide and deep creek, whose course I had followed with the hope that it might lead seaward. Upon a low, dense thicket of dwarf date trees

and matted rushes, about a hundred and fifty yards in advance was perched a florikan, which I selected to receive the contents of one of my pistols. The charges of my Joe I determined to preserve intact. I cautiously crept towards the bird with my eye upon it, closely followed by Manée. I approached unobserved till within short pistol range, when the bird fell to the shot. As Manée disappeared in the thicket to pick up the florikan, there followed such a yell as I had heard only once or twice before in my life, and the next instant the poor fellow came rushing out of the covert with the dripping fowl and a face the image of terror, and limbs almost paralyzed by fright. He had scarcely reached me, screaming "*Kaler! Kaler!*" when a yellow nose protruded from between the blackened branches of a date tree, and in a moment half the tawny body of a royal tiger followed!

My Joe Manton rose to my shoulder by instinct, while at the same time I retreated slowly; for the scarcity of my ammunition induced me to avoid, rather than to court a quarrel. I continued this backward movement for several hundred yards, when another shout from Manée, and his heavy hand upon my shoulder, brought me to a stand. I looked around, and to my horror discovered water on every side, excepting that on which stood the tiger. The creek made a short bend, forming a peninsula of three hundred yards in area, and I was completely cut off from the land by the gleaming white fangs and fearful claws in front of me.

I have been in scrapes almost equally bad since, but never when my whole being was involved in such a sense of utter hopelessness, as when the full conviction of my true position at that moment flashed upon me.

I had five charges of ball for the monster, two in my Manton and three left in my two pistols; the two rifle charges were the only ones that could be relied upon with any confidence, and two balls, unless very well shot, I knew full well were a small dose for a royal tiger. I determined to husband my power and not to assume the aggressive, unless in case of desperate necessity. The animal seemed to have come to the same conclusion, for he walked deliberately back and forth across the narrow tongue of the peninsula, glancing savagely, but avoiding a forward movement.

We remained in this position through the long blistering hours of the afternoon, and when the red-hot sun went down his last slanting beams lighted up the tawny hide of the royal sentinel, still stalking across my prison threshold and ending me out from life and hope. Sunset paled into twilight, and twilight deepened into darkness; the pale moon came up, and the infinite globe of heaven was studded with myriads of stars, but there still trod the pitiless sentinel, watching without remission, and keeping up his fierce vigil in the moonlight,



OUR ESCAPE AND DEATH OF THE TIGER.

granting no moment of respite, and remorselessly demanding life, or endurance and energy equal to his own.

The constant tension upon every nerve and sinew of my body was fast telling upon my strength, and my thirst, though appeased by the blood of the florikan, was again beginning to torture me. Trees had been borne down into the creek, and planted upon its forlorn shore, spread out their grim skeleton arms, all scorched and charred to blackness by the heats of the long, silent years. I cast about me for an expedient, and my eye rested on them. They suggested a resource from which I drew a glimmering of hope. In five minutes Manée was collecting the burned and blackened sticks, and fastening them together with wisps of rush grass and thongs of dry date twigs. We worked alternately through the long, hot, silent hours of the night; one holding the faithful Joe Manton to his shoulder, and warily watching the beast, who grew every moment more savage and impatient, and the other hacking at trees with a belt knife, and slowly building up a deliverance. The moon lent her pale lustre to show us where the ghastly trunks lay, and to speed the slow work with her doubtful light.

An hour after midnight the last thong was tied, and I announced to Manée, who was on duty with the rifle, that I thought the raft was sufficient to float us in safety. I cleared a passage through the covert to the brink of the creek, that the retreat might be unobstructed, and brought the raft up to the spot. Then warily approaching the place where my servant kept guard, I exchanged with him one of my pistols for the rifle, and we commenced cautiously our retreat.

The royal brute watched us with a frightful fixedness of expression, and a low, death-boding growl rumbled along the earth, as he observed our backward movement. Straining keenly through the pallid light to observe the slightest symptoms of attack, we receded gradually till we entered the thicket and our bodies were covered by its dense tangles. The distance to the raft was now not more than a dozen feet, and turning we sprang for it as if the fiend was at our heels. The moment we disappeared from his sight the tiger, with an awful roar, cleared at one bound half the distance which separated us, and the next leap made clear over the covert, planted him on the edge of the bank, at the moment Manée and I reached the raft. The gleaming eyes, shining like fire-balls out of the dark thicket, were within two feet of the end of my gun-barrel. I aimed between them, and with my life in the nerves of my forefinger, pulled the trigger. The ball entered the brain, and the savage tormentor rolled dead into the creek.

There have been several occasions in my life when I have felt like praying, and that was one of them. I sank upon the raft and uttered as fervent a thanksgiving to God as many a better Christian than I ever uttered.

We were both so completely exhausted with excitement and fatigue, that we dropped upon the raft and slumbered till long after the next day's sun had commenced his fiery round in the heavens. When I awoke, I at once determined to trust to the creek and the raft, rather than incur another day of suffering in the jungle. We pushed boldly into the stream, and by the use of poles and rude oars, made considerable progress. The stream grew constantly broader and less turbid, which confirmed me in the conviction that it tended seaboard, and at sunset we saw the blue horizon bounded by the broad expanse of the Arabian Sea.

Darkness was just coming on as we struck the northern extremity of Palsett Island, where we were hospitably welcomed and cared for in a native village, and the next day a small trading brig took us down to Bombay.

PLEASANT enough was the magnanimity of the person, who being reproached with not having avenged himself for a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows."—Mrs. Partington says, that "if any one knows a bank where a 'Wild Time' has not been produced this season, she would just like 'em to point it out."

WORDS.

Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirr'd;
And the rose leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answer'd
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Look'd at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gather'd
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirr'd,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived for ever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirr'd it ever, night or day;
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living:
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings:
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have utter'd
Echoes in God's skies.

WIVES OF GREAT LAWYERS.

LAWYERS do not marry with the impulsiveness of poets. For they are a prudent class—mostly shrewd, practical men—anything but dreamers; and though they may admire a handsome figure, and like a pretty face, as other men do, they have not usually allowed these adventitious gifts of nature to divert their attention from the "main chance" in choosing a wife. Lawyers are, take them as a whole, a marrying class, and they not unfrequently enjoy that "lawyer's blessing," a large family. Take the Lord Chancellors, for instance. Lord Clarendon, Lords-keeper Coventry, Lyttleton, Bridgeman, Judge Jefferies, Lord Bathurst, Lord Loughborough and Lord Erskine were twice married; Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Maynard and Lord Harcourt, were three times married. The wives whom they chose were usually heiresses or rich widows; those who remained bachelors, or who married "for love," seem to have formed the exception. And yet, on the whole, the married life of the Lord Chancellors, judging from Lord Campbell's Lives, seems to have been comfortable and happy.

The great Lord Bacon, when a young man, plodding at the bar, but with a very small practice, cast about his eyes among the desirable matches of the day, and selected the handsome widow of Sir William Hutton (nephew and heir of Lord Chancellor Hutton), who had a large fortune at her own disposal. But in this suit his favored rival was Sir Edward Coke, a crabbed widower, but attorney-general, rich and of large estate, as well as of a large family. The widow, who valued wealth as much as Bacon did, married the old man, running off with him

and entering into an irregular marriage, for which they were both prosecuted in the Ecclesiastical Court. Bacon had reason to rejoice at his escape, for the widow was of capricious and violent temper, and led Coke a most wretched life, refusing to take his name, separating from him, doing everything to vex and annoy him, and teaching his child to rebel against him. Bacon was, however, shortly after, consoled by a rich and handsome wife, in the daughter of Alderman Barnham, whom he married. But the marriage seems, at best, to have been one of convenience on his part. They did not live happily together; she never was a companion to him; and not long before his death a final separation took place, and the great Lord Chancellor died without the consolations of female tenderness in his last moments. When the separation took place, "for great and just causes," as he expressed it in his will, he "utterly revoked" all testamentary dispositions in her favor. But she lost nothing by this, for his costly style of living during his official career left him without a penny, and he died insolvent.

Sir Thomas More, when twenty-one, married the eldest daughter of one "Maister Coult, a gentleman of Essex," a country girl, very ill educated, but fair and well formed. Erasmus says of the marriage:

"We wedded a young girl of respectable family, who had hitherto lived in the country with her parents and sisters; and was so uneducated that he could mould her to his tastes and manners. He caused her to be instructed in letters; and she became a very skilful musician, which peculiarity pleased him."

The union was a happy one, but short, the wife dying and leaving behind her a son and three daughters; soon after which, however, More married again, this time a widow, named Alice Middleton, seven years older than himself, and not by any means handsome. Indeed, More indulged himself in a jest on her want of youth and beauty—*nec bella nec puella*. He had first wooed her, it seems, for a friend, but ended by marrying her himself. Erasmus, who was often an inmate of the family, speaks of her as "a keen and watchful manager."

"No husband," continues Erasmus, "ever gained so much obedience from a wife by authority and severity, as More won by gentleness and pleasantry. Though verging on old age, and not of a yielding temper, he prevailed on her to take lessons on the lute, the viol, the monochord and the flute, which she daily practised to him."

Her ordinary and rather vulgar apprehension could not fathom the conscientious scruples of her husband in his refusal to take the oath dictated to him by Henry VIII.; and when he was at length cast by that bad monarch into the Tower, then the grave of so many royal victims, his wife strongly expostulated with him on his squeamishness.

"How," she said to him on one occasion, "can a man taken for wise, like you, play the fool in this close filthy prison, when you might be abroad at your liberty, if you would do as the bishops have done?"

She dilated upon his fine house at Chelsea, his library, gallery, garden and orchard, together with his wife and children. But to all he opposed the mild force of his conscience and religious feelings.

"Is not this house," he asked, "as nigh heaven as my own?" to which her contemptuous ejaculation was, "Tilly vally, tilly vally!"

He persisted in his course and was executed, after which we hear no more of his wife.

Among the few great lawyers who have married "for love," Hyde, Lord Clarendon, deserves a place. While yet a young man, he became deeply enamored of the daughter of Sir George Aycliffe, a Wiltshire gentleman of good family, though of small fortune. A marriage was the result, but the beautiful young wife died only six months after, of the malignant small-pox (then a frightful scourge in England), and Hyde was for some time so inconsolable that he could scarcely be restrained from throwing up his profession and going abroad. Two years after, however, he married again into a good family, his second wife being the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, the master of the mint, and the marriage proved highly auspicious. This worthy lady was his companion in all his vicissitudes of fortune

—lived with him for many years in exile—shared all his dangers and privations, when at times the parents could with difficulty provide food and raiment for their children; but the wife was yet preserved to see her husband Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor and Prime Minister of England. As an instance of the straits to which the family was occasionally reduced, we may quote the following extract from a letter written by Hyde to a friend when at Madrid in 1650, in which he says—

"All our money is gone, and let me never prosper if I know or can imagine how we can get bread a month longer." And again, "Greater necessities are hardly felt by any men than we for the present undergo, such as have almost made me foolish. I have not for my life been able to supply the miserable distress of my poor wife."

Francis North, afterwards Lord-Keeper Guilford, went about marrying in a business-like way. He was a reader at Lincoln's Inn, but much desired to wed, because he had "grown tired of dining in the hall, and eating a costelet and salad at Chateline's in the evening with a friend." Besides, he wished to mend his fortunes in the most summary way. He first tried a rich, coquettish young lady, but she jilted him; then he found out an alderman who was reputed to be rich, and had three marriageable daughters with a fortune of £6,000 each. He made his approaches, was favorably received, and proceeded to broach the money question to the alderman. The sum named as the young lady's portion was £5,000, but as North had set his heart on the £6,000, he was disappointed, and at once took his leave. The alderman, running after him (at least so relates Lord Campbell), offered him to boot £500 on the birth of the first child; but North would not take a penny under the sum fixed upon, and the match fell through. At last he found a lady with £14,000, one of the daughters of the Earl of Devon, whom he courted in a business style, and ultimately married.

Judge Jefferies, when a dissolute youth, courted an heiress, and in spite of her father's interdict, the young lady encouraged Jefferies, and corresponded with him. The father fell upon a heap of love-letters which had passed between Jefferies and his daughter, and in a savage manner turned the young lady from his doors. She was suffering great distress in some house in Holborn, in which she had taken shelter, and where Jefferies sought her out. Perhaps his marrying her under such circumstances was the one generous act of that infamous man's life.

Neither Lord Somers nor Lord Thurlow were married—both having been disappointed in attachments in their younger years. The latter proposed to a young Lincolnshire lady, a Miss Gouch, but she protested "she would not have him—she was positively afraid of him;" so he foreswore matrimony thenceforward. We do not remember any other of the Lord Chancellors who has led a single life.

Strange that Lord Chancellor Eldon—a man of so much caution and worldly providence—should have been one of the few great lawyers who married "for love;" but it was so. His choice was nearly a penniless beauty, and he had nothing; she was only eighteen, and he twenty-one. Scott induced the fair damsel to elope with him; she stole away from her father's house by night, descending from the window by a ladder planted there by her impatient lover; they fled across the border, and got married at Blackshields. The step was an important one for Scott—fraught with great consequences; for it diverted him from the church, for which he had been studying, and forced him to the bar, thus compelling him to enter upon a career which ended in the highest honors. William Scott, his elder brother, afterwards Lord Stowell, helped the young couple on, and the young lawyer worked with a will. "I have married rashly," said he in a letter to a friend, "and I have neither house nor home to offer to my wife; but it is my determination to *work hard* to provide for the woman I love, as soon as I can find the means of so doing." He was shortly after engaged by Sir Robert Chambers, as his deputy, to read lectures on law at Oxford; and in after years he used to rehearse the following story respecting his first appearance in the character of a lecturer: "The most awkward thing that ever occurred to me was this: immediately after I was married, I was appointed Deputy Professor of Law, at Oxford; and the law professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read *immediately* to the

students, and which I began without knowing a word that was in it. It was upon the statute of *young men running away with maidens*. Fancy me reading, with about one hundred and forty boys and young men giggling at the professor! Such a tittering audience no one ever had."

It remains for us to notice the wives of two other great lawyers, who, though not equal in rank to those we have named, were equal to any of them in professional merit, and in true nobility of character. We allude to the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh, both of whom were blessed in their married state, and have left behind them memorials of a touching kind in memory of their wives.

"For fifteen years," says Sir Samuel Romilly, writing in 1813, "my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives; a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue, are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and all these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty human eyes ever beheld. She has borne to me seven children, who are still living, and in all of whom I persuade myself that I discover the promise of their one day proving themselves not unworthy of such a mother."

The noble woman referred to was Anne, the eldest daughter of Francis Garbett, Esq., of Knill Court, Herefordshire, whom Romilly married in January, 1798. He first accidentally met the young lady when on a visit to the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood. He gives the following charming account of the circumstance in his diary.

"The amiable disposition of Lord and Lady Lansdowne always rendered the place delightful to their guests. To me, besides the enjoyment of the present moment, there is always added, when I am at Bowood, a thousand pleasing recollections of past times; of the happy days I have spent, of the friendships I have formed here; and, above all, that it was here that I first saw and became known to my dearest Anne. If I had not chanced to meet with her here, there is no probability that I should ever have seen her; for she had never been, nor was likely, unmarried, to have been in London. To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes traced! Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs, and forming a landmark to a wide extent of country. To that object it is that I owe all the real happiness of my life. In the year 1786 I made a visit to Bowood. My dear Anne, who had been staying there some weeks, with her father and her sisters, was about leaving it. The day fixed for their departure was the eve of that on which I arrived; and if nothing had occurred to disappoint their purpose, I never should have seen her. But it happened that, on the preceding day, she was one of an equestrian party which was made to visit this curious object; a violent cold and pain in her face was the consequence. Her father found it indispensably necessary to defer his and her journey for several days, and in the meantime I arrived. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the sight and understanding of man—a most intelligent mind, an uncommonly correct judgment, a lively imagination, a cheerful disposition, a noble and generous way of thinking, an elevation and heroism of character, and a warmth and tenderness of affection, such as is rarely found even in her sex, were among her extraordinary endowments. I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. A mutual attachment was formed between us, which, at the end of little more than a year, was consecrated by marriage. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society, all the many and exquisite enjoyments which my dear children have afforded me, even my extraordinary success in my profession, the labors of which, if my life had not been so cheered and exhilarated, I never could have undergone—all are to be traced to this trivial cause."

Lady Romilly died on the 29th of October, 1818, and the bereaved husband was unable to bear up under the terrible loss. The shock occasioned by her death deprived him of his senses, and in his despair he committed the fatal act which laid him in the same grave with his devoted wife. In life they were united, and in death they would not be separated.

Mackintosh married when only a young man, in great pecuniary straits. He was living in the family of Dr. Fraser, London, where Miss Catherine Stewart, a young Scotch lady, was a frequent visitor. She was distinguished by a rich fund of good sense, and an affectionate heart, rather than for her personal attractions. An affection sprang up between them, and they got privately married at Marylebone Church, on February 18th, 1789, greatly to the offence of the relatives of both parties.

When composing his "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," at Little Ealing, his wife sat by him in the room; he could tolerate no one else, and he required her to be perfectly quiet—not even to write or work—as the slightest movement disturbed him. In the evening, by way of recreation, he walked out with his wife, reading to her as he went along. This amiable wife died in 1797, when slowly recovering from the birth of a child, and she left three daughters behind her. Mackintosh thus spoke of his departed wife in a letter to Dr. Parr, written shortly after his sad bereavement, and we do not remember ever to have met with a more beautiful testimony to a deceased wife than this is:

"In the state of deep but quiet melancholy which has succeeded to the first violent agitations of my sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look back with gratitude and pious affection on the memory of my beloved wife; and my chief consolation is the soothing recollection of her virtues. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments), she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes), at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of my prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am bent down to the ground."

Mackintosh married, about a year after the death of his first wife, Catherine, the second daughter of John Allen, of Creselly Co., Pembroke. She was an able and accomplished woman, and greatly contributed to his happiness in after life. She died in 1830, at Chene, near Geneva, after a short illness; and her husband, speaking of her afterwards, "in the deep sincerity of deliberate conviction," calls her "an upright and pious woman, formed for devoted affection, who employed a strong understanding and resolute spirit in unwearying attempts to relieve every suffering under her view."

Too late—"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," said Pat, "I've found it."

THE MYSTERIOUS DOX.—A FEARFUL NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

HORACE FLINTWOOD sat alone in his scantily-furnished apartment. Outside the meagre windows the rough storm beat clamorously for admittance; and the wind, whistling and moaning down the black-throated chimney, made bright, waving phantoms of the flames which leaped over the few bits of wood and coal in the grate.

There was but a little fire; yet that little lighted up the handsome face of young Flintwood with a pale, ghostly gleam; and in that face, by the light, you could read the fearful tale of utter poverty and threatening starvation! There was hunger in the wild expression of the hollow eyes, and upon the broad, white forehead, where the transparent skin failed to conceal the delicate vein-tracery wrought there.

Two years before, Horace Flintwood had left his pleasant home in the country and his aged parents to seek his fortune in a large town, where we find him at the commencement of our story.

The old homestead, the place where his childhood had been passed, was mortgaged, and it was to obtain money to save the home of his parents from stranger hands that young Flintwood had bid farewell to those he loved. His trade—that of a bricklayer—at first procured him ready money in flattering quantities; but there came a panic in trade, and the young mechanic soon found himself deprived of employment.

He would have removed elsewhere, but an attack of fever brought him to his bed, and he at length arose to find himself deprived of every shilling which he could once call his own. On the very verge of starvation, he thought of begging his way back to his parents, but his pride revolted. They were poor, and looked to him for the restoration of their dissipated fortune! Should they see him come back to them penniless and starving? No—he would rather die where he was, alone, and for the want of bread! He could not go back to them only to increase their cares, and be but an additional burden upon their scanty means.

Horace Flintwood was thinking of all this while sitting there by the waning fire that chill November night, and as he thought, despair crept into his heart. Out on the muffled air boomed shrill and clear the bell upon a neighboring tower pealing eleven.

As the last tolling ring ceased there came a short, quick rap at Horace's door. He answered the summons, and a figure, closely wrapped in a black cloak, strode into the room, and without a word, sat down on the chair which Horace had vacated.

"A wild evening!" remarked Horace, to break the awkward silence.

"Very," was the reply. "Are you engaged for this evening?" The stranger's tones were quick and imperative.

"Engaged?"—Horace started at the question—"certainly not at this time of night."

"Are you in want of money?" asked the unknown, and he bent a glance of piercing inquiry upon Horace from a pair of black, flashing eyes, set far back under cliff-like brows.

"Sir, I am not accustomed to answer questions concerning my private affairs," said Horace, and he drew himself up proudly, and something like a frown passed over his pale brow.

"I require a job of work done," said the stranger; "done by a good, faithful hand—a discreet workman, I mean; and such is your reputation among those who best know you." Horace bowed. "It is a small job, but I wish it finished to-night—to-night!" said the stranger, repeating the words with startling emphasis, "and you must do it!"

"Well, sir," said Horace, "work would be very acceptable to me. I need the money badly enough; but midnight is rather a singular time to call upon the services of a bricklayer."

"Granted," said the stranger; "but I ask it, nevertheless; and still further, you must be blindfolded and conveyed in a close carriage to the place where you are to work, and return to your lodgings in the same way. Moreover, you must never re-

veal to any living creature a single thing which may occur to you this night."

The unknown had risen to his feet, and stood silently and haughtily inviting Horace's reply. The young bricklayer seemed much struck by the mysterious proposal of his strange visitor.

"Could I but know that there was nothing criminal, nothing—"

"It is enough that you have nothing to do but follow my directions," said the stranger. "All will be well with you, and the pay shall be yours in advance, if you require it."

He slung down a purse, well filled with gold, upon the table. Horace's eyes glistened, but he was silent.

"There are one hundred sovereigns—they are yours, if you consent," said the stranger.

"One hundred!" exclaimed Horace. "Impossible! I cannot accept—it looks too much like a bribe for committing some horrid crime—some—"

"Hush! my friend. I know your circumstances," said the stranger; "and your services to-night will fully compensate me for the trifling sum. Do you consent?"

Horace threw on his well-worn overcoat, and taking with him some small implements of his trade, he followed the unknown to the waiting carriage. Once within the vehicle, a handkerchief was bound tightly over his eyes, and the night of blindness settled over every object.

On and on rolled the phaeton through the town, until at last the wheels revolved upon the hard turnpike road. By and by the way became rough and stony, and Horace knew that they had left the town and its environs far behind them. Not a word had been exchanged between the young mechanic and the unknown; and the man who held the reins and guided the horses was silent as the grave.

At length the carriage stopped, and Horace was assisted to alight. He was conducted up a grassy path, and into some sort of a building—he knew it by the confined air and the heavy clang of doors behind him. With the unknown holding fast to his arm, he ascended two flights of stairs, then passed through several mouldy, damp rooms, then down a flight of steps, through a long, empty corridor, and then successively descended four winding staircases—the last of unhewn stone. The air grew moist and dense, the odor oppressive.

"Where are you leading me?" Horace ventured to ask of his mysterious guide. "It matters not," was the brief, stern reply.

They stopped before a massive iron door, strongly secured by bolts, fastening in grooves cut far into the solid rock of the casing. Down into their niches fell the ponderous bars as the two passed through the entrance, and the door closed with a dull, heavy bang.

The unknown paused, and drew off the bandage from Horace's eyes.

They stood in a long, low apartment, the sides of which were of brick, and the arched roof of dingy gray stone. The dim light which the unknown carried in his hand only served to make more hideous the distant gloom of the place.

In the centre of the room there was an oblong box, of unpolished oak, screwed together by heavy screws, and in its general appearance not unlike a coffin. A thrill of superstitious horror passed through Horace's frame; he started back a few paces, still regarding with distended eyes the object before him.

"Well," he said, and he spoke inquiringly. "That box," returned the unknown, "contains a treasure—of what form it matters not to you; suffice it that I wish it placed there," and he pointed to a recess in an angle of the wall; "and then you are to build across the aperture a solid line of masonry—solid, mind you!—two tiers of bricks, breast-wise, and a coat of strong plaster over the whole. You will find here all the materials necessary to your work; and at precisely four o'clock I shall expect to have the job completed. Until that hour you will be alone—then I will come for you."

Horace drew back. "I cannot, unless I know the contents of that chest," he said. "It may be that I am employed—made the instrument of some dreadful villany! indeed I cannot go to work in this blind uncertainty."

"Choose between it and death!" came through the clenched teeth of the unknown, and drawing a revolver from his breast, he held it in frightful proximity to the young man's forehead.

"Your decision!" he said, and his voice was low, but awfully clear and distinct.

"I consent!" said Horace, and he spoke the words without a shadow of quivering.

"Enough!" returned the unknown, "and now I leave you to yourself. If your work is done to my satisfaction, an additional hundred shall reward you for the fright I have given you!"

He lighted an iron lamp which hung suspended from the roof of the cellar, and with a courteous "good-night," the unknown withdrew, bolting the door behind him, and Horace was left alone in the silent and mysterious chamber.

A strange awe stole over him, and mingled with the overmastering curiosity he felt, he determined to examine the sealed box. Come what would, he determined to have a glimpse of "the treasure" concealed there, and Horace Flintwood, when once resolved upon anything, however perilous, was as immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar!

Securing the great door upon the inside, with a couple of rusty bars which had probably been unused from time immemorial, he drew from his pocket a mason's small chisel, and applied it to the screws upon the box. They yielded, one after another, and in a short time he drew off the oaken cover. A sight met his eyes which well nigh paralysed him.

The body of a girl, young and surpassingly fair, robed in white linen, lay before him! There was death upon her brow, and eternal slumber on her lips! Her long, chestnut hair swept bright and glistening down her wax-white neck, and the lids over her full, half-closed blue eyes, seemed but drooping before the fixed gaze of him who bent over her. Entranced, enraptured, fascinated, Horace gazed upon the corpse! Speech, motion, everything seemed gone out from him—all his faculties were concentrated into one sense—that of seeing! A distant clock striking the hour of one, aroused him to a sense of his condition. His thoughts came back, and rushed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning.

Wall up this beautiful creature in a cellar, amid the dampness and everlasting gloom! Who knew what fearful secret might be buried with her? Who could tell the story of her death? What might not those lips—unsealed from their cold silence—reveal of foul crime and base villainy? Could he bury her up from sight for ever, with that dreadful mystery hanging around her? Would he do the deed? Never! never!

Horace immediately set about an examination of the walls of the cellar, and by careful sounding he was enabled to detect the outer wall! He brought some of his tools to the side of the masonry, and in fifteen minutes had made an aperture the size of a man's body through the brickwork. Fresh air, from the outer courts, fanned his brow, and the heavy plunge of rushing water could be distinctly heard. Evidently the building into which he had been so strangely conveyed was situated in the vicinity of some river, if not upon its very banks.

A wild, romantic plan—possible from its very impossibility—swept through his mind. Why not remove the body to the shores of the river, from whence he could, he felt convinced, subsequently discover and take it away to, at least, Christian burial. He could brick up the recess, as his employer required, and who would be the wiser?

This plan, once conceived, was carried into effect without hesitation. By diligent labor he soon enlarged the cavity in the wall sufficiently for his purpose, and letting himself carefully out he reconnoitred the premises. The night was "dark as Erebus," and he could ascertain but little beyond the fact that he stood in a deep ditch which surrounded the mansion. The ascent from this ditch was steep and precipitous, but Horace felt within himself the power to do great things, and he at once returned to the cellar.

Replacing the cover upon the box, and lightly fastening the screws, he sprang through the aperture and drew it after him. With the greatest difficulty he succeeded in raising the heavy oaken box to the surface of the ground, for the sides of the ditch were wet and slippery. The gush of water could be very

plainly distinguished at but a little distance off, and close upon the mansion, evidently between him and the river, rose a black copsewood of low alders. Into these he at once dashed, bearing his load, and in fifteen minutes he stood upon the borders of a great river—a river which he felt assured flowed towards the town he had left.

He deposited his burden, for he had not a moment's time to waste, in a dense thicket close to the river's edge, and marking the spot by suspending his pocket-handkerchief from an overhanging branch, he hastily retraced his way and arrived in safety in the vault. Drawing forth his watch—the little silver watch which had been his dead sister's, and which no earthly need could induce him to part with—he saw that it was near two o'clock. But a brief period remained for the performance of his task, and never did mortal man labor with greater assiduity than did Horace Flintwood. At the end of eighteen minutes the wall was mended in so skilful a manner that it would have defied the scrutiny of the closest observer. This done, he commenced upon the recess. Tier after tier of brick rose up, and at length the aperture was closed. It only remained to add another thickness of brick, and over all the thick coat of plaster, as the unknown had indicated. Flintwood was just putting the finishing touch to the plastering, when the great door (which he had previously unfastened) swung slowly open, and his mysterious employer entered the room. A sardonic smile gleamed from his black, fiery eyes, for no other feature of his face was visible.

"So you are punctual to the time, my friend," said he, approaching, and laying his hand upon Flintwood's shoulder. "Well, I admire punctuality. And now, as we are about to go forth from hence, I require you to swear eternal silence on the events of this night—silence as unbroken as the darkness of the tomb!"

The wild eyes flashed savagely down into Horace's face, and though his voice did not tremble, his cheek became paler as he replied, "I swear."

"Enough!" said the unknown. "A man like you will keep an oath! Your work is done well."

"I am happy to have pleased you," said Horace. "It was thoughtful in you to select such a place for your gold—the most cunning burglar would never discover it."

"You will lose nothing by your exceeding cleverness," said the unknown, as he was fixing the bandage over Horace's eyes; "here, my friend, is a little present for you," and he placed a parcel in the mechanic's hand.

The same road was driven over, the same unearthly silence preserved in the phaeton, and near daybreak Horace was left blindfolded at the door of his lodgings. He tore off the handkerchief and looked wildly around him, but he saw only great crazy houses and smoky manufactories. The carriage and its mysterious occupants had vanished. He bethought himself, however, of the parcel given him by the unknown, and breaking it open he found simply a one hundred pound note enveloped in paper.

Early on the morning subsequent to the events chronicled above, a boat, containing two persons, might have been seen proceeding at good speed up the river. Arrived within half a mile of the first village, the way lay through or between high banks, which were covered with a thick growth of scrubby maples and tangled witch-hazel. From the overhanging bough of a low tree a pocket handkerchief fluttered in the wind, and the signal did not long escape the anxious eye of the taller of the two boatmen.

"'Tis the very place! I knew it!" he exclaimed triumphantly—and in a few minutes the boat was resting in a little cove directly beneath the signal.

Flintwood, for the reader has probably recognised our old friend, sprang upon the shore, followed closely by his companion, and after a brief search, the box containing the mysterious corpse was discovered. Immediately it was placed in the boat, the handkerchief was removed from the bough, and the light craft shot off like an arrow down the stream.

After a good two hours' sail they drew up the boat at an obscure village, and a carriage, which was evidently waiting

their arrival, took them and their freight to a large old house situated a little out of the village.

Flintwood had the box conveyed to an upper chamber of this building, and when left alone with it, he unscrewed the cover and looked upon the face sleeping within its shadow. As he gazed he saw that there was a warm perspiration upon the forehead of the seeming corpse, and a tinge of lifelike redness on the slightly parted lips!

The young man sprang from the room, but shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by a physician. The man of science, after a brief examination of the body, reported, "Temporary suspension of animation, influenced by some drug administered while in great bodily prostration." Furthermore, the physician asserted that the body was that of Gertrude Winchester, a belle and an heiress, whose disappearance had caused so great a sensation of grief and wonder in the fashionable circles some three months previous!

Dr. Wellman suggested the most rigid secrecy concerning the mysterious discovery of the body, and, in the meantime exerted himself to the utmost to restore the lady to life and consciousness. His efforts were successful, and in the evening Gertrude was able to converse. So soon as deemed practicable by the medical attendant, the story of her abduction from the dismal vault of the old country home was told to her, and at her request Horace Flintwood was called in, and she gave succinctly the following account:

"Fifteen months ago, my father, Norton Winchester, died, and I, by his will, as well as by right, was made sole heir to his great property. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my mother being deceased some four years, I had no nearer relative than a maternal uncle, who is known as Colonel Glines. This man's envy was excited, it appears, towards me, and although he was careful to avoid arousing my suspicions, I soon came to know that he nursed against me the bitterest rancor. Probably this was, in some measure, increased by my refusal to form a matrimonial alliance with his son—a dissolute young man—whom I could regard with no other sentiment than the most sincere pity.

"I have ever been fond of equestrian sports, and was in the habit of riding out every pleasant morning on a horse which my poor father purchased for my especial use. On the last day of August, as I was taking my accustomed ride into the country, and, as it happened, entirely unattended, I was seized by a violent hand, and drawn from my horse into a close carriage which had driven hurriedly up. Half dead with terror, yet I recognised in the countenance of the man who held me firmly in my seat the hated features of Colonel Glines! To all my cries and agonised inquiries as to what he intended to do with me, he made but one reply—a low, almost infernal laugh.

"At last, but all too soon, the carriage stopped at the gateway of a house rendered terrible by a murder committed there ten years ago—and, more dead than alive, I was dragged within the shadow of its dreadful rooms. Words cannot express the agony I suffered for the next two months, persecuted, as I was, by Colonel Glines, tortured with the presence of his wretched son, and confined a prisoner in the dwelling of my deadliest enemies! No tidings of the world beyond these high, black enclosures reached me, and I gave myself up for lost. Indeed I little cared how soon death came and released me from this horrible bondage. Every day I was beset with arguments, entreaties, threats and imprecations, all tending towards gaining my consent to a marriage with Harwell Glines. I remained firm to the last, and was placed in return for my temerity in an apartment under ground, securely barred and bolted. The rigorous, unusual confinement brought on a lingering fever, and I could plainly see that my persecutors intended it should terminate in my death. I had taken no medicine throughout my illness, and therefore you may well believe I was surprised when Colonel Glines brought me one morning a dark liquid mixture which he said would make me well. I drank more from thirst than from the wish of reviving to my dread life again, and immediately a slumberous sensation benumbed every faculty. I heard voices in conversation—those of Colonel Glines and his son—I heard them arrange the disposition of my

body when the sleeping potion should have taken effect, and with scarcely a thrill I learned that I was to be placed in the cellar, and enclosed within a solid pile of masonry, while yet alive! I remember no more. It is all a blank and void till now."

Gertrude Winchester fully recovered her health beneath the hospitable roof of the kind boatman, and in due time appeared again to her astonished household, who had mourned her dead.

Colonel Glines had applied for legal possession of her property, but owing to some delay he had not been able to assume formal occupancy.

Immediately on Gertrude's re-appearance he fled with his son, and no subsequent tidings were ever heard of them. The colonel's house soon became a ruin, and one night it was reduced to ashes during a violent thunder-storm. Whether it was fired by a bolt from heaven, or by the hand of man, was never known.

Gertrude Winchester naturally felt very grateful to Horace for rescuing her from so dreadful a fate, and she displayed her gratitude in a somewhat singular manner.

It was quite a little romance, the newspapers of the day said; and now it had all ended in that commonplace affair, a wedding with eight bridesmaids, and a corresponding number of grooms-men.

With the full approbation of his bride, Horace Flintwood went home, and returned accompanied by his worthy parents, who through the remainder of their lives found a pleasant home in the luxurious residence of their son and his affectionate young wife.

A SIBERIAN FEAST.—Every grand feast commences with a pirog, a raised cake, usually with a French crust. On the occasion of name's-day festivals, this figures on the table as one of the standing dishes. No grand *fête* takes place without it. The whole supper is *à la fourchette*. Everybody takes what he likes best, and eats where and with whom he pleases. Due honor being done to the pirog, the first entry came in, and the whole table was entirely covered with it. It would be no small task to enumerate the variety of dishes. There were ducks, smoked and fresh—geese fresh and pickled, and stuffed with various ingredients, and set round with jellies; tongues of oxen and rein-deer, prepared in a peculiar manner; heads and heels of the same animals, and colored jellies, ornamented on the top with a variety of neat, shining embellishments, and proudly reposing on layers of lemon peel, garranium leaves, and flowers. Little satisfied with the provisions which the place could afford, the lady in whose honor the day was celebrated had procured supplies from distant parts of the country; and among these figured a splendid ham, and a roast pig, cold, both imported from Tobolsk. The first *entrée* having been removed, the second was served. This was not so abundant as the first, and consisted chiefly of cutlets and game, with but one sweet, in which the taste of onion and palm predominated. As for sauces, this part of the culinary art might be declared to be still in its infancy at Berezov. The third *entrée* was made up wholly of roast meat, and it would be difficult to describe all the dishes, so great was their variety. Every kind of game that the woods and forest contained was brought on the table, and it almost groaned beneath the heap of geese, ducks, wood-cocks, partridges and various species of snipes. Amidst this grand array, roast veal occupied the place of honor. Subsequently to this course, rice pudding was ushered in, with a white sauce poured over it. This is the only one of our puddings known to the Berezovians, and at no entertainment is it forgotten. These principal courses were succeeded by sweet jellies, clear and transparent, and ornamentally served up.

TIR FOR TAR.—The old Bethlehem Hospital was built on the plan of the Tuileries at Paris; and this fac-simile of his palace, adapted for such a purpose, gave so much offence to Louis XIV., that he ordered a plan of St. James's palace to be taken, for offices in his own capital of a very inferior description.

REJECTED COURTESY BECOMES ENMITY. If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers changes it to a fist.



THE ANEMONE.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THE month of May, "that walks on flowers," is with us now, and the bright, genial sunshine of the balmy season is pouring out its life of gold on the grass and leaf-buds of our sickly parks. The delicate and subtle odor of spring flowers comes to us, even across brick walls and heated pavements, conjuring up in our minds vague pictures of blossoming woods and embroidered fields, where the old spring buds of our childhood are bursting into bloom at the magic touch of south winds and sunbeams.

Who is there among us all that does not revert mentally to those flowery woods, when the calendar tells us it is the month of May? Even the dullest and most prosaic of business men, in whose dim eyes the light of youth has long died out, pause, as the fragrant breath from some far-off field floats by their narrow counting-houses, and recalls some long forgotten memory of the old times when they played among the dandelions, a s and wild-violets, sighing to think of the age that bows them down, while the flowers blossom on in eternal youth.

How sweet and numberless are the associations connected with the beautiful spring crocus, first and fairest of the delicate flowers that come in the train of the young year! It is a fancy of Ebenezer Elliott's "that God has beautifully mingled life and death, even as He has placed the crocus and March frosts together!" There is something almost human in this valiant little battler with cutting winds and piercing air—the crocus is a hero in its uniform of veined gold and its tiny green spears, and the man who can look upon its brave and brief campaign without an instinctive feeling of sympathy, has not a spark of human nature within him!

In the deepest and most hushed recesses of April woods, where the sun shines on mossy banks, and the dead leaves have drifted into sheltered hollows, the wanderer in spring haunts may find another exquisite little pioneer of the coming season—the sweet trailing arbutus, with its sober brown leaves and tiny pink cups, whose heavy and delicious fragrance seems to burden all the surrounding atmosphere. Most foreign botanists are

enthusiastic admirers of this unpretending little North American flower, whose trailing sprays fill the woods with odor.

The snowdrop is a familiar friend to every one, full of sweet emblems and graceful interpretations. The milk-white blossom, depending from its slender and flexible stem, and surrounded by a sentinel array of pale green leaves, has a certain purity and meekness about it, that appeals irresistibly to our human protection and sympathy. There is no one but can number among his acquaintance some snowdrop—some timid trusting nature as gentle and pure as this lovely blossom of the spring.

But in this catalogue of the flowers best known in song and romance, we are omitting the honest dandelion, whose round genial face, full of expression though it be, is sadly neglected by poets and sentimentalists in favor of more ethereal buds. We, for our own part, would much sooner dispense with pale primroses and cream-white jonquils, than with the annual carnival of our yellow-jacketed friend the dandelion. Who does not remember sitting on green banks, amid a golden shower of these flowers, wreathing interminable "chains," and holding up the dandelion under the chin of the pretty little girl sitting nearest, to judge by its glimmer "whether she loved butter?" And how many thousands of joyous children have blown away the feathery down of the seeds, looking solemnly towards the sky the while, to ascertain "what o'clock it was?" long before the hours began to move on leaden feet, and they became, like poor Mariana, "awearied of their lives."

If we were gifted with the art of poesy, we should be tempted to glorify the dandelion in song. As it is, however, most poets seem oblivious of its existence, with the exception of Darwin, who tells us how

Leontodons unfold,
On the swart turf, their ray encircled gold!

The daisy, however, is more appreciated. From the immortal address of Burns to the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" to the chirpings of all the minor poets of the present time, eulogies and praises are showered on this exquisite earth-star—the "day's eye" of Chaucer and the "childhood's flower" of Elliott. Shelley speaks of them as

Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets!

It is an idle yet graceful superstition that prevails in rural places for lovers to put one another's attachment to the



WHITE BRYONY.

"daisy test," and to pluck out in succession the pearly radii, murmuring, "He loves me," "He does not!" throwing aside a white petal at each alternate sentence until all are gone, and the assertion which is breathed over the last remaining ray is the correct one!

Amid the quiet shades of deep glens and copses, in the wildest and most secluded spots, where mosses cling to hoary old trees, and tangled bushes form a dense network, we sometimes find the fairy blossoms of the wood-sorrel, whose pure cups are veined with rosy streaks, which seem almost as though they might have been formed with a pencil dipped in blood, so brilliant and distinct are their crimson traceries. The flower seems to float like a thing of air above its fragile stem; a touch might crush it, yet there it expands, nourished by sun and dew and breezes, and perfect in its zephyr-like being. The trefoil leaves are like tissue paper; thin, transparent and of a pale clear green, and are either folded in the shape of a heart or spread like a tiny umbrella to catch the light and air. Though the wood-sorrel forms such a brilliant ornament to its native solitudes, it seldom survives a change, and the same flower which blooms among mosses and vines like a spot of crimson sunset sky, dwindles, fades and dies in the tropical heat of the green-house.

The wild tulip is another plant which much affects particular spots and localities, and is equally averse to change. In the open field or meadow, its gorgeous bells of lilac and gold,

bright although short-lived, are developed to the highest degree, but if transplanted they almost invariably perish. There is one instance on record, however, in which they not only survived but grew luxuriantly, and that was when the Duke of Marlborough literally removed them, meadow and all, to his splendid grounds at White Knights. This experiment, however, is beyond the reach of most American admirers of this flower. They do not care to work on this stupendous scale, nor to humor the freaks of nature by moving half an acre of meadow to the depth of two feet!

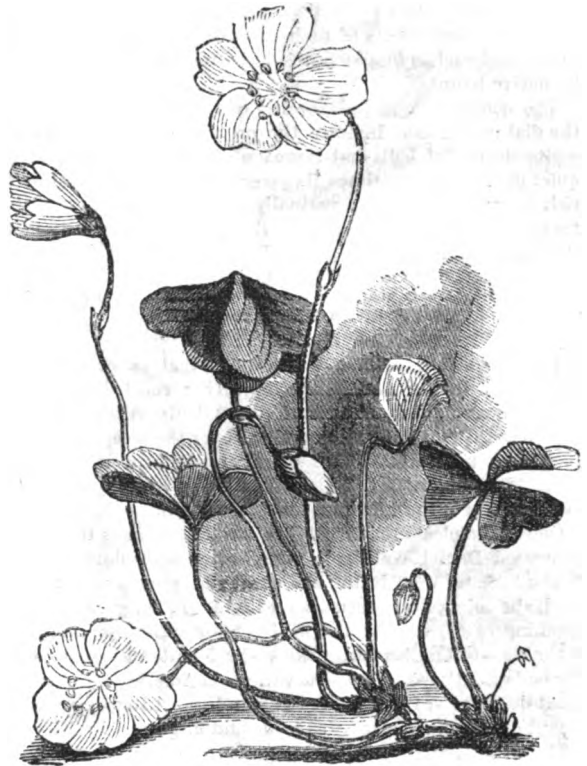


THE EARTH-BORN-STAR. CROCUS VERNUS.

Another lovely and exquisitely odorous wild-flower is the creeping white bryony, with its broad polished leaf, crisp and glossy as if moulded in emerald wax, and its clinging roots that strike into every inch of mould, thus covering the forest floor with a fragrant carpet of bloom. Leigh Hunt, in a lively and vivid description of a dense wood, speaks of the presence of "bryony, between, in trails of white."

But when, in the more advanced and brighter days of spring, the beautiful azalea bursts into bloom, mantling the woods in the richest pink, and actually seeming to light up the gloomy recesses with a crimson lustre, fancy cannot picture nor pen describe the glorious effect produced. No European woodbine, no variety of the honeysuckle cultivated in foreign lands, can approach to this brilliant indigenous shrub in depth and richness of color or profusion of bloom. Here the azalea throws a shower of crimson clusters along the edge of woods, and seems to crowd every wild nook with its prodigality of tinting and fragrance, while in Europe it is carefully nurtured in the artificial atmosphere of green-houses, and, with the magnolia, bigonia and catalpa, is classed as a rare and beautiful American exotic. Ladies of rank not unfrequently go to great expense to procure graceful clusters of the azalea to loop up their ball-dresses, even preferring it to the statelier camellia japonica.

All who pretend to any taste for flowers, will remember the



WOOD SORREL.

modest blue eyes of the fairy Houstonia, whose tiny blossoms cover the meadows of April. Innocence is a favorite name bestowed upon it, and it is also called Venus's pride, and forms one of our sweetest spring guests.

But the beautiful violet, the blue-cupped lady of wood and valley, copse and terrace, is the best beloved of all. It comes with the first wooing breeze, and the sound of singing brooks and the amber light of lengthening suns, purpling the ground beneath our feet, and bringing up before the mind's eye, as with an enchanter's wand, vista on vista of linked associations. The wizard Shakespeare has hymned their loveliness; the wild and reckless monarchs of song have bowed down at the shrine of their solemn grace; in the beautiful word-pictures of the immortal dead they bloom eternally fresh, and everywhere they are interwoven with love and passion and truthful purity.

While these violets are covering the sunny slopes of the southern hills, a far frailer and more delicate and ethereal flower is opening in dimpled hollows and by the side of running waters—the beautiful anemone, or to use its more common and symbolical appellation, the wind-flower. The latter



THE SNOWDROP.

name was conferred on it by the general belief that the petals were blown apart by the action of the warm south wind. It is the most lovely shade of flesh color or pale pink, fragile as a dream and useless in a bouquet, but indescribably beautiful in its native haunts.

The convallaria majalis, or lily of the valley, is another of the dial marks that indicate the progress of spring. Its wax-white clusters of bells and large polished leaves hide away in quiet dells, and oftentimes its presence is only betrayed by the rich fragrance which is perpetually pouring from those alabaster chalices of nature. Shelley alludes to it gracefully in his "Sensitive Plant":

The naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green!

In the quiet recesses of Greenwood—that sweet city of the silent—the spring graves are literally sprinkled with these lovely flowers, whose chimings of silvery bells, stirring softly in the breeze, sound inaudible requiems over the sleepers beneath. It is impossible to conceive of purer watchers at the shrine of the dead than these bells, whose fairy whiteness seems to cast a sort of moonlight lustre on the dark heavy leaves above.

One of the pleasantest reminiscences that remains to us of the venerated Daniel Webster is interwoven with flowers. Miss Mitford relates that during the great statesman's visit to England, she enjoyed a conversation with him in her garden, where, speaking of a packet of the wild cowslip, primrose, and many other roots of English spring flowers, celebrated in poesy, which she had recently sent to a literary friend in America, she expressed great desire to see the scarlet lily and the fringed gentian of New York. The remark was made and forgotten by Miss Mitford, but soon after Mr. Webster's return to America, the gifted authoress received a package of the seeds of each, carefully directed by Mr. Webster's own hand, and the blossoms whose nativity was in the cultivated meadows of New York and beside the thunder of Niagara, learned to expand under the genial sun of old England, among the sweet English violets and hedges-roses.

In all times and all countries the "language of flowers" has been cultivated by the fanciful and imaginative, especially in Eastern climes, where at any time the lover signifies his desperate condition by presenting to the cruel fair one the Oriental tulip, whose glorious crimson petals and black centre signify the flames of his passion, and his heart consumed by its ardor. A half open rosebud pops the question, and a sweet pea proposes an elopement. The spring pink, sent by a rejected swain to his beloved, signifies that he intends not to despair, but to "try again;" the jonquil implores pity, and the mountain daisy informs the lover that his affection is returned. If a lady were to present a Broadway dandy with a daffodil, it would merely be a polite way of informing him that she considered him a conceited puppy; and a crocus would be a decided encouragement to his attentions. In a charming floral flirtation, described by Mrs. Sigourney, when the lover presented a moss rosebud, the damsel gave him the slip in a similar tongue:

I could not refuse the gift
Though I knew the spell it wore,
So I gave him a white rosebud again—
Too young—too young to love!

But we must not linger on this charming alphabet of flowers. Any one of our readers may easily construct sentences in flowers, and we think it decidedly an improvement on the prosaic, everyday style of conversation now in vogue—for young people, at least. We have been obliged to leave many of the spring favorites unchronicled, but all lovers of Nature are well acquainted with their haunts and habits, and no pleasanter manner of spending an hour can be devised than to roam through the quiet May solitudes, and commune awhile with those little voiceless preachers, the spring flowers!

"I FIND, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure, Tom. A true gentleman will always take a joke."

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

An old man and a young woman were seated in a small attic, whose furniture, plain and unpretending, though scrupulously neat, gave evidence of an indigence which had not yet lost its self-respect. Good taste and cleanliness diffused over the humble abode a sort of elegance. Everything was in its place; the tiled floor had been carefully washed, the faded drapery was unsoiled by dirt, and the window was furnished with short curtains of coarse muslin, the numerous darns in which formed a kind of embroidery. Some pots of common flowers ornamented the front of the half-open window, and perfumed the attic with their grateful odor.

The sun was setting, and a rosy light illumined the humble dwelling, tinging the cheek of the young girl, and the white hair of the old man.

The latter was reclining in a wicker chair, which the hand of affection had furnished with cushions stuffed with coarse wool, and covered with patchwork. An old *chaufferette* did duty as a stool, and supported his maimed feet; and his single arm was leaning on a little stand on which were placed his earthen pipe and tobacco-pouch embroidered with colored beads.

The old soldier had one of those bronzed and wrinkled faces whose hardness is tempered by an expression of frankness. A gray moustache veiled the cheerful smile which trembled on his lips, while his steady gaze was fixed unconsciously upon the young girl.

Susan was apparently about twenty years of age. She was a brunette, with pleasing features, which were lighted up and varied by sudden and rapid changes in their expression. Her gentle countenance resembled those transparent waters which enable the eye to penetrate to the very bed over which they flow.

She held a newspaper in her hand, from which she was reading to the invalid; all at once she ceased, and listened attentively.

"What is the matter?" inquired the old man.

"Nothing," replied the young girl, whose countenance expressed disappointment.

"You thought you heard Charles?" rejoined the old man.

"It is true," said the girl, slightly coloring; "his work is over, and it is his time for coming home."

"When he does come home," added Vincent sadly.

Susan opened her lips with the intention of justifying her cousin; but probably her judgment protested against her intention, for she stopped with apparent embarrassment, and then fell into a reverie.

The invalid passed the fingers of his only hand through his moustache, which he twisted impatiently, as he always did when he was displeased.

"Our conscript is undisciplined," said he, at length; "he returns home with neglected dress; he leaves his work to frequent *guinguettes* and *fêtes* beyond the town; this must end badly both for him and for us."

"Don't say so, uncle, it will bring him ill-luck," replied the young girl, with feeling. "I hope the cloud will soon pass away. My cousin has had strange ideas in his head for some time. He has no longer courage to work——"

"And why not?"

"Because, he says, there is nothing to expect from it. He thinks the workman can lay by nothing for a future time, and that it is best to enjoy the present without foresight or hope."

"Oh! that is his system, is it?" rejoined the old man, frowning. "Well, he has not the honor of inventing it. We had men in our regiment who excused themselves from marching under pretext that the route was too long, and who remained behind in quarters, whilst their companions entered Madrid, Berlin and Vienna. Your cousin, do you see, does not seem to know that by dint of putting one foot continually before the other, the shortest legs may reach Rome at last."

"Oh! if you could make him believe that," said Susan, anxiously. "I have tried to convert him by telling him how much a good bookbinder like him could save; but when I name

the sum, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women know nothing about figures."

"And then you despair, my poor girl," continued Vincent, affectionately; "I see that your eyes are often red—"

"Uncle, I assure you—"

"And you forget to water your carnations, and have left off singing."

"Uncle—"

Susan appeared confused, bent her eyes on the ground, and rolled up the corner of the newspaper. The invalid placed his hand upon her head tenderly.

"Come, don't think I am scolding you," he added abruptly, but kindly. "Is it not quite natural that you should feel interested about Charles, who is your cousin, and who, one day, I hope—"

The young girl started.

"Well, we won't say any more about that," interrupted the invalid. "I always forget that with you girls we must seem to be ignorant of what we know. Let's say no more about it, I tell you, and return to that good-for-nothing fellow for whom you feel a friendship—that is the right word, is it not?—and who feels the same for you."

Susan shook her head.

"That is to say, he did so once," said she; "but for some time—if you knew how cold he is, how tired he seems of—"

"It is so," replied Vincent, pensively; "when a person has enjoyed exciting amusements, the simple pleasures of home appear dull: it is like a glass of home-made wine after liqueur. I can easily believe that, my child: most of us have passed over the same ground."

"But they have been cured of their fancies," observed Susan, "and Charles may be cured of his. Perhaps if you were to speak to him, uncle?"

The old man shook his head incredulously.

"These infirmities are not to be cured by words," he replied, "but by deeds; neither a reasonable man nor a good soldier is produced by accident; but experience, the proof of exertion, and the baptism of the cannon, are necessary. Your cousin, do you see, wants inclination, because he does not feel a motive for exerting himself; we must point out an object which will restore his courage. But this is rather an important business. I will think about it."

"Now, this time he is really coming," cried the young girl, who had recognized the hasty steps of her cousin on the stairs.

"Then, silence in the ranks," said the invalid; "we must not seem to be thinking of him; go on with your reading."

Susan obeyed, but her trembling voice would easily have betrayed her emotion to an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes followed the printed lines, and her voice pronounced the words mechanically, her ear and her thoughts were wholly devoted to her cousin, who had just opened the door and placed his hat on the table in the middle of the attic.

In order to avoid interrupting the reading, the young man did not speak either to his uncle or cousin, and approaching the window he leant upon it with his arms crossed.

Susan continued to read, but without understanding what she said. She was come to that mosaic work of detached and often contradictory news, arranged under the head of "varieties." Charles, who at first appeared absent, at last paid attention to her reading in spite of himself. The young girl, after accounts of different thefts, fires and accidents, at last came to the following paragraph:

"A poor hawkler of Besançon, named Pierre Lefèvre, being determined at all risks to make a fortune, conceived the idea of going to India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and diamonds. He sold the little he had, reached Bourdeaux, and embarked as cook's mate in an American vessel. Eighteen years elapsed without any news of Pierre Lefèvre. At last his parents received a letter announcing his approaching return; and informing them that the former hawkler, after inexpressible labors, and unheard-of changes of fortune, was arrived in France with one eye and one hand, but owner of a fortune valued at two millions of francs."

Charles, who had listened to the story with growing attention, could not repress an exclamation.

"Two millions!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"That would purchase him a glass eye and an iron hand," observed the old soldier, ironically.

"There's happiness," replied the artisan, who had not listened to the reflection of his uncle.

"And which he did not procure on credit," added the invalid.

"Eighteen years of inexpressible labors and fatigue," repeated Susan, resting on the expressions of the journal.

"What do they signify when there is a fortune at the end?" replied Charles, with vivacity. "There is no difficulty either in travelling by a bad road or in supporting bad weather, to arrive at a favorable termination, but in advancing without reaching a definite end."

"And so," rejoined the young girl, looking timidly at her cousin, "and so you really envy the lot of the hawkler; you would give the best years of your life, one of your eyes, one of your hands—"

"For two millions of money?" interrupted Charles. "Yes, certainly. You have only to find me a purchaser at this price, Susan, and I will promise you a good sum for pin-money."

The young girl turned away her head without further reply; her heart was full, and a tear stood in her eye. Vincent also was silent, but he again twisted his moustache angrily.

A long silence ensued; the three actors in this scene pursued their own train of thought.

The sound of the clock striking eight recalled Susan from her reflections. She rose and began to prepare the evening meal.

The supper was a sad and brief one. Charles, who had passed the last part of the day at the *guinguette* with his friends, would eat nothing, and Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honor to the repast; for his military habits had accustomed him to respect the privileges of the stomach in spite of mental emotions; but he was soon satisfied, and then he returned to his cushioned chair near the window.

When she had put everything in order, Susan, who felt that she wanted to be alone, took a light, embraced the invalid, and retired to her own little chamber. Vincent and the young artisan found themselves *de à tête*.

The latter also was going to say good-night to his uncle, when the old soldier made a sign to him to shut the door and draw near.

"I want to speak to you," he said, seriously.

Charles, who expected reproaches, stood near the old man, who pointed to a seat.

"Have you well considered what you were saying just now?" he said, looking steadfastly at his nephew. "Are you really capable of making a great effort to acquire a fortune?"

"I? Do you doubt it, uncle?" replied Charles, surprised at the question.

"Well, then, you will consent to be patient, to work without intermission, to change your habits?"

"If I can get anything by doing so. But why do you ask me?"

"I am going to tell you," said the invalid, opening the drawer of a commode, in which were some old newspapers lent to him by one of the lodgers.

He searched for the papers, took out one, opened it, and showed Charles an article marked by his nail.

The young artisan read in a low voice—

"Steps have been taken by the Spanish government relative to the stores buried on the banks of the Douro, after the battle of Salamanca. It appears that during this famous retreat a company belonging to the first division, and who were entrusted with the custody of several chests, was separated from the main body, and so surrounded by a large body of the enemy, that resistance was no longer possible. The commanding officer, seeing that there was no chance of making a passage through the enemy's ranks, took advantage of the night to cause some soldiers in whom he had most confidence to bury the chests; then, satisfied that no one could find them, he commanded the little band to disperse, in order that each might endeavor to secure his own safe passage through the lines of the enemy. Some, in fact, succeeded in regaining the main army; but the officer and

the men who knew where the chests were buried, all perished during the flight. Now, it is said that these chests contained the treasure of the army, that is to say, about three millions of francs."

Charles stopped, and looked at the old man with sparkling eyes.

"Did you belong to that company?" said he.

"I did," replied Vincent.

"You knew of the existence of the stores?"

"I was one of those whom the captain entrusted with the job, and the only one who escaped the enemy's balls."

"Then you could give information which would enable one to find it?"

"Yes, especially since the captain made us take the bearings of two hills and a rock. I should know the place again as well as I know the bed in this room."

Charles started to his feet.

"Well, then, your fortune is made," cried he, eagerly. "Why don't you speak about it? The French Government would accept your proposals."

"Perhaps they would," replied Vincent; "but it would be useless."

"Why?"

"Spain has refused to give the necessary permission. Look here."

He held out to the young artisan another newspaper, which, in fact, announced that with regard to the stores buried by the French in 1812 on the borders of the Douro, the demand of the latter for permission to search had been refused by the Government of Madrid.

"But what need is there of permission?" cried Charles. "Where is the necessity of attempting officially a search which might be made silently and without observation? Once upon the spot and the land purchased, who is to prevent its being searched? Who would suspect the discovery?"

"I have been thinking about it for the last thirty years," replied the soldier; "but where shall we get the money necessary for the voyage and the purchase?"

"Could we not tell the secret to some one richer than ourselves, and obtain their assistance?"

"But how shall we induce them to believe us, or prevent their abusing our confidence in case they believe what we say? and if by accident we are prevented from succeeding! Suppose it should happen, as in the fable, that you were reading the other day to your cousin, that at the time of partition the other party should take the lion's share? We should then have to undergo the uncertainty of a lawsuit, in addition to the fatigue of the journey and the hazard of success! What use is it? said I, to myself. Is the short time which I have yet to live worth so much anxiety? I have a retiring pension of two hundred francs; thanks to Susan, that is enough, with the pension attached to my cross and ribbon, for my daily ration and tobacco. I care no more for the rest than I should for a troop of Cossacks."

"And so you will let the opportunity escape!" exclaimed Charles, with feverish animation. "You will refuse riches?"

"As regards myself, certainly," replied the old man; "but as to you, it is otherwise. I observed just now that you were ambitious, that you would give anything to be classed among the millionaires. Well, collect together the sum necessary for the journey, and I will go with you."

"Will you really, uncle?"

"Do you earn two thousand francs; on this condition I will give you the treasure. Will that do?"

"Will that do, uncle?" exclaimed Charles, with animation. Then, recollecting himself, he seemed alarmed.

"But how shall we get so much money together? I shall never be able to do so."

"Work steadily, and bring me regularly your wages every week, and I promise you shall do so."

"Think, uncle, how small are the savings of an artisan."

"That is my business."

"How many years shall we be collecting the money?"

"You offered eighteen just now, and an eye and a hand to boot."

"Ah! if I was sure to succeed."

"In acquiring a treasure? I swear it shall be so, by the ashes of the Little Corporal."

This was the oath, *par excellence*, of the soldier. Charles considered the project as quite serious. Vincent encouraged him anew by repeating that he held his fortune in his own hands, and the young man went to bed resolved to make every exertion.

But the secret confided to him by his uncle had awakened hopes too magnificent for him to think of sleeping. He passed the night in a kind of fever, calculating the means of gaining most rapidly the sum he required, settling the way in which he should employ his future fortune, and recalling one after another, as if they were realities, all the visions he had raised in his mind. When Susan came down stairs the next day, he was already gone to his work.

Vincent, who observed the young girl's astonishment, shook his head and smiled, but said nothing; he had enjoined secrecy to Charles, and intended to observe it himself. He wished to see, in the meantime, whether the young man would persist in his good resolutions.

The first few months were the most irksome. The young bookbinder had acquired habits which he found a difficulty in breaking through; regular work was insupportable to him. It was necessary that he should renounce the fickleness and caprice which had hitherto governed his actions, that he should overcome fatigue and disgust, and resist the solicitations of his old companions in dissipation! The task was at first difficult. Many times did his courage evaporate—many times was he on the point of relapsing into his old follies; but the important object he had in view, animated him to persevere. As he placed his weekly salary, which continually increased, in the hands of the veteran, he experienced renewed hope, which gave him fresh courage: it was a small step towards the goal, but it was a step towards it.

In the meanwhile, the effort became less every day. Man resembles a ship whose sails are the passions. Give them up to the winds of the world, and he will be carried away by the currents, and dashed upon the rocks; but let the sails be regulated by good sense, and the navigation will become less dangerous; and when at last the anchor is cast in the chosen place, there is nothing more to fear.

It happened thus to the young artisan. In proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. Steady labor during the day, gave him the sweetest sleep at night; the absence of his noisy comrades infused a new charm into the society of his uncle and cousin. The latter had resumed her friendly familiarity. Occupied only with Vincent and Charles, she turned every occasion of meeting into a *fête*, for which her affection furnished the funds. Every day there was some fresh surprise, some delightful attention, which strengthened affection by the ties of feeling and joy. Charles was astonished to find in his cousin qualities and graces which he had never before remarked. She became every day more necessary to him. Without being aware of it, his exertions changed their object; the hope of the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his sole motive to exertion; in every action of his life he thought of Susan—he wished to deserve her approbation, to become dear to her. The human soul is a kind of moral daguerreotype: surround it with pictures of order, and devotion, and of courage—illumine it by the sun of affection, every image will trace itself there, and be imprinted indelibly. The life which Charles led gradually extinguished his ambitious views. He saw before him happiness more simple and more immediate; his paradise was no longer a fairy dream of the thousand and one nights, but a small space peopled by attachments which he could surround with his two arms.

This change, however, took place unknown to himself. The young artisan gave way to his feelings, without stopping to consider every wave that advanced or impeded his progress. This transformation, visible to those who lived with him, was not suspected by himself; he did not know that he was changed, but only that he was more happy—more tranquil. The only novelty that he perceived in his sentiments was his love for Susan; henceforth, she was mixed up with all his projects: he could not contemplate life without her.

This element of happiness, introduced into the future, had modified all the rest. The hope of amassing millions, instead of being the principal object, was now only one of the means of happiness; he considered it as an important addition, but merely as an accessory to his hopes. He determined, then, to ascertain whether his love was returned.

He was walking one day up and down the little attic, while Vincent and his cousin were talking near the stove. They were speaking of the first master of Charles, who, after thirty years spent in honest labor, had just sold his bookbinding business, that he might retire into the country with his old wife.

"There's a couple who knew how to make their paradise on earth," said the old soldier; "always of one mind, always in good humor, always at work."

"Yes," replied Susan, feelingly; "the rich may envy their lot."

Charles, who was just in front of the young girl, now stopped abruptly.

"And so you would wish your husband to love you, Susan?" he said, looking at her earnestly.

"Certainly, if I can," replied the young girl, smiling, and slightly coloring.

"You can," replied Charles, eagerly; "and if you will, you have only to say a word."

"What word, cousin?" stammered Susan confusedly.

"That you will consent to become my wife!" replied the young workman.

And as he observed the surprise and emotion of his cousin, he added, with respectful tenderness—

"Don't agitate yourself, Susan; I have long wished to ask you this question; but I waited for a reason that is known to my uncle. You see, however, that I have let out my secret unawares. Now, be frank with me; do not conceal your feelings; our uncle is listening to us, and he will correct us if we say what is not right."

The young man had approached his cousin, and was holding one of her hands in his—his voice trembled, and his eyes were moist. Susan, her heart beating with joy, stood with her eyes cast on the ground, and the old soldier looked at them with a smile, partly tender, partly arch, on his countenance.

At last he touched the young girl, and pushing her gently towards Charles—

"Come, speak then, puss," said he, gaily.

"Susan, say one word—only one word, I entreat," cried the young man, who still held the hand of his cousin; "will you take me for your husband?"

She hid her face on the shoulder of Charles, and uttered an almost inarticulate "Yes!"

"Well done," cried Vincent, slapping his knee; "it was hard work to get that word out of her. Give me your hands, my children, and kiss me. To-night I leave you to your own conversation; to-morrow we will speak of business."

On the morrow, in fact, he took his nephew aside, announced to him that the sum necessary for their voyage was complete, and that he might set out for Spain as soon as he pleased.

This news, which ought to have filled Charles with delight, had a contrary effect. He must, then, leave Susan at the moment they began to interchange mutual confidence, to encounter the chances of a long, difficult and uncertain journey, when it would have been so pleasant to remain at home? The young man almost cursed the millions that he was once ready to go so far to seek. Now that the interest of his life was changed, his desire to acquire riches had signally vanished. What use, then, was so much gold to purchase happiness, when he had already found it.

However, he made no objection to his uncle, and told him he was ready to start.

The old soldier took upon himself the preparations; he went out for this purpose many successive days, accompanied by Susan. At last he announced to Charles that they had nothing now to do but to take their places. The young girl was absent. He asked his nephew to go with him to the office; and as his recent fatigues had rendered his wounds painful, he engaged a hackney coach.

Vincent had taken care to provide himself, in one of his ex-

cursions, with the newspapers which contained the account of the burial of the stores near the Douro. When he found himself alone with Charles, he put them into his hands, requesting him to see whether they contained any information which might be useful to them.

The young man read the first details with which he was already acquainted, then the refusal of the Spanish government, and lastly, an account of some unsuccessful researches undertaken by merchants of Barcelona. He thought the documents were exhausted, when his eye fell upon a letter bearing the signature of Peter Dufour.

"Peter Dufour!" repeated Vincent; "that was a pioneer of the company."

"He calls himself so, in fact," replied Charles.

"God bless me! I thought the good man was in the other world. Let us see what he says, for he was in the captain's confidence."

Instead of replying, Charles uttered an exclamation. He had looked through the letter, and his countenance changed.

"Well, what is the matter?" inquired Vincent, tranquilly.

"What is the matter?" rejoined the young man. "If what Dufour says is true, the journey will be useless."

"Why?"

"Because the chests were not filled with money, but with gunpowder!"

Vincent looked at his nephew, and burst out laughing.

"Ah! it was gunpowder," he cried. "Then that was the reason why, before burying them, they took some cartridges out of them."

"You knew it, then?" interrupted Charles.

"Yes; because I saw it," replied the old man, good-naturedly.

"But, then—you have deceived me," cried the artisan; "you could not have believed in the existence of buried millions, and your promise was but a jest."

"It was a truth," replied the soldier, seriously. "I promised you a treasure—you shall have it; but you shall not be obliged to go to Spain for it."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall soon know."

The carriage had now stopped before a shop; the travellers alighted and entered. Charles recognized the workshop of his old master; but it was restored, repainted, and refurnished with all the necessary implements. Charles was going to ask for an explanation, when his eyes fell upon the name of the proprietor engraved in gold letters over the counter—the name was his own! At that moment the door of the little parlor behind the shop opened; he saw a log burning brightly on the hearth, a repast spread upon the table, and Susan, who, with a smile, made him a sign to enter.

Vincent turned towards him, seizing his hand:

"There," cried he, "is the treasure I promised you: a good trade, which will give you the means of living comfortably, and a good wife, who will make you happy. Everything that you see here has been earned by yourself, and belongs to you. Never mind if I have deceived you; you would not accept the happiness offered to you. I have served you as children are served by nurses, who rub the edge of the cup which they reject with honey. Now that you know what happiness is, and that you have tasted it, I hope you will no longer refuse it."

A GENTLEMAN once conversing in the company of ladies, and criticising rather severely the want of personal beauty in other ladies of their acquaintance, remarked, "They are the ugliest women I know;" and then, with extraordinary politeness, added, "present company always excepted!"

"HAVE you ever broken a horse?" inquired a horse-jockey. "No, not exactly," replied Simmons; "but I have broken three or four wagons."

WORDS are sometimes signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

A HENPECKED HUSBAND says that instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

THE degraded condition of wives and mothers in China is well known by the reports of missionaries and others who have dwelt among the Celestials. In some parts of the empire it is so much the fashion to beat a wife, that a man who, from natural kindness of disposition or sincere conjugal affection, hesitated to follow the custom, would be regarded as a weak-minded simpleton, who thereby forfeited his marital prerogatives. An example of this is mentioned by M. Huc. That traveller one day witnessed a terrible scene originating in this perverted feeling, in a family with which he was intimately acquainted. On entering the house, he found a numerous party assembled round a young woman, who seemed on the point of yielding her last breath. A few days before, she had been the very image of health, but now, through her bruises and wounds, she was scarcely recognisable. She could neither move nor speak; but her eyes, streaming with tears, and the violent beating of her heart, indicated but too plainly the cause of her suffering. On asking for some explanation of the heart-rending spectacle, the bystanders replied, "It is her husband who has brought the poor creature to this state." The husband was standing by, gloomy, silent and almost stupified, his eyes fixed on his unhappy victim.

"What motive," said M. Huc, "could possibly have urged you to so dreadful an excess? What crime has your wife committed to be treated thus brutally?"

"None, none!" he cried, in a voice broken by sobs. "She never deserved any punishment: we have only been married two years, and you know we have always lived in peace. But for some days I have had something on my mind. I thought people were laughing at me because I had never beaten my wife; and this morning I gave way to a bad thought." The conscience-smitten husband now yielded to bitter but useless remorse; for, two days afterwards, the poor sufferer expired in terrible convulsions.

In some cases pecuniary interest operates, to some extent, for the protection of Chinese wives, when no higher consideration would do so. When husbands do treat their spouses with gentleness and moderation, it is usually on a principle of economy, as you might spare a beast of burden because it costs money, and because, if you killed it, you would have to replace it. M. Huc supplies an illustration of this base habit of calculation. In a large village to the north of Peking, he once witnessed a violent quarrel between a husband and wife. After having for a long time abused each other in the most furious manner, and even hurled at each other some tolerably inoffensive projectiles, their anger still increasing, they began to break everything in the house. Several of the neighbors tried in vain to restrain them, and at length the husband, seizing a great paving-stone from the court-yard, darted furiously into the kitchen, where the wife was lavishing her wrath upon the crockery. When the frenzied husband rushed in with the paving-stone, everybody hurried forward to prevent a catastrophe that seemed inevitable; but the man dashed his formidable missile not against his wife, fortunately, but against a great cast-iron kettle which he stove in with the blow. The wife could not out-do this piece of extravagance, and so the quarrel ceased. A man who was standing by (a genuine mouthpiece of Chinese public sentiment) then said laughingly to the husband: "You are a fool, my elder brother; why didn't you break your wife's head with the stone, instead of your kettle? Then you would have had peace in your house." "I thought of that," replied the considerate husband, coolly; "but it would have been foolish. I can get my kettle mended for two hundred sapecks, and it would have cost me a great deal more to buy another wife."

In ignorance of the consolations of Christianity and the life to come, many Chinese females are deluding themselves with the absurd extravagancies of the metempsychosis. They have formed a sect called the "Abstinentes," which is said to be rapidly increasing in the southern provinces. The women who enrol themselves in this sisterhood make a vow to eat neither meat nor fish, nor anything that has had life, but to live wholly

on vegetables. They think that after death their souls will migrate into another body, and that if they have been faithful to their vows of abstinence, they will have the happiness to return to life as men. The delusive hope of obtaining such an advantage supports them under their daily mortifications, and enables them to endure the troubles and hardships they have to suffer from the other sex. How eagerly would not the far better immunities of the Gospel be welcomed by such sad and sorrowing souls!

Speaking of the exit of the soul of the dying from the present scene, we are reminded of a most extraordinary practice among the Chinese for detaining the escaping spirit in its languishing tenement of flesh. The ceremony of chasing after a soul is often performed by relatives when a life of great value is about apparently to expire. The Chinese believe, as we do, that death is the result of the separation of the soul from the body; but, besides this, they think that the degree of illness is in direct proportion to the number of attempts which the soul makes to escape; and when the sufferer experiences the terrible crisis that endangers his life, it is regarded as a proof that the soul has been momentarily absent, that it keeps going away to a certain distance, but returns again. When the dying person falls into the last agony, it is evident that the soul has gone with the firm resolution not to come back again. Nevertheless, all hope is not lost, for there is a method, as the Chinese imagine, of making it take up its abode again in the body struggling with the last enemy. They try first the effect of persuasion, and endeavor by fervent entreaties to induce the soul to change its resolution. They run after it, they conjure it to come back, they describe in the most moving terms the lamentable state to which they will be reduced if this obstinate soul will not listen to reason. "Come back, come back," they cry; "what have we done, what have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away? Come back, we conjure you;" and as no one knows very well which way the soul is gone, they run in all directions, and make a thousand evolutions in the hope of meeting it and softening it by their prayers and tears.

If these mild and insinuating methods do not succeed, if the soul remains deaf, and persists coolly in going its own way, they adopt another course, and try to frighten it. They utter loud cries; they let off fireworks suddenly in every direction in which they imagine it to be making off; they stretch out their arms to bar its progress, and push with their hands to force it to return home and re-enter the body. Amongst those who set out on the chase after a refractory soul there are always some more skilful than others, who manage, as they imagine, to get upon its track. Then they summon the rest to help them, crying out, "Here it is! here it is!" and immediately everybody runs that way. They then unite their forces; they concentrate their operations; they weep, groan, lament and let off squibs and crackers of all kinds, and hustle the poor soul about in all sorts of ways; so that, if it does not surrender at last, it is regarded as a most stubborn and ill-disposed spirit. When the relatives of the deceased are setting out on this strange errand, they never fail to take lanterns with them, in order to light the soul back, and take away any pretence it might make of not being able to find it. These strange ceremonies generally take place during the night, because, say the Chinese, the soul is in the habit of taking advantage of the darkness to slip away.

As might be predicated, from our knowledge of the overcrowded populousness of the empire, and the frequency with which multitudes are reduced to starvation by droughts, inundations and famines, poverty and pauperism exist to a distressing extent—unparalleled, M. Huc thinks, by any other country. The dead bodies of poor wretches who have perished from want may often be seen in the fields and by the roadside; and no one takes notice of them, so familiar is the horrid spectacle. It seems that, with the exception of societies to provide gratuitous coffins for the dead, the Chinese have never organized any benevolent associations for the succor of the sick and the unfortunate. Their charity is exclusively posthumous. But in the absence of philanthropic institutions among the prosperous for their relief, the poor have formed companies among

themselves, for the purpose of levying contributions on the rich. Every member brings to the common stock some infirmity, real or supposed, and this formidable capital of human misery is turned, as far as possible, to profitable account. They are organized into companies, regiments and battalions, and this great army of paupers has a chief, who bears the title of "King of the Beggars," and who is actually recognised by the State. He resides at Pekin, and is a real power in the empire. He is responsible for the conduct of his tattered subjects, and it is on him that the blame falls when any disorders occur among them that are dangerous to the public peace. There are certain days on which he is authorized to send into the country some of his numerous phalanxes to collect alms or to maraud in the environs of the capital. A village or town will often be seized upon by these locust hordes; and to escape total spoliation, a meeting of the principal inhabitants will be summoned, and certain terms agreed upon to ransom the inhabitants from the invaders. All the plunder obtained in these excursions is borne to their king, who distributes it among his subjects.

While on this subject, we may state, for the information of the promoters of such a boon for the poor, that there exists at Pekin quite a model sleeping-house for vagrants, well worthy the consideration of American philanthropists. It is called *Ki-mas-faa*, that is, "The House of the Hens' Feathers." In this singular establishment the Chinese have found means to furnish to the poorest individual a warm feather-bed at the charge of one-fifth of a farthing per night. This dormitory consists of one immense hall, which is covered over its whole extent by a thick layer of feathers. Here communism prevails in the full force of the term. Every one settles himself, and makes his nest as well as he can, for the night, in this ocean of feathers. When day dawns he must quit the premises, and an officer of the company stands at the door to receive the rent of one sapeck each for the night's lodging.

On the first starting of this institution, the managers of it used to furnish each of the guests with a covering; but it was found necessary to modify this regulation, for the communist company fell into the habit of carrying off their coverlets to sell them, or to supply an additional garment during the rigorous cold of winter. The shareholders, alarmed at this state of things, saw the absolute necessity of some change. The difficulty was at length solved in this way. An immense felt coverlet, of such gigantic dimensions as to cover the whole dormitory, was made, and in the daytime was suspended to the ceiling like a great canopy. When everybody had gone to bed, that is to say, had laid down upon the feathers, the counterpane was let down by pulleys, the precaution having been previously taken to make a number of holes in it for the sleepers to put their heads through, in order to escape suffocation. As soon as it is daylight, the phalansterian coverlet is hoisted up again, after a signal has been made on the tantam to awaken those who are asleep, and invite them to draw their heads back into the feathers, that they may not be caught by the neck and lifted into the air with the coverlet. The swarm of beggars may then be seen crawling about in the sea of dirty feathers, and inserting themselves again in their miserable rags previous to their departure.

In speaking of the mandarins of China, it is usual to charge them with corruption and venality; it must not be inferred, however, that there are no exceptions to this dark picture. There are honorable functionaries, who administer the government committed to them to the satisfaction of the people; and we could mention one such instance, with the mode adopted by the Chinese to testify their approbation and respect towards such functionaries. On approaching a town one day, a brilliant procession, followed by an immense crowd, was seen issuing from its gates. It proved to be in honor of an aged military mandarin, who from some calumnious reports had been degraded and superseded by the emperor, but who departed amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the citizens, to whom he had shown himself a real "father and mother." Just outside the town a singular ceremony was performed, which consisted in pulling off his boots and replacing them with satin ones, known as "Boots of Honor." Those which were taken off were then suspended on the arch of the town gate, as a souvenir of his excellent

administration, and an emphatic protest against the injustice of his enemies. In almost every town of China, it appears, the principal gate is ornamented with a large assortment of old boots, dusty, and tumbling to pieces with rotteness and age. They are regarded as the glory of the town—one of its most precious monuments, for they indicate how many worthy mandarins the place has been fortunate enough to possess. Most sincerely do we wish for China the indefinite multiplication of such singular and significant symbols of public virtue and integrity, and private prosperity and content.

A CUNNING TRICK.—Dr. Wallcott, the celebrated Peter Pindar, was an eccentric character, and had a great many queer notions of his own. A good story is told by one of his contemporaries of the manner in which he once tricked his publisher. The latter, wishing to buy the copyright of his works, offered him by letter a life annuity of £200. The doctor learning that the publisher was very anxious to buy, demanded £300. In reply, the latter appointed a day on which he would call on the doctor and talk the matter over. At the day assigned the doctor received him in entire dishabille, even to the nightcap, and having aggravated the sickly look of a naturally cadaverous face, by purposely abstaining from the use of a razor for some days, he had all the appearance of a candidate for quick consumption. Added to this the crafty author assumed a hollow and most sepulchral cough, such as would excite the pity of even a sheriff's officer, and would make a rich man's heir crazy with joy. The publisher, however, refused to give more than £200, till suddenly the doctor broke out in a violent fit of coughing, which produced an offer of £250. The doctor peremptorily refused, and was seized almost instantly with another even more frightful and longer protracted attack, that nearly suffocated him—when the publisher, thinking it impossible that such a man could live long, raised his offer, and closed with him at £300. The old rogue lived some twenty-five or thirty years afterwards!

ORIGIN OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.—Here was the first idea of the Order of the Garter, to which Richard I. afterwards gave its motto in his French wars, and made it exclusively an English order, from being common to all Christendom, as it till then had been. In one of the battles on the march towards Jerusalem, on St. George's day, 1192, Saladin and his brother Safadin were on a hillcock, directing the Moslems, who had repulsed the English, when from the right wing up hastens King Richard on Fanvill, and springing from the saddle puts himself at the head of the archers, and stooping down to one of his companions who had just been slain, loosens the small tape with which the Kentish use to tie their sheaves of arrows in their quivers, and winding it round his own leg, just below the knee, bids all the chief knights (who were indeed his associates and of all Christian countries) do the like, and fight that day in honor of St. George; for it was St. George's feast whose mass he had heard that morning and received the host at it, and truly, though those gentlemen always fought well, they never performed such heroic actions as on that day.

A SOUR MEAL.—Theodore Hook, in describing a badly dressed dinner, observed that everything was sour but the vinegar.

AN IRISH DEFINITION.—An Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the evil one. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for water."

LIES FLY.—The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and cannot stand, but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

"I BOUGHT these boots to wear only when I go into genteel society." "Then they will be likely to last you a lifetime, and be worth something to your heirs."

A YANKEE editor says, that he was like to have died larfin, to see a drinkin' chap tryin' to pocket the shadow of a swingin' sign for a pocket handkerchief.

"Or, pray let me have my way this time," said a young gentleman to his laly-love. "Well, Willie, I suppose I must this once, but you know that after we are married I shall always have a *Will* of my own."



JAVA HOUSE AND OUT-BUILDINGS, SCENE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE ISLAND.

RICHMOND, SC.



JAVANESE IN HOLIDAY COSTUME, SUNDANESE WOMAN, JAVANESE OF THE LOWER CLASS

JAVA AND THE JAVANESE.

In the Malay Archipelago lies the most extensive and wonderful group of islands on the globe. They are situated to the south-east of Asia, and washed west by the Indian and east by the Pacific Ocean. A chain of islands, about thirty in number, separated in general only by narrow straits, extend from the north-west extremity of Sumatra to the Arroo Islands, a distance of over twenty-five hundred miles. Within the limits described lie Borneo, Sumatra, above a thousand miles in length, Java, Celebes and Luzon. Numerous groups are also scattered about, some of which contain as many as a hundred islands, all more or less celebrated for their fertility and beauty; but they have never been noted by European navigators, being studiously avoided not only on account of the coral banks and inlets, but also on account of the piratical and cruel habits of the people who dwell upon them.

These islands are inhabited by two aboriginal races, one of Malay extraction, of fair complexion, and the negro race, the members of which are quite black. The Malays are some four inches shorter than the average height of the Europeans, with square faces, hollow cheeks and projecting jaws. The dark colored native rarely attains the stature of five feet, in fact they are all dwarfs, of a sooty black; weak frames; their chins retreating so as to form no part of the face; these degraded specimens of humanity are the sole possessors of New Guinea; wherever found they represent the lowest stage of civilization.

The island of Java, the principal seat of the Dutch power in the East, and after Borneo and Sumatra, is the largest in the group. The island is six hundred and thirty miles long, and from thirty-five to one hundred and twenty-six miles broad. From policy no doubt, the government which holds it as a dependency seems very little disposed to favor the world with many particulars of its history, and probably no country on the globe so large and important is as little known to the world. Until quite recently it was considered very unhealthy, and the idea was fostered by the Dutch; but it has recently

been ascertained that, with the exception of a few marshy districts on the south, the climate is decidedly salubrious, and that the elevated regions are remarkably healthy.

The coast of Java presents a continuous point of crags and rocks, forming an outer edge of an extremely mountainous country. The island is traversed through its whole length by two chains of mountains, which in some places unite and then again separate, forming ramifications sloping gently down to the shore. These mountains are filled with volcanoes, varying from six to nine thousand feet in height, some active and some extinct. Between the mountains are large and beautiful valleys, watered by rivers and torrents, and covered for the most part with thick forests. Among the natural curiosities is an extinct volcano called the Vale of Poison, which is held in horror by the natives. Every living creature that enters it drops down dead, and the soil is covered with the bones of deer, birds, and even those of human beings, killed by the carbonic acid gas which lies at the bottom of the valley. In another crater in this land of wonders,

the sulphureous exhalations which have killed tigers, birds and innumerable insects, causes the soft parts of these animals, such as the fibres, muscles and hair, to be perfectly preserved, while the bones are corroded and destroyed.

Java possesses a soil of astonishing fertility and a vegetation unrivalled in its luxuriance, ranging from the palms of the tropics to the mosses of the temperate zones. The coast is fringed with cocoa-nut trees; behind them the ground rises gradually to the foot of the mountain chain, and is completely cultivated. The Javanese villages contrast pleasantly with the vast fields of rice, artificially watered, distributed amphi-



COMMON PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE WOMEN OF JAVA.

theatre-wise over the flanks of the hills, and often yielding three harvests annually. Higher up than the rice fields the bases of the mountains are covered with vast forests of different species of the fig tree, which are remarkable for their great height and vigorous growth. About five thousand feet above the sea is found a species of yew, with a lofty straight stem, which affords the best timber of Java. Laurels, chesnuts, oaks, magnolias and myrtles grow still higher up the mountains. At the elevation of seven thousand feet the vegetation entirely changes, and mosses appear, which with heaths form the principal plants. Some trees grow on the very brinks of the craters, and are constantly surrounded with sulphureous vapors, and ferns of great variety cover with their fronds the edges of gulfs filled with boiling mud, as is the case on Mount Kiamis, and form a border of the poisonous marshes, their roots absolutely receiving sustenance from the deadly waters. The teak forests cover over a vast area; Java is said to be the only island in the Malay Archipelago of which this tree is a native.

The government of Java is in the hands of Dutch merchants, who hold the same sway over the people that the English East India Company does over India. A governor-general or viceroy is appointed who is supreme ruler, with command of both the navy and army of all the Dutch provinces in the Malay Archipelago. He is assisted by the council of the Indies, composed of a vice-president and four members named by the king, who hold constant correspondence with the different dependencies of Java, Amboina, Borneo, Celebes and Sumatra, all of which are under their orders. The island of Java is divided into twenty-two residencies, in each of which are a European governor and secretary, with various rich residents. Several native states exist in the interior under Dutch protection. Java remained under Hindoo sovereignties until 1478, when it was conquered by the Arabs, and its possession has since been chiefly Mohammedan. The island contains the ruins of many cities and temples, and various large structures of substantial architecture are scattered over its surface, showing that at one time there existed a wealthy and highly civilized people, who have not only passed away, but have left behind them no records of their history.

Rice forms the staple food of the natives, and is grown in astonishing and increasing quantities. Coffee, raised from Mocha seed, is extensively cultivated, and, with sugar, forms the staples of the island. Indigo, nutmegs, cloves, cinnamon, cochineal, pepper, tobacco, and tea are not neglected. The population engaged in the production of those articles live in villages, each of which is governed by a native chief of the people's own choosing. The great bulk of the foreign trade is carried on with the ports of Batavia, Samarang and Soerabaya, and is chiefly in the hands of the Dutch and Chinese. The exports annually vary from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars.

The houses of Java consist mainly of side-walls of equal thickness, and coarsely put together, interwoven with bamboo cane. The texture is covered with a kind of plaster made out of the leaves of the "Alang-alang" plant, thrown on laths and pressed on the bamboo, thus rendering a covering often requiring repairs, but which is impenetrable to rain. When the materials are collected, the neighbors meet and help each other in the construction, which is thus accomplished in a few days. When the work is completed, a long table is furnished, every one, according to his means, bringing provision, the women go to work fixing up the eatables, and in the evening, after work, the men participate in the "inauguration repast," presided over by the priest or hadji of the village, who occupies the seat of honor. The greatest harmony prevails at these re-unions, and at an early hour each returns to his home, carrying with him the remainder of the food, which is equally divided between all.

The dwelling represented in our engraving is the house of a native family in easy circumstances. Near the house is the "tom hong," in which the store of rice necessary for the maintenance of the family until the next harvest is kept. At the side of the barn, where the labor oxen used during the day are kept for the night, two women are occupied in peeling the rice for the day's consumption; a little farther off, one brings a basket full of washing from the river, and on the head of the

stairs, a young girl with loosened hair, as it is customary to wear it in the house, pays attention to a turtle dove confined in a cage suspended at the outer gallery. The Javanese attach a superstitious idea to the song of those turtle doves, and sometimes a peculiarity in their guttural expressions varies their price even as much as fifty dollars. Some of the men are seen transporting fruit in baskets, some are stretched at the foot of a tree; a young lad riding on the back of a heavy ox, is directing his charge to the bank of the river. It is surprising to see these powerful and half tamed animals, often dangerous to Europeans, led by these native children, and controlled by a little stick. In the foreground is the car, a transport wagon, with its enormous wheels, often made of one piece of wood. By the side of every hut is planted a fig, apricot and bread tree, which the Javanese know how to turn to all kinds of uses: the tamarind, the sweet bamboo, with its numerous trunks spreading like a fan its broad leaves over the habitations. Close by is a hedge of apple trees and some brushwood, redolent with spices and pigments, all producing a sufficiency for the maintenance of the family. Fill these trees with thousands of gay birds, whose songs enliven the spot, and you will understand why the native of this garden of Eden executes joyfully his daily task, and preserves to an advanced age the primitive simpleness of his character.

After the first stage of life, the dress of the children, though confined to the most indispensable articles of wearing apparel, is still very picturesque. The first piece of dress for both sexes is a piece of stuff of triangular form, which covers the breast and lower abdomen. As the girls grow older, they wear a kind of apron, and the boys a small cover fastened to the hips by a simple cord. Sometimes this is of home manufactured stuff, which they throw most of the time over the shoulder. On holy days the females also wear an additional blouse open in front, which reaches to the knees; and the boys wear a kind of short vest of light material, fastened to the neck by a button.

The heads of children of both sexes are shaved forty days after birth, with this difference, that the boys retain two tufts of hair, one in front and one on the back of the head, whilst the daughters only retain one on the top of the head.

The mothers do not carry their children in their arms, but straddling on the hip, and are usually supported by a cloth which is tied by a knot on the opposite shoulder. The children are nursed but little, and are not confined by any bandages; they soon learn to walk and shift for themselves. When cradles are used, they swing from the ceilings of the rooms.

The hair of the people, without a single exception, is black, and grows in great quantity. The women, who are very proud of it, make liberal use of oil and other ingredients to increase its volume; they fasten it in large rolls and curls to the crown of the head with bodkins, adding often an elegant wreath of flowers, so that the head-dresses present the most beautiful and tasteful appearance. It is an universal custom with the women to bathe once a day, and sometimes oftener; this habit tends greatly to neutralize the evil effects of the climate.

The rites of marriage among the Javanese consist simply in joining the hands of the parties, and without much other ceremony they are pronounced man and wife; following is a rich entertainment, the exclusive mark of such festive occasions. But little apparent courtship precedes the marriage, the young people being carefully kept asunder, the girls being seldom entrusted from under the eye of their mother; it is only at public festivals that an acquaintance can be cultivated; on these occasions the unmarried meet together, and dance and sing in company. The young men, when they have determined upon a choice, generally employ an old woman as their agent, through whom they make known their sentiments, and send presents to the female of their choice. The parents then interfere, the preliminaries are settled, and a feast ensues.

At their funerals the corpse is carried to the place of interment on a plank which is kept for public service, and lasts for generations. It is constantly rubbed with lime, either to prevent decay or keep it pure. No coffin is used, the body being simply wrapped in white cloth. In forming the grave after digging it to a convenient depth, they make a cavity on the side of sufficient dimensions to contain the body, by which means the earth lies light upon it, and this cavity, after strewing flowers in it, they fasten up by two boards, the outer hole is then filled

up, and the grave is decorated with white flags and streamers. They also plant an evergreen shrub. The women who attend keep up a constant howling, which seems inconsistent with the quietness of the remainder of the ceremonies.

"Running the muck," as it is termed, is somewhat peculiar to the Javanese. If a person becomes frenzied by any circumstance, he intoxicates himself with opium, then seizing one of their terrible dirks he rushes into the streets, and from house to house, killing the persons whom the Amoch supposes guilty of injuring him, or any other individual who attempts to impede his passage; and thus he continues on at his bloody work until he is himself taken prisoner, or killed on the spot.

It is related by a truthful eye-witness that a person whose circumstances were independent, becoming jealous of his brother, he intoxicated himself with opium, and then murdered his brother and two other men who attempted to oppose him. This man, contrary to usual custom, did not leave his own house, but made his resistance from within it; yet he had taken such a quantity of the poison drug that he was totally delirious, which appeared from his attempting to fire three muskets, neither of which were loaded or primed.

These things are not now as common as formerly. At one time hardly a week passed in a year but these evidences of unbridled passion occurred. Jealousy is generally the cause for "running a muck," and the first object of vengeance is the supposed guilty person. The officers whose business it is to apprehend these unhappy persons are armed with weapons, so that they can keep the insane wretches at a safe distance. When a muck is taken alive the officer is amply rewarded, but this is not often the case; when he is killed no notice is taken of it. Those victims who are taken alive are executed as near as possible to the place where the first murder was committed.

The Javanese are a remarkably superstitious people. Among other pagan notions they are possessed of the idea that when a child is born a crocodile is also born, which the nurse carefully carries to the river bank and puts into the stream. Those who suppose themselves honored by the birth of this new relation fail not to put food in the river for its subsistence; but this is the peculiar duty of the "twin" brother, who performs this duty regularly, at fixed periods during the whole course of his life; firmly believing at the same time that sickness or death would be the consequence of any omission on his part. In some of the neighboring islands the natives, as did the ancient Egyptians, keep living crocodiles in their families. The reptiles thus distinguished are called by the name of Siduras.

The one-horned rhinoceros is not uncommon in Java; the royal tiger, panther and tiger cat keep the inhabitants in constant alarm by their depredations. Whatever may be thought of the vampire bat of Rio de Janeiro, Java has the unenviable right to the largest sized animals of the disgusting species. Some of these monsters measure five feet across their wings; they can often be seen in hundreds in the day time hanging to the branches of trees, from which they fly by night to devastate the surrounding orchards and gardens. A wild ox, a most beautiful and graceful animal, abounds in the woods; the buffalo, said to have been introduced in the twelfth century by the same prince to whom tradition assigns the introduction of the rice plant, is the only animal used in agricultural labor. Goats are common, but sheep and hogs are rare. Though so contiguous to Sumatra, in the island of Java the elephant and tapir are not to be found. In Java the hogs are so very fat, particularly those of the Chinese breed, that the lean is sold separate and at the highest price. Dogs and cats abound on the island, and it is supposed that the native horse, once very often met with, is still to be found in the wilder parts of the island. Fish of the very best quality and of every variety are abundant.

The method of destroying the tiger by the Javanese, is extraordinary and worthy of notice. Torches made of dried wood are carried to frighten away the tigers, which always feel alarmed at the sight of fire. These animals prove to the inhabitants, both in their journeys and even in their domestic occupations, most fatal enemies. The number of people annually slain by these rapacious tyrants was once almost incredible. Instances have been known of villages being depopulated by them, yet, from a superstitious prejudice, it is with difficulty that the natives can be induced to destroy them, and then only when

some particular injury has been received by family or kindred. The traps which are used are very ingeniously contrived. Sometimes they are in the nature of strong cages, with falling doors, into which the beast is enticed by a goat or dog as a bait. Sometimes it is contrived that a large piece of timber shall fall on the animal's back. Sometimes the tiger is enticed to ascend a plank nearly balanced, which turning when he is past the centre, lets the animal fall on sharpened stakes prepared to receive him.

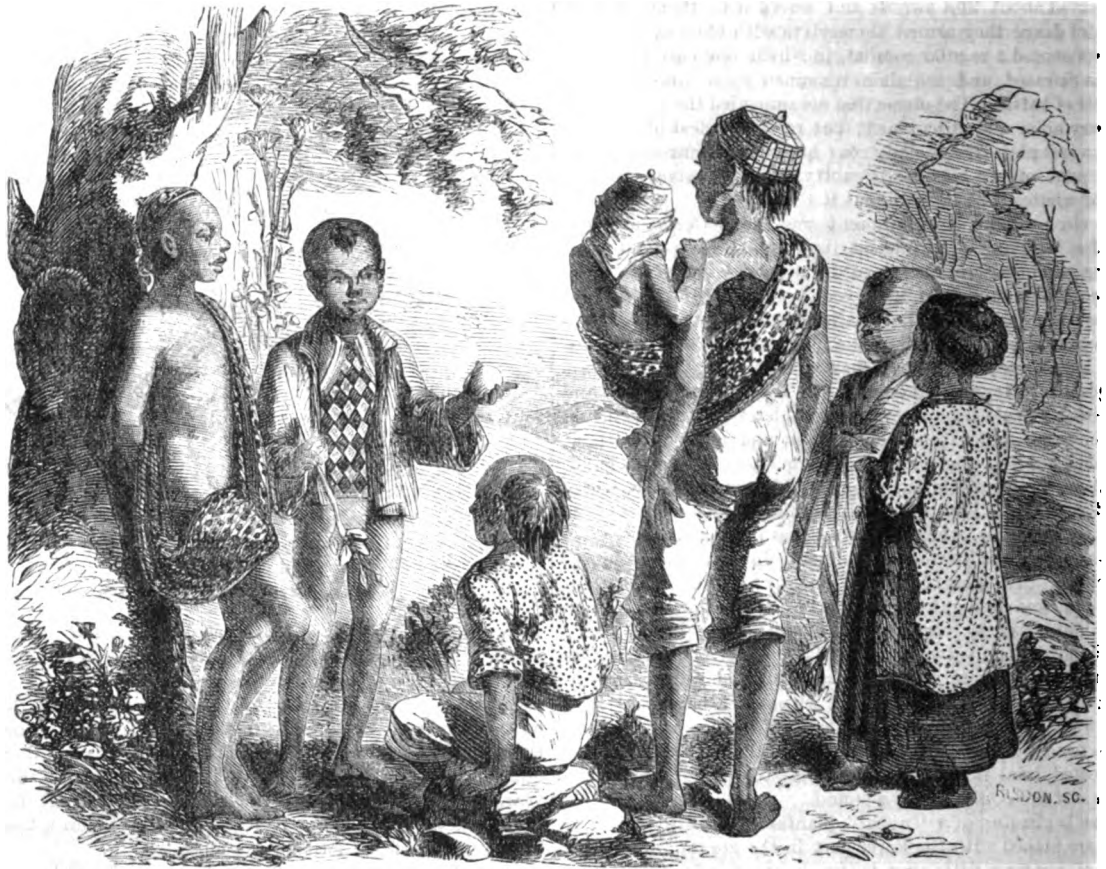
The size and strength of the Java tiger is prodigious. They are said to break with a stroke of their fore paw the leg of a horse or buffalo, and the largest prey they kill is by them, without difficulty, dragged into the woods. This feat they usually perform the second night, being supposed to gratify themselves on the first night with only sucking the blood. Time is by this delay afforded for their destruction; and to the methods already enumerated may be added that of placing a vessel of water strongly impregnated with arsenic near the carcass, which has previously been fastened to a tree, to prevent its being carried off. The tiger having satiated himself with the flesh, is disposed to assuage his thirst with the tempting fluid at hand, and perishes as the consequence of his indulgence. The chief subsistence of the tiger is undoubtedly the unfortunate monkey, with which the woods abound. They are described as alluring them within their reach just as the cat does the bird—a species of fascination that is known to exist, but cannot be explained.

In medicine the natives are rude and cruel. For ordinary ailments they find simple remedies, but for the small-pox, which is their dread, they have no cure, and the consequence is its ravages in times past have been dreadful. It is looked upon as a plague, and drives from the neighborhood those who may be spared. Their method of stopping its progress, is by converting into an hospital the entire village where lies the greatest number of sick, and to which place they send all who are attacked by the disease from the country round. The most effectual methods are pursued to prevent any persons escaping from the infected district. The moment the disease has spent itself, the village which served as a hospital is burnt to the ground.

The Javanese are passionately fond of cockfighting, it is one of their chief sources of excitement. The cockpit is generally a well-arranged building, erected on a stage and covered in. The pit is enclosed in a railing, and none but the handlers and heelers are admitted within it. A man who has a high regard for his bird will not fight him, unless for a certain number of dollars, which he places in order before him on the floor. If his poorer adversary is unable to make up the sum, the spectators then contribute to equalize the bet, and receive a due proportion of the winnings if they are successful. A father on his deathbed has been known to urge his son to take the opportunity of matching his bird for a sum equal to his whole property, with the conviction that he could not be defeated. Cocks of the same color are never matched, but gray against a black, a yellow against a red. Contrary to our customs, the owner of the bird is allowed to take it up and handle it during the battle, to clear its eye of a feather, or its mouth of blood. The artificial spur used is shaped like a scimeter; it has no socket, but is tied on the leg, and in the position of it is the nicety of the match regulated, as in horseracing weight is proportioned to inches. It rarely happens that both birds engaged in a fight survive the contest.

Batavia is the capital of the Dutch possessions of the East. It is built on marshy ground, and intersected by canals in the Dutch style, defended by a citadel and several batteries protected by a considerable garrison. The bay or harbor forms an open but small roadstead of great beauty, and may be entered by the largest vessels. It contains a number of islands, many of them named after towns in Holland. On Oerust is the naval arsenal, well fortified; on another island is a convent establishment; on the third, a hospital; on a fourth are houses.

The environs of Batavia have a very pleasing appearance, and would in almost any other country be an enviable situation. Gardens and houses occupy the landscape for several miles; but the gardens are so covered with trees, that the advantages of the land having been cleared of the wood with which it was originally covered, is almost wholly lost; while



JAVANESE CHILDREN OF ALL CLASSES.

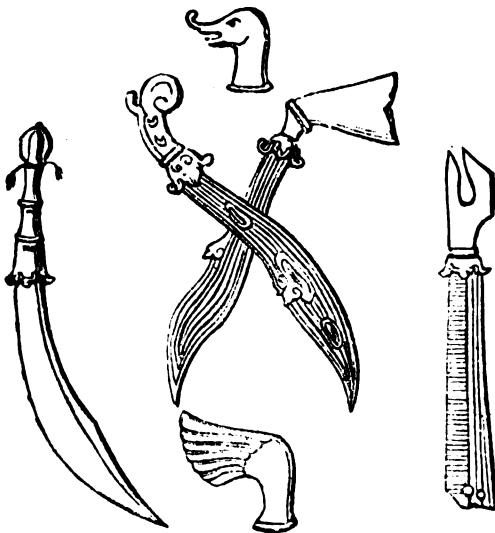
the fields adjacent to them are surrounded by ditches, which are offensive, and the bogs and morasses in the adjacent fields are still more deplorable. About forty miles from the town the land rises into hills, and the air is comparatively pure and wholesome. To this distance European invalids are sent when every other prospect of recovery has failed; the experiment succeeds in almost every instance, for the sick are soon restored to health; but they no sooner return to town than their former disorders visit them.

The method of gathering the rice harvest in Java is curious, as the reapers make use of very little knives, with which they cut every ear separately in the middle of the stalk. The ears are made up into little bundles and carried home on poles

upon the people's shoulders, and every one who likes to help himself in the harvest may do so and keep one-fifth part of what he reaps for himself. In the preparation of coffee, the Javanese use much more labor than do the people of Brazil. On this island, the coffee, as it comes from the trees, is received into great water tanks, and left in them till the capsule or husk that contains the bean can easily be crushed. In this state it is put into wooden chests furnished with holes through which the beans can pass, and squeezed and worked with the hand until they are quite loosened from the pod; after this the beans are laid out to dry, and then put into a great machine called a mill, where they are freed from a fine skin which envelops them. Nothing after this remains to be done but to assort the seeds, and thus decide their quality. In Brazil, the coffee is not thrown into the water, but dried in the sun, directly it comes from the tree, lightly pounded, by which operation the husk and the skin are loosened together; after which, it is dried on copper plates over a gentle fire.

The residence of Preang, on the whole the most fruitful of Java, is also the richest in coffee. The hilly uplands—for it consists of an extensive plateau two hundred feet above the level of the sea—are particularly fit for it. It is calculated to contain sixty millions of coffee trees; three trees produce two pounds of pure coffee.

The natives of high rank are called regents, or rajahs, and are associated with the Dutch residents in the government. Each establishment of this kind has attached to it a group of dancing girls; their performances are described as follows: The six performers were becomingly dressed in closely fitting jackets without sleeves, silk serangs embroidered with gold, reaching barely to the ankles, and trowsers descending to the feet, which were bare. A purple sash encircled the waist; wrists and arms were adorned with gold ornaments. On their heads they wore open worked helmets, which allowed the abundance of hair to be perceived; and you might have fancied you had a group of Amazons before you, but that the faces unfortunately were of the true Malay type. The dance consisted of three movements; the first, very calm and simple; in the second the dancers seized plumes of ostrich and peacock feathers, which



JAVANESE WEAPONS OF WAR.

they waved about like swords and fenced with them ; and in the third dance they armed themselves with bows and arrows, and represented a regular combat, in which one-half the number was defeated, and the slain remained some time lying on the field of battle. The music that accompanied the pantomime was very noisy and discordant ; but on the defeat of the one party, a soft plaintive melody rose at some distance off. The whole performance was really pretty and expressive, and had nothing whatever offensive about it.

The close of the entertainment was the performance of a Hercules, which was curious in its way. He appeared with nothing on but his drawers ; a cord was passed around his neck, with which his hands and arms were so firmly tied behind him that he could not make the smallest movement. He came to the spectators to have the knots examined, and then crept under a high covered basket, beneath which various garments were placed ; after a few moments, the basket was lifted up and the Hercules made his appearance, completely clothed in them ; then he crept under the basket again and came out without them, but holding the cord with all its knots fast in his hand. All this of course would have been nothing in a theatre, where confederates might have assisted him ; but his performances were in an open meadow, where assistance was impossible.

Among the most interesting things in Java are the cochineal plantations. The plant on which the insect lives is of the cactus tribe, and was brought to the island from the West India islands only twenty years ago. Of the many insects which were imported, only two reached Java alive, but fortunately these were of opposite sexes. At what a rapid rate these creatures propagated may be imagined, when it is stated that Java has now for several years been exporting from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand pounds of them annually ; and on repeated trial it is found that thirty-three thousand of the largest sort are contained in a pound.

In the beginning of a "nopal" plantation, healthy leaves or plants are placed with the lower part in the ground, and in the course of a year a little stem is found with fine leaves upon it. In the third year the plant is fit to receive its insect population. To effect this a little bag is made of cactus leaves, five or six cochineal insects are placed upon it, and it is then fastened



JAVANESE WEAPONS OF THE CLASH.

with a thorn under one of the leaves of the nopal plant. One of these plants generally has three hundred leaves, but not more than seventy or eighty bags of insects are placed upon each. When the plants are fully peopled, they are either left open or covered with a house made of leaves. In the first place the propagation only goes on as long as the dry weather lasts, but when the plants are sheltered, it continues nearly the whole year. As soon as the insect is produced, its progeny dies, and the new-born ones crawl about on the leaves, for a time, and then remain without moving any more.

When the insects are gathered they are placed in a drying-room. A hundred pounds of fresh insects yield thirty pounds of dried, besides three pounds of dust. This fine dust, in which the insect is enveloped, appears to protect it from rain ; it is of



CONFUCIUS, DANCER, AND BODY-GUARD OF A JAVANESE CHIEF.

a silver gray color, but when this is gently rubbed off, the insect appears jet black.

In Java is situated a remarkable swallow grotto, which produces the edible nests so famous among the celestials for making soup. It is farmed with the adjacent lands to a Chinese, who pays for the monopoly one hundred thousand rupees a year. The nests are of a whitish color, with some feathers intermixed, and so small that it seems incredible that a bird the size of an ordinary swallow could find room in them for itself, to say nothing of its young. It is conjectured that these nests are made of a kind of seaweed, as these architects always build in eaves and grottoes at no great distance from the sea, at all events not more than thirty or forty miles inland.

The harvest of nests is reaped every three months, and they are then carefully cleared from the feathers and dried in the open air. Those extraordinary dainties are reckoned three nests to the ounce, and if purchased singly they cost on the spot from one to four rupees a piece.

The houses of the Europeans are mostly modest in their style, only one story high. The interiors are lofty and spacious, the floor neatly covered with matting, and they almost all stand in green meadows or beautiful flower gardens, which are not, as in Bombay and Calcutta, surrounded by thick walls; on the contrary, they have living fragrant hedges or handsome palings. Much is said of the luxurious style of living peculiar to the Europeans at Batavia, but one who has seen the English residents of India can hardly be struck with the style of Batavia. The mode of life, however, is much the same as in British India; everywhere you find the same succession of dinners and entertainments, in which people who have nothing to do get others to come and help them.

The districts of Dumok and Grobogan are so renowned for fertility, that they have won the name of the granaries of Java, yet in 1849 they were visited by a famine. The rice harvest failed, and thousands of people as a consequence died of starvation. In almost every hut lay the dying and the dead, and bodies putrefied all together; for the living had not strength enough to perform for their friends the last services of burial. Everywhere you met starving children who had lost their parents, wandering about and crying for bread. Men and women fell down in the street and expired, and so great was the patience of these people under their sufferings, that they would stand by the full sacks of rice that lay piled up near the merchants' doors without touching them, and in sight of them sink exhausted with hunger, exclaiming, "God has commanded that we should suffer this fate!" Not a provision-store was plundered. One hundred and twenty thousand persons perished.

The great temple of Boro-Budoo, which is one of the most interesting remains of the ancient Hindoos who once had possession of Java, is three hundred and ninety-two feet in diameter, and rises in five galleries or terraces, one above the other; on the top, for the temple is really a sort of mound, is seated an image of Buddha, purposely left unfinished, because the Holy One cannot be completed by human hands. The first four terraces reach to the height of ninety feet, but the entire temple is one hundred and twenty feet. In this temple are four hundred and five great statues of Buddha, and four thousand bas-reliefs cut in the internal and external surface of the galleries; not a single vacant spot is to be seen on the walls, which is entirely covered with human figures or arabesques.

This temple, with the others in Java, are not supposed to date earlier than the eighth century of the Christian era. How many artists have abounded at that time to have completed so many gigantic works. Although the Hindoo worship was expelled from Java by the Mohammedans, in the fifteenth century, and the Javanese have since that time professedly followed the faith of Islam, thousands still come at certain seasons of the year to offer up prayers in their ruined Hindoo temples. The Buddhas in that of Boro-Budoo, are especially in favor with the female sex, and many come to them to prefer their private requests, and mothers to secure favors for their offspring, so that something of the ancient faith seems to have passed over into the newer one, and to have become amalgamated with it.

About a mile from these ruins stands the small and elegant temple of Mendut. It is not more than twenty feet in diameter and fifty in height, terminating in a cupola. Connoisseurs admire this little temple, particularly for the elegance of the

arabesques and of the three sitting figures. In the roundness of the outline, the correct proportions of the limbs and the noble character of the faces, these statues are said to excel every work of Hindoo sculpture hitherto known.

THE WHALE: ITS DISEASES AND ITS MARINE ENEMIES.

THE gigantic denizens of the deep are subject both to disease and deformity; some having been taken that were entirely blind, both eyes being completely disorganized, and the orbits occupied by fungous masses protruding considerably, rendering it certain the whale must have been deprived of vision for a considerable space of time, yet not so as to incapacitate him from feeding, blind whales being found as fat as seeing ones. The deformity referred to is a crookedness of the lower jaw, which old whalers say is caused by fighting. Sperm whales have been seen to fight by rushing, head first, one upon the other, their mouths at the same time wide open, their object appearing to be to seize their opponent by the lower jaw. For this purpose they frequently turn themselves on the side, and become, as it were, locked together, their jaws crossing each other, and in this manner they strive vehemently for the mastery, with force to which not even Milton's wars of the angels can compare.

The only natural enemies it is known to have are the swordfish, thrasher, and killer. This latter is itself a species of whale that has sharp teeth, and is exceedingly swift in the water, and will bite and worry a whale until quite dead. When one of them gets among a gam or school of whales, he spreads great consternation, and the timid creatures fly every way, like deer chased by the hounds, and fall an easy prey to whale boats that may be near enough to avail themselves of the opportunity. I have heard a captain detail with great interest a scene of this description, in which the killers and harpooners were together against the poor whales, and the killers actually succeeded in pulling under and making off with one prize which the whalemen thought themselves sure of. In the United States exploring squadron, on board the Peacock, as we learn from the narrative of Commander Wilkes, they witnessed a sea-fight between a whale and one of these enemies. The sea was quite smooth, and offered the best possible view of the combat. First, at a distance from the ship, a whale was seen floundering in a most extraordinary way, lashing the smooth sea into foam, and endeavoring, apparently, to extricate himself from some annoyance. As he approached the ship, the struggle continuing and becoming more violent, it was perceived that a fish, about twenty feet long, held him by the jaw, his spoutings, contortions, and throes, all betokening the agony of the huge monster. The whale now threw himself at full length upon the water, with open mouth, his pursuer still hanging to his under jaw, the blood issuing from the wound, and dyeing the sea for a long distance around. But all his flounderings were of no avail. His pertinacious enemy still maintained his hold, and was evidently getting the advantage of him. Much alarm seemed to be felt by the many other whales about. These killers are of a brownish color on the back, and white on the belly, with a long dorsal fin. Such was the turbulence with which they passed, that a good view could not be had of them to make out more nearly the description.

These fish attack a whale in the same way that a dog baits a bull, and worry him to death. They are endowed with immense strength, armed with strong, sharp teeth, and generally seize the whale by the lower jaw. It is said the only part they eat of them is the tongue. The swordfish and thrasher have been also seen to attack the whale together, the swordfish driving his tremendous weapon into the belly of the whale from beneath upward, and the thrasher fastened to his back, and giving him terrific blows with his tail. The thrasher not having any power to strike through the water, it has been observed by all who have witnessed these strange combats, that it seems to be the instinctive war policy of the swordfish to make his attack from below, thus causing the whale to rise above the surface, which, under the prick of the cruel sword of his enemy, he has been known to do to a great height, the unrelenting thrasher meanwhile holding on like a leech, and dealing his

blows unsparingly through the air, with all the force of his lengthy frame—sometimes twenty feet. In a statement made by a Kennebec shipmaster in 1818, and sworn to before a justice of the peace in Kennebec county, Maine, it was asserted that the notable sea-serpent and whale are sometimes found in conflict.

At six o'clock in the afternoon of June 21st, on the packet *Delia*, plying between Boston and Hallowell, when Cape Ann bore west-south-west, about two miles, steering north-north-east, Captain Shubal West, and fifteen others on board with him, saw an object directly ahead, which he had no doubt was the sea-serpent, engaged in fighting with a large hump-back whale, that was endeavoring to elude the attack. The serpent threw up his tail from twenty-five to thirty feet in a perpendicular direction, striking the whale by it with tremendous blows, rapidly repeated, which were distinctly heard, and very loud, for two or three minutes. They then both disappeared, moving in a west-south-west direction, but after a few minutes re-appeared in shore of the packet, and about under the sun, the reflection of which was so strong as to prevent their seeing so distinctly as at first, when the serpent's fearful blows with his tail were repeated, and as clearly heard as before. They again went down for a short time, and then came up to the surface on the packet's larboard quarter, the whale appearing first and the serpent in pursuit, who was again seen to shoot up his tail as before, which he held out of the water some time, waving it in the air before striking, and at the same time, while his tail remained in this position, he raised his head fifteen or twenty feet, as if taking a view of the surface of the sea. After being seen in this position a few minutes, the serpent and whale again sunk and disappeared, and neither were seen after by any on board. It was Captain West's opinion that the whale was trying to escape, as he spouted but once at a time on coming to the surface, and the last time he appeared, he went down before the serpent came up.

THE ARABIAN HORSE.

I HAD a horse provided for me of rare beauty and grace, but a perfect Bucephalus in her way. She was only two generations removed from a splendid Arabian, given by the good old king to the Duke of Kent, when his royal highness went out in command to Nova Scotia. This creature was not three years old, and to all appearance unbroken. Her manners were those of a kid, rather than of a horse; she was of a lovely dappled gray, with mane and tail of silver, the latter almost sweeping the ground; and in her frolicsome gambols she turned it over her back like that of a Newfoundland dog. Her slow step was a bound; her swift motion unlike that of any other animal I ever rode—so fleet, so smooth, so unruffled. I know nothing to which I can compare it. Well, I made this lovely creature so fond of me by constant petting, to which I suppose her Arab character made her peculiarly sensitive, that my voice had equal power over her as over my faithful, docile dog. No other person could, in the slightest degree, control her.

Our corps was composed of the *élite* of Napoleon's soldiers, taken in the Peninsula, and preferring the British service to a prison. They were principally conscripts, and many were evidently of a higher class in society than is usually found in the ranks. Among them were several chasseurs and Polish lancers, very fine equestrians, and as my husband had a field-officer's command on detachment, and allowances, our horses were well looked after. His groom was a chasseur, mine a Pole; but neither could ride "Fairy" unless she happened to be in a very gracious mood. Lord Dalhousie's English coachman afterwards tried his hand at taming her, but all in vain. In an easy, quiet manner, she sent her rider over her head, or by a laughable manoeuvre sitting down like a dog on her haunches, slip him off the other way. Her drollery made the poor men so fond of her that she was rarely chastised, and such a wilful, intractable wild Arab it would be hard to find.

Upon her I was daily mounted. Inexperienced in riding, untaught, unassisted, and wholly unable to lay any check upon so powerful an animal, with an awkward country saddle, which by some fatality was never well fixed—bit and bridle to match—and the mare's natural fire increased by high feed, behold

me bound for the wildest paths in the wildest regions of that wild country. But you must explore the roads about Anapolis and the romantic spot called the "General's Bridge," to imagine either the enjoyment or the perils of that my happiest hour. Reckless to the last degree of desperation, I threw myself entirely on the fond attachment of the noble creature; and when I saw her measuring with her eye some rugged fence, or wild chasm, such as it was her common sport to leap over in her play, the soft word of remonstrance, that checked her, was uttered more from regard to her safety than my own. The least whisper, a pat on the neck, or a stroke down the beautiful face that she used to throw up towards mine, would control her; and never for a moment did she endanger me. This was little short of a daily miracle, when we consider the nature of the country, her character, and my unskillfulness.

DISCOVERIES IN THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.—There has been no period since the commencement of the world in which so many important discoveries, tending to the benefit of mankind, were made as in the last half-century. Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807; now, there are 3,000 steamboats traversing the waters of America, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of nearly every country in the world are traversed by steamboats. In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8,797 miles of railroad, costing \$286,000,000 to build; and 22,000 miles of railroad in England and America. The locomotive will now travel, in as many hours, a distance which in 1800 required as many days to accomplish. In 1800, it took two weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans. Now it can be accomplished in a few minutes by the electric telegraph, which only had its beginning in 1843. Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800. The electro-magnet in 1821. Electrotyping was discovered only a few years ago. Gas light was unknown in 1800; now, every city and town of any pretence is lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat, motive power, may all be produced from water, with scarcely any cost. Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries but a few years old. Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research, and mechanics have increased the production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor, which far transcends the ability of united manual efforts to accomplish. What will the next half-century accomplish?

A GHOST STORY.—A late General Wynyard, and the late General Sir John Sherbrooke, when young men, were serving in Canada. One day—it was daylight—Mr. Wynyard and Mr. Sherbrooke both saw pass through the room where they sat, a figure, which Mr. Wynyard recognised as a brother then far away. One of the two walked to the door, and looked upon the landing-place; but the stranger was not there, and a servant who was on the stairs had seen nobody pass out. In time news arrived that Mr. Wynyard's brother had died about the time of the visit of the apparition. I have had opportunities of inquiring of two near relations of this General Wynyard upon what evidence the above story rests. They told me that they had each heard it from his own mouth.

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters: truth has produced hatred; success, pride; security, danger; and familiarity, contempt. And, on the other hand, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters: for astronomy is the offspring of astrology; chemistry, of alchemy; freedom, of oppression; patience, of long suffering.

Nor only to a whole language, but to a whole life the word *yes* may give its color and character, as many an unhappy wife has found to her cost.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men; and fearing to "break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism.



THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

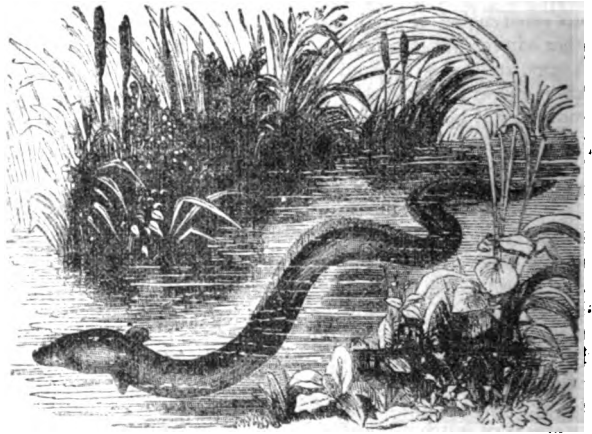
This extraordinary bird, whose powers of flight are almost incredible, is a native of America, and overspreads portions of the continent in countless myriads during the breeding season. It is well that their power of wing is so great, for were the enormous flocks to be confined to one place they would devour the grain of the entire surrounding country. Wild pigeons have been killed in New York with rice in their crops which they gathered in South Carolina. As their digestion is remarkably rapid, these birds must have flown between three and four hundred miles in six hours, giving an average speed of a mile per minute. At the breeding season the overwhelming multitudes of pigeons that



THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW.

settle in one spot are almost incredible. Wilson, who was present at one of these breeding-places which stretched through the woods in nearly north and south direction, says it was several miles in breadth and *upwards of forty miles in extent!* In this tract almost every tree was covered with nests wherever the branches could accommodate them. The pigeons made their appearance the 10th of April, and left altogether with their young before the 25th of May, forty-five days only elapsing from the time of their arrival at their roost to the time of their departure. In this short period they built their nests, hatched their eggs, and raised their young sufficiently large to fly with the old birds.

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left their nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped several days at this great nursery. The noise made by the birds was so great that it terrified the horses, and it was very difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs and young squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure; while from twenty feet and upwards to the top of the trees, the view through the woods presented a continual



THE EEL, OR FOOTLESS FISH.

tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingling with the frequent crash of falling timber broken down by the weight of the birds and the limbs of the half decayed trees.

The flight of these birds is thus described: "A column eight or ten miles in length high in the air, would appear as if coming from Kentucky, steering across to Indiana. The leaders of this great body would sometimes gradually vary their course until the vast mass formed a large bend of more than a mile in diameter, those behind tracing the exact route of their predecessors; this would continue until both extremities were beyond the reach of sight, so that the whole with its glittering undulations marked a space on the face of the heavens resembling the windings of a vast and majestic river. Sometimes a hawk from a great height would make a swoop in a particular part of the column, when, almost as quick as lightning, that part shot downwards out of the common track, but soon rising again, continued advancing at the same height as before; this inflection was followed by those behind, who, on arriving at the point where the hawk struck the column, dived down almost perpendicularly to a great depth, then rising, followed the exact path of those that went before."

THE CHIMNEY SWALLOW

Is the most common of its family, and too well known to need much description. It is a swift bird on the wing, at which time it secures its food from the insects that fill the air. While briskly engaged, the loud snap with which it closes its bill is a subject of universal observation; it also has a habit of dashing up the water on its wings as it skims over the surface; from this fact no doubt arose the tradition that swallows pass

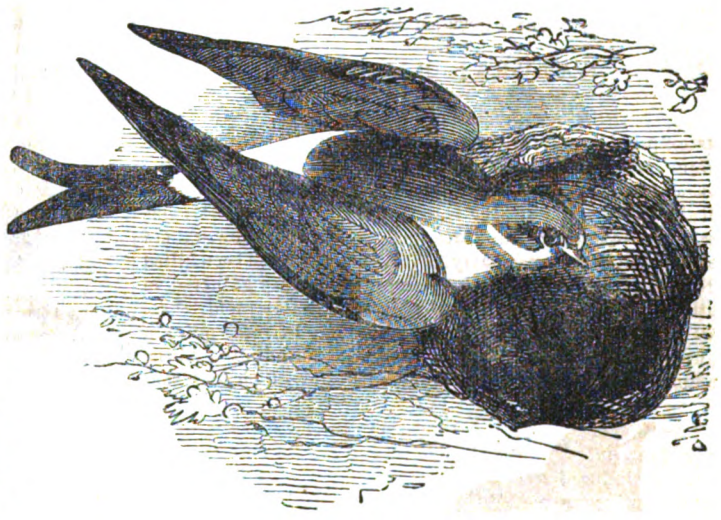


THE STOAT, OR ERMINE.

winter under water and come forth in the spring. It is quite common in some parts of England to fish for them with rod and line, baited with an insect; the bird will eagerly snap at the bait, although it may float very near the person playing it. Its nests are ingenious constructions, consisting of comfortable houses constructed of mud, fastened against a wall or other convenient location. It lays four very pale pink eggs, spotted with reddish brown, the pink of which vanishes from the shell when it is emptied of its contents; it raises two broods a year. The swallow is migratory; where it spends its winters is not clearly ascertained; it regularly returns to its nest in the spring, and abandons it early in the fall.

THE APODA, OR FOOTLESS FISH.

So called from the absence of ventral fins, comprise the eels. These fish assume a form very similar to serpents, yet if a hasty examination discovers no scales, if the skin is dried, very minute ones may be seen through the transparent skin, and may easily be detached by removing the outer covering. Eels inhabit muddy ponds and rivers, and are common in canals and artificial ponds. They are very susceptible of cold, and constantly descend the rivers to deposit their spawn in the sea, after which, the young, when hatched, work their way up the rivers, thereby precisely reversing the habits of the salmon. They are capable of living out of the water a long time, and often make voluntary land excursions, either for the purpose of avoiding what is to them an insurmountable fall, or in search of frogs or worms, on which they feed. In the winter, while they lie torpid in the mud, multitudes are taken by the spear, an instrument of many barbed prongs, which is run into the mud they inhabit, and among the prongs



THE SAND MARTIN.

the ermine elsewhere is called, has many of the habits of the weasel, lives on the result of thefts committed in the poultry-yards, and what it succeeds in securing from among the smaller "varmint," such as the rabbit and other inferior animals. The natural history of the ermine as exhibited in the arctic regions has never been treated, but as they are there entirely confined to a primitive wilderness, they must of course live entirely upon such creatures as they find wild in their native haunts, having no well stocked farm-yard at hand in which to commit depredations.

THE WREN.

This gay little bird and great favorite with everybody is remarkable for its great attachment to man, which makes it an object of his care. It has been the custom from immemorial time for people in the country to fix in the garden a small box or gourd to the end of a long pole, for the wren to build its nest in. In these boxes they live very comfortably, and without any seeming fear from intrusion near their little families. An intelligent gentleman was at the trouble to observe the number of times a pair of birds came from the box and returned with insects for their progeny. He found that they did this from forty to sixty times in the hour, and in one particular hour the birds carried food to their young seventy-one times. In this, however, they were engaged at least twelve hours a day; making, therefore, the number of trips to average fifty an hour. It appears that a single pair of these birds took from cabbage, salad,



THE WREN.

peas, beans and other plants, at least six hundred insects in the course of a single day. This calculation is made with the understanding that the birds only took one insect each trip, although they probably on many occasions took several. An amusing story is related of a farmer who hung his overcoat up in the barn. When he took it down he found in one of the sleeves a great quantity of sticks and moss, which proved to be the commencement of a wren's nest. The brave little bird, noticing the rude way its house was demolished, lit upon a limb of a tree near where the farmer was at work, and scolded him in the most furious manner for near half the day.

THE SAND MARTIN

Ranks among the swallows, and it makes its appearance earlier in the spring than any of its brethren. It principally builds in cliffs of sandstone, boring holes three feet or more in depth, and often winding in their course, most probably to avoid a casual stone or a spot too hard for its bill, which, although small and apparently unfitted for the task, works its way through the sandstone with astonishing rapidity. When a convenient cliff presents itself, hundreds of these pretty little birds may be seen working away at their habitations or dashing about in the air, looking in the distance like butterflies, occasionally turning to the rock, often completely honey-combed by their labors. Near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, England, exist geological formations which are great favorites with these industrious little birds, and as a consequence they are to be found in myriads, tolerably safe from all intrusion except the school-boy, who will sometimes daringly climb up the crumbling surface and thrust his arm into the holes, perfectly regardless of the danger, the meantime content with a tuft of grass or a root of blackberry as an anchorage. We have seen the sand martins at this favorite resort united in snubbing a sparrow hawk, which, after being buffeted about some time, retaliated by seizing a too daring martin and carrying it off, whereupon the whole scene was changed; the triumphant jeerings were turned into cries of fear, and the place was at once deserted, except by the crafty hawk and his screaming prey. The martin lays five eggs, pinkish white, with an almost imperceptible dotting of red.

GOLD, SILVER AND LEAD.

"Bless me, my dear!" said I, cheerfully. "you see there are plenty of things which I can do."

"No doubt," said my sister Isabel ("Belle" she was always called, and most justly); "but who, I should like to know, would be induced to entrust you with any one of the employments you have named?"

I won't deny but that I felt hurt at this speech. I was standing opposite the shabby looking-glass over our mantel-piece when she uttered that reply; and just giving an inquiring glance, I secretly owned that with such an unimposing, not to say clumsy figure, an over florid complexion (Belle always called me "blowsy,") and small inexpressive features, few persons would give me credit for the qualities and those accomplishments which by long and arduous toil I felt conscious of really possessing. Yet glancing at my sister, who lay reclining on the worn-out horsehair sofa, which was one of the few conveniences of our ready-furnished lodgings, I readily acknowledged the great difference in our appearance. Even in her common print-wrapper, as she lay there, I thought the proudest nobleman in London might choose her unblamed for her beauty. Not even indifferent health and want of energy and occupation could impair it.

"Ah! if she could but summon resolution," I thought, as I glanced from the mirror to the sofa, "who would not accept her services in tuition?" for there was such a queenly air about my sister, that not even neglect—that direst foe of beauty—could derogate from her personal superiority; and then I sighed as I reflected that Belle's loveliness had given her a sovereign power at home, which allowed her only to learn when she had a mind; and that, to say the truth, was seldom or never. Dearly as I loved her, I was compelled to admit that she possessed little or no knowledge at all. True, she had a pretty enough sort of taste for dress, which now had neither field nor funds for development, my poor father's creditors

having seized our wardrobes with the other effects which were too costly to be made unavailable.

I remember the time when I felt sorrowful at my sister's pre-eminence in the affections of our parents. We were the only two children, and Belle was not born till I was seven years old. From her babyhood she was the darling and delight of everybody—myself of course included—who indeed rejoiced over my new sister far more than if I had been given the costliest wax-doll ever bought with money. It was no very great wonder that, as she grew up, she exercised authority over all of us—parents, sister and servants. That old saying, "Everything is for the best," was certainly verified in my parents' indulgence and superior love for Isabel; for when we grew up, mamma and my sister usually went to some watering-place for the season; and as my mother declared she could not feel happy if the house was left to servants, I was always left at home as house-keeper; and when they frequented parties, I seldom accompanied them; so that I had many lonely hours, which I resolved to make the best use of; and by much study, and occasionally the aid of masters whenever I could save up enough pocket-money to pay for lessons, I silently became the mistress of knowledge and accomplishments which afterwards in the day of need became the sole resource of my poor Belle and myself.

It was strange, but Belle did not settle directly, as our mother calculated she was sure to do; and it was not till after poor mamma's death that she became engaged to a young gentleman of good fortune and expectations—Mr. Manners, who having business connections with my father, came to visit at our house. I was rejoiced, when at length I perceived the course events were taking; for though I knew nothing of my father's business-matters, yet I could not help perceiving, in my capacity of housekeeper, that heavy bills were accumulating, not one of which was paid. If I ever tried to win my father's attention to those things, he grew irritable, and desired I would attend only to my household matters, which I did strictly, and strove hard to check the wasteful expenditure continually going on, in spite of my care, in our house.

It was just as Belle's wedding-dress was talked about, and the minutiae of the ceremony agreed upon, that as I had been some time fearing, things came to a terrible crisis. My father arriving home one evening from the city earlier than usual, went immediately to the library, giving orders not to be interrupted. Mr. Manners was expected; but after waiting for him in the great drawing-room—where coffee was prepared by Belle's wish—some hours, we were compelled to think some accident had prevented him from coming; and putting on shawls we crept to the fire in the back drawing-room, for the large room had chilled us. My sister, vexed at her lover's absence, became irritable, and was scolding me for some real or imaginary neglect, when a sharp ringing noise resounded through the house. We both started to our feet, and both at the same moment recognized the sound.

"It is a pistol," said Isabel.

"Some accident," I exclaimed; for Belle's health even then was delicate, and I feared any agitation. "Don't be alarmed, dear; I will go and see."

I went out of the room, and running down stairs, found the servants assembled at the library door. Before they could prevent me, I had forced my way into the room—to see—oh, merciful Heaven! can I ever forget that sight?—my dear, dear, rash parent—his silvery head shattered by the contents of a pistol close by his body; that pistol had been applied by his own hand. God be merciful to us all! In the first wildness of grief, I know not what I said or did; but there was a great kindness shown me, and I strove to repress my own feelings by the reflection of my sister's helplessness if I gave way; and indeed we had her in raving hysterics as soon as she knew the sad truth. Those hysterics, extending to positive delirium, continued for days. Oh! that dreary time! Nothing but a stern sense of the duty set before me to perform, could have nerved me to sustain my part in those scenes of sickness, fear and horror. When Belle became slightly convalescent, the ruin of my poor father's affairs was fully apparent; the creditors seized on all, and our man of business told us, the plain truth—that we were beggars. During this crisis, Mr. Manners never once came near us, though I myself wrote to him about

my sister's illness, and to explain the sad event which had taken place; but after the funeral, a short, cold letter acquainted my poor sister that under our altered circumstances a union with her would entail on Mr. Manners the entire alienation of his own family. I thought of Beatrice and Helena:

Would I were a man, sweet coz, for thy sake!

But alas! I was not a man!—only a poor, weak, trembling woman; without friends, influence, or hope of support, save from my own exertions.

My poor father, who had been what is termed a "self-made man," at his death did not possess one solitary relative; my mother, too, had been the only child of not very affluent parents; thus we had no uncles, aunts or cousins, to look up to for protection and advice. The creditors kindly gave us twenty pounds, and some few of our clothes; and Mr. Arnold, our lawyer, told us we must look out for some employment which might befit broken-down gentlewomen. As for myself, I heard this without much apprehension; but when I looked at my sister, so lovely and helpless, I could not help shuddering. Isabel at this time was three-and twenty; and I, seven years her senior, felt now that my precious youth had flown from me unperceived.

"No matter," I said to myself; "at least, when I apply for young occupation, it cannot be urged against me that I am too young."

Mr. Arnold was kind enough to exert himself in our behalf, and procured me some daily teaching, after duly satisfying himself that I was qualified. By his advice we took furnished apartments on the second floor of a house in Poland-street. Thither my sister and myself removed without much trouble; for we had few effects to take with us; and as for myself, I began teaching immediately I could venture to leave Belle. Mr. Arnold, who was rough and authoritative, urged my sister to exert herself towards our joint livelihood. I dare say he meant well; but seeing my darling turn faint and pale at the mere suggestion, I assured him that such a thing was utterly impossible, and added that I was strong and well enough to work for both.

I should have felt small annoyance at the necessity for exertion, if I could but have earned a little more, and if Belle could by any possibility have been rendered pleased or happy; but being paid by the lesson, the two or three families at whose houses I attended gave me but little; and my sister, accustomed to delicate living, pined and fretted till I feared not merely for her beauty, but her health, which, always ailing, grew daily worse, without any defined complaint.

The doctor, whom I called in, recommended employment; and knowing that Belle could embroider with great taste and skill, I ventured on requesting her to try some; but after a few stitches, she threw the work away, declaring, with a burst of tears, that she would rather die at once than be constrained to work for her living; and I, folding her, poor lamb, in my arms, and weeping over her, vowed that never should she be asked to do anything when I had hands and brain to work with.

I could not help fearing she fretted at Mr. Manners' desertion, though she persisted that her contempt was too great for love to continue, and declared that she never really cared for him; if, however, I attacked his ill-conduct in deserting us at such a time, and said, as I often did, that she had had a good escape, she would grow angry, and ask me how I could presume to judge—I, who had never had, and never could have, a lover? Poor dear! I am sorry to say I was sensitive about my want of attraction, and used to feel stung to the heart by these speeches; but I never let her see it; so that she came to think no harsh words annoyed me, and that frequently induced her to say, without thought, whatever came uppermost in her head—often, I am sure, without any meaning.

It was in consequence of earning too little for our wants—at least Belle's—that we deliberated on what could be done to gain more, and I had been cheering my sister up with an account of the many things which I knew I could do. Among others there was an employment recommended to me by a lady, a former teacher of mine, which was to play dance-music at children's parties. The emoluments of this occupation would be considerable, and though kind Miss Semitone told me I might find it disagreeable, yet I resolved to put it in practice as soon as opportunity offered.

While the dialogue with which I commenced this narration was passing, a note arrived from my friend, to state that I was to go that very evening to a juvenile party, held at Mrs. Lasenall's, Bryanstone square.

"You will receive in remuneration" [wrote Miss Semitone] "a guinea, and will be expected to play from eight till twelve, if required. Do not mistake, my dear Miss Grieves, you will not be treated as one of the guests—possibly, you may not even meet the courtesy due to the gentlewoman you really are; but you must be contented to be regarded as a hired machine—to stop or go on as you are bid. Forgive my plain speaking: it is best to give you the true *carte du pays*. Yours faithfully,

"CLARA SEMITONE."

I was so delighted with this guinea in perspective, that I put aside all other considerations.

"Never mind," said I, quite gaily, to Belle, "being a machine for a few hours. Now, dear, you shall have a quarter's subscription at the 'Parnassus Library.' Belle brightened up at this, and almost smiled; for she who all her life had disliked reading, had lately declared (subsequently to the perusal of some novels kindly lent us by the first-floor lodger in our house) that she could no longer exist without books; and viewing, poor child, the many hours she spent by herself doing nothing, I did not see very well how she could.

At eight that evening, having dressed myself as nicely as I could in my best black, I prepared to set out; but previously my dear sister nearly overstepped all the composure with which I had been endeavoring to fortify myself for the occasion. Just as I was smoothing my crape collar, and giving a final brush to my hair, she approached me, and would insist on my wearing her jet negligée and brooch—presents given her formerly for some ceremonial mourning.

"You are a good soul," she said.

I burst into tears, and clasping her in my arms, kissed and blessed her; but she disengaged herself gently, and glided out of the room. It was as good as a cordial, her kindness, as I set forth on my errand.

"Ah!" thought I, "how happy I am to have somebody to work for, instead of exerting my talents only for my worthless self! And thinking these pleasant things, and anticipating Belle's delight at an unlimited allowance of novels, I trotted on so fast that I soon found myself and my music parcel waiting for admission at Mrs. Lasenall's door in Bryanstone square.

I was a little late; but my fault brought its own punishment; for, red in the face, and unbecomingly heated, I had to enter a large room, in which I found already assembled a party of gaily-dressed children, also several grown ladies and gentlemen, likewise in full evening costume. As the servant threw open the door, I was met by Mrs. Lasenall herself, a splendidly dressed, handsome, but arrogant-looking lady, who regarding me as if she were about to crush me into dust, said, in a severe voice, which by its distinct loudness caused every one to turn and look at me, "We thought you were going to disappoint us."

My trials literally awaited me on the very threshold. Confused at the gaze of the entire assembly, feeling that Belle's favorite appellation of "blowsy" was peculiarly applicable to me at that minute, and becoming more and more embarrassed and annoyed, I endeavored to essay some apology as I moved towards the instrument, and in my confusion, not seeing a little ottoman which was before me, I stumbled and fell—not, I dare say, in the most becoming or interesting manner. I hurt myself intensely, but shame deadened my pain; for an unrepressed titter rang round the room. My music was scattered about in all directions; and my high color deepened into a burning red, as I felt myself gently raised from my involuntary prostration, and my music collected and given me.

"You are not hurt, I trust," said a deep yet gentle voice.

I raised my eyes, suffused with irrepressible tears of shame; they alighted on the form of a gentleman who might have been forty years old—in my eyes the handsomest man I had ever seen; but just then, being the form of a friend in distress, I might, perhaps, have been disposed to exaggerate his superiority.

"I—I am not hurt at all," said I, trying to think so.

"Take your place, then, at the piano," said Mrs. Lasenall, haughtily; "the children have waited some time already."

My limbs trembled under me; but before I could resist or decline the courtesy, I found my hand taken by the gentleman, and myself seated before a magnificent instrument, almost as good as the one we used to possess at home. When, indeed, I came to touch it, the similarity struck me more; and after the first set of quadrilles, running over the keys and thinking how wonderful the resemblance was, I discovered a mark on one of them, made by an accident, which I well remembered. It was, then, our own regretted piano!

At that moment a lady remarked on the power and tone of the instrument.

"To tell the fact," said the lady of the house, "it is one which Mr. Lasenall purchased a month or two ago, at Cross's Rooms. It was the property of a deceased bankrupt merchant, I believe; a man who lived in great style, and who——"

The rest of her speech was lost to me; nor did I wish to hear it. I was obliged to resume my duties. My friend, or, as I heard a young lady in blue tulle call him, "the champion," came near me no more; he was kept, apparently, in strict attendance on that same young lady. Once I remarked he danced with her; and once, when during an interval of rest I ventured to turn my head from contemplating the piano, I saw him leaning on the back of a chair, his eyes fixed on me.

"Pitying my appearance," thought I, as my face burned at the idea. "Belle might well call me 'blowsy!' How different I must look in his eyes to these elegant young women by whom he is surrounded! to that pretty but scornful creature in the blue dress, who I am sure is ridiculing me with all her might! Yet, after all, it is but vanity to suppose I am noticed at all; for, as Belle says often enough, what attractions have I? I am not very young, certainly not handsome; and for my mind, I am satisfied no one can trace it in my face. For shame, Mary Grieves, for shame! Think of your guinea, and twelve o'clock to-night, which must come, and your polkas and quadrilles."

But in vain did I strive to chain my thoughts to my duties, whilst I played mechanically memories of old times, when though neither petted nor made a fuss with at home, yet I still enjoyed some station and consideration in my father's house. Reminiscences of the very day when the costly instrument now vibrating beneath my nervous touch was sent home a present from my dear deceased father, jointly to Belle and myself—of the time when, having conquered the difficulties of music, I felt myself a mistress of the divine art—of hours of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Bellini, which soothed anxiety and hushed every unwise and foolish regret—would come rushing thickly in upon my bewildered brain, and how wonderful that here, in a strange house, among strangers, I should be pressing the keys of my dear old companion, for daily bread. I was obliged to give a great gulp and swallow it all. The children came constantly to ask me for dances I had never even heard of, and there was no mistaking the shrugs of Miss Lasenall's white shoulders—for the young lady in blue, I found, was the daughter of the house—when I replied to my gay little questioners that I did not know the "States Quadrille," or the "Wild Flower" waltzes. Another thing (though that was hardly worth mentioning) when the servants handed refreshments round, I was omitted. It was, I own, very silly to feel hurt; but had I been the mistress of that house, I knew I could not have made so marked a difference. About half-past ten supper was announced, and in a very few minutes the room was empty, and I (of course) left sitting at my post. When I had watched the last couple out of the room, and had silently determined that Miss Lasenall was pre-eminently the object of my stranger-friend's presence, I ventured to leave my weary music-stool. I suppose my foolish nerves were shaken somewhat by my little mishaps; for the silence and desertion, and my lonely position, affected me so strongly that I did what I very seldom do—give way, and burst into sobs and tears—almost, I am ashamed to say, hysterical. Sitting down, I leant over the back of another chair and wept bitterly. Memories, regrets and sadness of every kind came over me. I thought of my sister, and believed that had she been in my place that night, her grace and beauty would have distinguished her, even in the humble place I filled. I knew, though Miss Lasenall was pretty and vivacious, she could not have stood comparison with Belle, even in her shabby mourn-

ing; in short, the more I thought, the higher rose my grief, and I was sobbing away, when a light touch roused me from my sorrow, which no doubt was sinfully indulged. It was my stranger-friend—the "champion" of Miss Lasenall's sarcastic mirth—Mr. Osmington I had heard him afterwards called. He stood amazed and sorrowful; in his right hand he held a small tray of refreshments, in his left a glass of cool delicious wine-and-water. "I fear," he said, in those tones so touching to the hearts of those to whom he spoke—at least to mine—"I fear you are ill. No wonder, with such fatigue. As I thought," and he hesitated—"as I thought you would not like to join us down stairs, I had this tray arranged and took the liberty of bringing it myself, fearing, as the servants are busy, they might possibly forget you. Do let me see you eat," he continued; "it is a vulgar necessity, but an actual one at this moment, I am sure, to you, who have worked so kindly for our amusement to-night." As he spoke, he placed the tray before me, while I busied myself in drying my eyes, whose redness did not, I am sure, render my looks more becoming.

Oh, gentleman! what polish of courts, what brilliancy of intellect and wit could have given you half the claim to that title, which the simple courtesy bestowed on a friendless, neglected woman conferred on you? Nature's delicate promptings of kind words and gentle deeds are worth all the books on etiquette, all the white-kid ceremonies ever written or invented.

He took my hand, and shaking it kindly, left me, saying, "Come, recruit; for you know our juveniles will tax your kindness speedily, afresh."

No presents laid at my feet, no adulation, nor flattery most delicate, could so effectually have won my heart, had any one (which was the most unlikely thing in the world), attempted to win it. But as I knew I had no right to convert an action of the most genuine pity into feelings of a different nature, I checked my sobs, and hastily eating my supper, had just time to place the tray on a side-table and resume my post, before the sound of gay young voices announced the return of the guests. The party re-entered the room, headed by Mr. Osmington, who supported on either arm Mrs. and Miss Lasenall. Juvenile sets were forming for a quadrille, and I was seeking some novelty I had not yet played, when Miss Lasenall, passing by the table on which I had placed my empty tray, was attracted by its appearance.

"Who brought this tray here?" she said, in a loud voice—so loud that a dead silence ensued, as if everybody waited to hear what would come next.

I hesitated a moment—only a moment—and then said, in a low tone, that "I had taken some refreshment, and——"

"Ring for John," said Mrs. Lasenall, "and let the things be taken away."

Her daughter turned towards me, and approached with a quick step. "It is a pity," she said—speaking quite loudly still—"that you do not know your place; you were engaged here to play the piano, not to eat and drink; if you could not have waited, you should have gone down to the pantry. Perhaps you are too delicate"—with a sneer which made her look, oh so ugly!—"to fast long; if so, you must excuse our not thinking so; for by your looks no one could suppose it."

This coarse witticism produced a titter from the grown young ladies—the children, bless them! did not join in the laugh. At the conclusion of her speech, the young lady—can I call her lady?—retired majestically to a sofa at the further end of the room. Her mamma followed her, beckoning Mr. Osmington to accompany them. He did not do so. As for myself, dyed with shame at so open and coarse a reprimand before a roomful of strangers, I tried to seem busy in looking for my music. The little dancers clapped their hands impatiently.

"Begin, if you please," said Mrs. Lasenall, from the sofa.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mr. Osmington. "Before the dancing begins, Mrs. Lasenall, allow me to explain that I was the person who brought this young lady refreshments, which most unaccountably you had forgotten to send her. I do not think any of us here would have passed the whole evening without taking some, and she who has worked so hard in the service of us all had a double claim to attention. I thank you, Mrs. Lasenall" (this in answer to an imperious beckoning); "I will do myself the pleasure of turning over the leaves for Miss Grieves."

He did so; and when that quadrille was over—the most

spirited one of the evening, the children said—he still sat by me and talked kindly about music and great composers and singers. Mrs. Lasenall came past several times, and interrupted the conversation. She hurried on dance after dance, and at last asked Mr. Osmington to join a set of the grown persons then forming. He declined politely, but briefly and decidedly. She, highly offended, turned away, and he recommenced the subject she had broken off. I summoned up spirit, delightful as it was to talk to him. I said I feared I should be censured if I conversed, and begged he would excuse me.

He smiled. "You are right, I believe," he said. "But tell me one thing, do you think Miss Lasenall handsome?"

I replied, I thought extremely.

"Did you ever see any one handsomer?" he asked.

"One person," I replied.

"And who is that?" he demanded, smiling.

"My sister," I said.

"Do you know," said he, "the old saying—'every eye forms its own beauty'? In mine there is a person far more attractive in this assembly, and her greatest attraction is that she has no idea of it."

"Pray begin!" cried Miss Lasenall; and I commenced one of Jullien's brilliant sets. When that was finished I looked at my watch, and saw it was twelve o'clock. My engagement was terminated; a hundred guineas would not have induced me to remain. I rose, and though the effort was painful, walking up to the lady of the house, I told her that the time for which I was engaged had expired, and that I was going.

"You must stay a little longer."

I replied, it was impossible.

"You will be paid for it," she said sharply.

I answered that I declined to stay on any terms.

Mrs. Lasenall bit her lip; she saw I was resolute, and resolved to give me a parting salute. "For the future, young woman," she said, "if you pursue the occupation of playing at parties, you must not converse with the company."

I bowed and colored.

"The footman shall bring you your money," she said.

Again inclining my head, I withdrew. As I waited, shawled and bonneted, in the hall, the servant brought me the guinea. I took it, thanking Heaven that I was about to leave that grand mansion.

Just then, a voice, whose accents by this time were familiar, said, "Have you any one here to see you home?"

I was obliged reluctantly to confess I had not.

"I am going your way," he said.

The man-servant who still stood there grinned: I saw it, though Mr. Osmington did not.

"Pray, sir," I said, extremely distressed, "I—I—indeed, I would rather not."

"Shall I call a cab for you?"

"Oh! no, no, sir," I said.

"Well," he continued, with a determined air, "if you are alone I shall walk by your side, and see that you remain unmolested; I have mentioned my intention to Mrs. Lasenall, as she declined sending her own servant."

And he did walk by my side the whole way home, never—with the most delicate good-breeding—once offering me his arm, but walking as a courtier might have done by the side of a princess, insisting, too, on carrying my music. How was it, I wonder? for I am not communicative to strangers, in general; but he drew from me all our history—my poor father's death, my recognition of the piano, my fears about Belle, my anxiety for her, and disregard of what I might myself endure, so that I could but make her happy. Oh, how short the distance seemed! When we stopped at the door in Poland street, he took my hand: I thought he was going to say good-bye, and gave it him.

"Do you know," he said, "for what purpose I went to Bryanstone square to-night?"

I raised my eyes to his face, and shook my head.

"It was," he continued, "to seek an opportunity of asking Miss Lasenall to become my wife. Do you know what hindered my carrying out this purpose?"

My eye fell, and again I shook my head.

"You," he said laconically. "Yes," he continued, as I was about to speak, "her treatment, and the remarks she made

when that foolish accident so confused you, broke my idol into a hundred fragments. I am forty-one years old, and see clearer than I did at twenty. One thing I am quite sure of: I could never love a coarse-minded woman. In all honesty and sincerity I have a favor to ask you. May I call on you, and be introduced to your sister? If she resembles you, the introduction must be worth having."

Of course I said that Belle was not one bit like me; he was not to think it—so superior! Then why did my heart, which somehow while he was speaking had risen so high, fall down like a ball of lead, as the thought came across me of what a chance this would be for my sister? I rang the bell; and as they opened the door, he said "Adieu!" He was to come on the following afternoon. Belle was very sleepy, and a little cross when I got up-stairs; but my account of Mr. Osmington rather interested her, I could perceive.

He came next day, about tea-time. We had a delightful conversation; only I regretted to see that Belle and he did not admire each other, as I had supposed they must do, being so mutually attractive. I feared on this account his visits would cease, but they grew more frequent. My sister grew fond of throwing out little sarcasms against Mr. Osmington, and said disparagingly that he was too old to suit her taste. I really did take Belle to task for saying that.

"Old!" said I—"in the prime of his years, full of intellect, of intelligence and activity."

We very soon became acquainted with his family history, his station, his prospects: they were all unexceptionable. One day, my sister having left her sofa to walk to the library, just as I was preparing tea Mr. Osmington called. As we were talking together about some indifferent subject—I do not, and never can recollect how the conversation turned—but he, rising from his seat, and taking both my hands in his, asked me if I could love him well enough to be his wife. I never in my life had a surprise equal to that. When I could speak, and wonder why he had not preferred Isabel, he said the only unkind thing I ever heard from his lips—something about her selfish, heartless indolence. I could not bear that. I said, bursting into tears, if he loved me he must cherish her also.

As he folded me in his arms, and laid my sobbing face against that broad, manly breast, he vowed he would ever do so for my sake. "See, dear Mary," he said, "taking one volume of Shakespeare which lay on the table, 'my choice has been Bassanio's. I had three caskets to choose from: Miss Lasenall, the pretty heiress, was the golden one; your beautiful and selfish sister, the silver; and you, Mary—'"

"The leaden one," said I, laughing and clapping my hands; "thank you."

He was a little confused; "Bassanio," he said, "wisely rejected mere outside show. The leaden casket contained all that was rare and precious. But I have contrived to please my eye as well as my heart; nay, dearest, believe it is a fault sometimes to think too humbly of ourselves. A sense of inferiority can never dignify. Look!"

We were standing opposite the glass which by its reflection had once so damped my spirits, and I did take just one peep. Well! happiness is a great beautifier; besides, though flurried, I was peaceful and content, so that— But, after all, I must remember that Belle was not by, just then, to make me suffer by the force of contrast.

We were married a few weeks after that conversation: and he kept his word about Belle, for she lived with us, till an old gentleman who was very rich proposed for her, and my sister became the possessor of carriages, jewels, fine clothes, and all things of the kind her heart delighted in. As for me, my own gem has never lost its brightness, it being the best a woman can boast—a husband in whose worth and affection his happy wife can rest secure.

"Our father," said a youth who was not particularly noted for his wit, "I came very near shooting a wild goose to-day." "You did, Stephen! How happened it that you were unsuccessful in the attempt?" "Why, you see, father, I was coming across the hill, and just as I got against the old apple-tree a flock of geese came within two rods of my head, and I should have shot half-a-dozen of them if I'd only had your gun."

THE CHRONICLE OF ST. PATRICK.

A PARENTHETIC PINDARIC.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

SOME centuries back—I'm a little in doubt
 With regard to the date, but 'twas somewhere about
 Four hundred and odd—you can easily find out
 The year, to a day, in Geraldus Cambrensis,
 The sage Nubigenis,
 Or else in Henricus Antiodorensis,
 The Book of Ardagh,
 Or the Cath Fiorthragh,
 The Psalter of Cashel, or Reim Reio-graph;
 The Leabhar Gabhala, or Comshiorzachtah;
 Or the famous Uracept by Cionn Fola,
 In Solinus the specious,
 Or Speed the facetious,
 In Stanihurst Spencer, or Hector Boetius;
 In Campion, whose streamlet of truth somewhat shallow ran;
 Keating, or Leland, or Doctor O'Halloran;
 Camden, or Strabo, the historiographer;
 Pomponius Mela, the great lexicographer;

In any one of these, if you but look—
 First finding the book,
 As Mrs. Glasse says in her "Practical Cook,"
 And just on your own individual hook—
 Without further apology,
 Fuss or tautology,
 Having deciphered the cramp etymology,
 Post yourself up in the proper chronology.

So leaving to you
 That trifle to do,
 Kind reader, our tale, if you please, we'll review,
 Which was certainly true,
 When it happened, though known to a limited few.
 And, indeed—*entre nous*—

I would strongly advise you to credit it too.
 For we know that below there's a blazing receptacle,
 Purposely kept at white heat, for the sceptical.
 Torrid re-reat where the viciously twistical,

Polytheistical,
 Sage Aphoristical,
 Folly Papistical,
 Rage Calvinistical
 Gladly would wish to kill,
 Flouters, and doubters, and spouters sophistical,
 Gentiles, and Jews, and Hindoos Bhraministical,
 All who don't quietly swallow the mystical
 Fables to common sense antagonistical,
 Risk a futurity rather phlogistical.

But now to our story:—In Ireland once,
 Or Scotland—and if I know which, I'm a dunce;
 But that's not so strange, for a learned Inquisitor,
 Master Cæsarius, declared, while a visitor,
 "*Scotia quæ et Hibernia dicitur.*"

Welsh Neunius and Bede, Macrobius and Stowe,
 Professors, and so
 Ought surely to know,
 Wrote tomes without number, all tending to show
 That Ireland was Scotland a long time ago.
 Didn't even Orosius, who flourished before 'em,
 Expressly assert that, "*Hibernia Scotorum
 Patria est;*" and, though I seldom make use of his
 Book for authority, it so abusive is—
 Touching the name I submit it conclusive is.
 England, herself, was first known as Germanica—
 Vide "Lloyd's *Archæologia Britannica*"—
 Scotia as Albion; and, if you but glance
 At a primitive map—should you e'er get a chance—
 It will show you Great Britain a province of France.
 So, no matter the name, be it Ir or Iernia,
 Heber, Milesius, Iero or Vernia,
 Ogygia, Eierne, Innisfail, or Iuerne—a
 Few appellations of ancient *Hibernia*.

I love the dear land with the chastened affection
 That springs from the anguish of sad retrospection;
 Such love as a mother might feel for the only one
 Tie upon earth to the widowed and lonely one.

But, no longer to amble,
 About this absurd parenthetical preamble,

Through which my lame hack has been trying to scramble,
 In sore imitation of Ingoldsby's ramble.

Oh, Barham! alone thou art,
 Frankly I own thou art

Sole

And whole

Controller of Pegasus, pleasantly bantering
 As you go sauntering
 On for a space, and then joyously cantering.

Anon, it is his pleasure to walk slowly for awhile,
 But with delicious memories the way he doth beguile,
 Telling, haply, some brave story from the chronicles of old,
 Till proud knight and gentle lady, simple squire and baron bold,
 Rise so vividly before us, that the present is no more,
 And Time itself goes back unto the stately days of yore,
 While he holds his winged courser with so exquisite a grace.
 Rapt, we say, his proper motion is that grave and solemn pace.

Per Jovem, see, we've scarcely brought
 Ourselves to fancy we have caught

His noblest gait, when, in a thought,
 Tis set at naught,

For in an instant he has got
 Into a hot

And merry trot.

And yet he keeps so free a seat,
 That more delighted we entreat
 He'll never change a style so meet,
 He shows such mastery complete.

Whether, in fine, he races, paces, gallops, trots or walks,
 He beats all other jockeys by the longest kind of chalks.

And now, dear reader, to be confidential,

If your great patience be still undiminished,
 Don't you agree with me that it's essential

This rambling tale should be begun—and finished?

So now, in right earnest my task to commence,
 Determined from hence

Nevermore to diverge, upon any pretence,
 Except when it won't interfere with the sense,
 Or—pshaw! I won't promise, for *my* Rosinante
 Is wild, and my equine accomplishments scanty.

In the reign of King Niall, who Ireland swayed,
 And skilfully followed the conquering trade

In other dominions—Britannia and Gaul
 He held in his thrall,

To his prowess did nine principalities fall,
 And a hostage from all

He had within call,

For his faith in the word of the princes was small.
 So writers addressed him, pre-paying their postage, as

"Niall, et cetera, of the Nine Hostages."

Now religion at this time was rather "so so,"
 For civilization was stupidly slow—

The pace it will go,

In the same time to come will most probably throw
 Very far in the shade, all we moderns know;
 So this arrogant age must still stick itself up
 And stretch out its eyes like a nine-day old pup,
 Through its patent lorgnettes superciliously cast
 A pitying glance on the ignorant past,
 For it's pretty well known, if it only could last,
 This particular present time thinks itself *fast*.

I wonder how people will fancy its lore,
 Its many a score

Of adverse credenda—its limited store
 Of Truth and true Charity—false to the core
 As we know it to be, and as vainly deplore—
 In somewhere about fourteen centuries more.

As I told you before,

Religion was rather abnormal and mystic.

Where spells cabalistic,

And rites druidistic,

In horrid detail were the popular creed,
 And benevolent bards saw whole hecatombs bleed,
 That carnivorous gods might abundantly feed;

Not always of cattle,

For after each battle

No strict devotee

But would save two or three

Of his captives to help the igniferous spree,
 And every fat foeman, as soon as he'd licked him,
 Was kept as a ruefully succulent victim.

The priests didn't then place their ban upon bigamy,
 Free-love or niggamy;
Tout au contraire, they encouraged polygamy.
 What a time 'twould have been for our Solomon,
 Brigham, he,
 Had he lived then, might have lawfully flung
 His *mouchoir* among
 Some thousand or so, and the praises be sung
 To sackbut and psalter of "Patriarch" Young.
 Now these Druids were death upon fighting or fifeing,
 Still harping, or hanging, trilling or knifeing—
 Would just as soon sing a cantata as storm a
 Fortalice—for more information see "Norma."
 They hunted up converts with clerical zeal,
 And fire and steel,
 In the orthodox manner made recusants feel
 Humanity's woe for Eternity's woeal.
 A favorite chapter in Bigotry's book.
 From "pious" Queen Mary to Tuscan's Duke.
 'Tis a singular fact, a small matter of creed
 Of no import, indeed,
 In the vital account—some iniquitous weed
 In the Garden of Life, whose rank, pestilent seed
 Would poison all promise, will frequently lead
 Some men by the nose,
 And the argument grows
 From breath evanescent
 To rage calorescent,
 'Till all a man's diaphragm feels incandescent.
 I never could fancy your dons disputatious,
 So very sagacious,
 Severe and audacious,
 On doctrinal points, deeming naught efficacious,
 But foul and fallacious,
 That don't coincide with their humor—Good gracious!
 I'd rather be served with a *feri facias*
 And lose all my "chattels"
 In litigant battles,
 Than listen to one, whatsoever the merit he
 Owns, who is swayed by polemic asperity—
 Ranting and raging, his lungs with a bellows cope,
 Blowing up well his co-
 Partner in argument—eyes like a telescope
 Magnify follies however inferior,
 Forgetting its own cold and brassy exterior.
 And what is it all about?
 What do they bawl about?
 Squall about,
 Brawl about,
 Maul about,
 Ugly names call about,
 Snuffle and drawl about,
 Finding perhaps some ridiculous flaw
 In the *letter* of law,
 Or splitting some thin theological straw,
 The thousand and one serried points of disparity
 Ranged on each side to annihilate Charity.
 Wordy war rages,
 And pages
 Of sages
 Through all the past ages
 From [martyr to monk, from St. Paul to Pelagius,
 Are flung at each other with ardor courageous,
 Disputing incessantly through every particle
 Up from the first to the thirty-ninth "article,"
 Eagerly striving to double and cross over
 Every philosopher,
 All sorts of creeds and credulities toss over,
 Earliest myth to the Chinaman's joss over.
 Allow me to say,
 If you are *distract*,
 Your fears to allay,
 I'm happy to tell you, at this time of day,
 Your own inclination you've but to obey,
 Ascetic or gay;
 Of primitive habits, or fond of display,
 Be your idiosyncrasy what kind it may,
 Companions you'll find for its every trait.
 And would you the exquisite penitent play,
 And hope to be saved in an elegant way,
 Provided, of course, that you're able to pay—
 We've upper town temples in charming variety,
 Where each official is used to society,

Placid and quiet, he
 Preaches and teaches the strictest propriety.
 Vanity's not to be seen, for 'tis proper a
 Lady should dress as she does for the opera;
 Probably more,
 But without the "lorgnette" that's a terrible bore
 To the *jeunesse dorée*, who attend to adore.
 It's pleasant enough, though, sly looks to be stealing
 While piously kneeling,
 Devoutly appealing
 From satin or velvet—if in them you're dealing;
 If not, it depends on your funds and your feeling.
 But this is insidious,
 And rather fastidious,
 For many no doubt there suppose they're religious;
 And where is the standard by which to despise 'em,
 Who dares to affirm, "*Diis aliter visum*?"
 For my part, I have the completest *sécurité*,
 Comfort and surety,
 Patent highway there is none to futurity;
 Through the whole universe,
 Roads there are more than can come in this puny verse.
 Benevolent reader, you'll please to excuse
 My intractable muse—
 The fault isn't mine, understand; could I choose,
 She would certainly lose
 No time in digression,
 Absurd retrocession,
 Or any such anti-climactic transgression.
 Forgetting the earlier scenes she began among,
 Straying and playing—delaying the *denouement*;
 All for myself I can possibly say
 In the way
 Of excuse for this loose and diffusive relation,
 Fatiguing and vile anacephalization—
 This flow of verbose and ventose etymology,
 Is, if you're conversant with female psychology,
 Think of the sex—that's my only apology.
 Women, you know very well—But my office is
 Not analytic—excuse the apophysis.
 So now, Madame Muse, if it isn't high treason,
 I'll thank you to keep a tight check, if you please, on
 Your spirits, and season
 Your rhyme with some reason;
 If only the smallest amount in creation,
 An infinitesimal manifestation.
 Now, having concluded this brief invocation,
 I'll see if I can't hurry up the narration:

What time the bold King Niall swayed
 Ierne's realm, and warfare made
 With Anglian, Gaul, with Goth and Hun,
 And eke with Afric's swarthy son;
 Victorious came he from each fight,
 With valor's laurelled crown bedight;
 So peerless in the lists of fame
 Was this renowned monarch's name,
 The proudest knight to him might yield,
 And bear no stain upon his shield;
 'Twas then that in the regal train,
 St. Patrick wore the captive's chain.

What time the sage King Logan ruled
 Ierne, and his people schooled
 To wisdom, industry and peace,
 And bade war's fearful woes to cease;
 As vital stream that life imparts,
 Reigned he within his lieges' hearts.
 And wheresoever virtue came,
 All honored was this good king's name;
 So did his praise men's voices fill,
 Foul crime it was to speak him ill;
 'Twas then that with pure faith imbued,
 St. Patrick bore the Holy Rood.

What time the base and bloody rite
 Of Druidism showed the light,
 When sacrificial altars blazed
 Throughout the Western World, and raised
 Their lurid columns to the sky,
 While ever rose the piercing cry
 From tender youth, of beauty rare,
 Or virgin innocent and fair,
 In fearful anguish, yielding life,
 While reeked the archpriest's dreadful knife;

'Twas then, amidst those scenes of ruth,
St. Patrick spread the light of Truth.

Now, if you admire
Historic minuteness, and feel you require
The best information, I do not aspire
Or desire
To go higher
On the subject we're treating,
Than good Geoffrey Keating!
With him there's no beating
About any bush; in the way of veracity,
What he once says, he maintains with tenacity.
Comes there a tough story, rather than pass it, he
Notes you his author with prudent sagacity,
Blent with loquacity
Some perspicacity,
Gossiping tact, and no end of audacity,
To take his assertions as though they were *coram*
Non judice sworn,
Altogether unshorn
Of their brightness, *Hoc erat in more majorum*

Would you dictum have, and date,
For the various blessings great
That St. Patrick caused to smile
Upon Erin's lovely isle,
During sixty years and four
That the sacred staff he bore,
Are they not inscribed upon
The old "Polychronicon?"
All the miracles he wrought,
How the ignorant he taught
Senseless idols to detest,
And the merciful behest
Of the God of peace and love
To obey, all else above,
Which did mortal man command
Firm to grasp his brother's hand,
Hence avoiding war and strife,
Living pure and blameless life.
How, despite of cell and cord,
He still preached the "Blessed Word,
And its excellence maintained.
How he by a sign explained
The mysterious Trinity
By the shamrock's petals three.
How all serpents, ay, and toads
From their venomous abodes—
So the old traditions say—
From the land he forced away,
Till no poisonous thing was found,
Did you search the country round.

Now the latter, if you please,
It somehow does appear to me 's
A most remarkable transaction,
Though I wouldn't deal a fraction
Of detraction

On its authors, yet it doesn't seem to give us satisfaction.
In this age of common sense
Such pretence
Is ridiculous, and hence,
Without harboring offence,
Like the reasons sages give for the Aurora Borealis,
If you're skeptic
Or dyspeptic,
Gulp it down *cum grano salis*.

A ray of light
Beams sunny bright
Upon my clouded brain,
Dispelling quick
The vapors thick
That hung on it again.
I've found it out,
Beyond a doubt,
The "serpente" that he banned
Were evil men,
Whose councils then
Disturbed Ierne's land:
Who kept the isle
In squalor vile,
And for their selfish end
The kindly ties
That mortals prize
All ruthlessly did rend.

Men's thoughts to steep
In darkness deep,
It was their only aim,
And little recked
The vile effect,
The sorrow and the shame.
When sword and flame
With famine came,
And laid the country waste,
Less woe befell,
So hard to quell,
As from these deeds are traced.
For war but gave
Unto the grave
The bold who nobly bled.
And famine's dart
Slow reached the heart
Where *hope* was not all dead.
But hatred vile
Through venom'd guile,
Whene'er it has control,
Quells every joy,
And must destroy
The everlasting soul.

I argue, then,
It was such men
As these were, past a doubt,
Confound their eyes,
St. Patrick, wise,
Sent to the right about!
For well he knew
The filthy crew
Would poison every stream
Of true delight,
Till Erin bright
A desert drear would seem.
So these, I'll swear,
The vipers were,
To whom the saint did come,
And frowning say,
Exorcite!
Secere Baculum!

POSTSCRIPT.

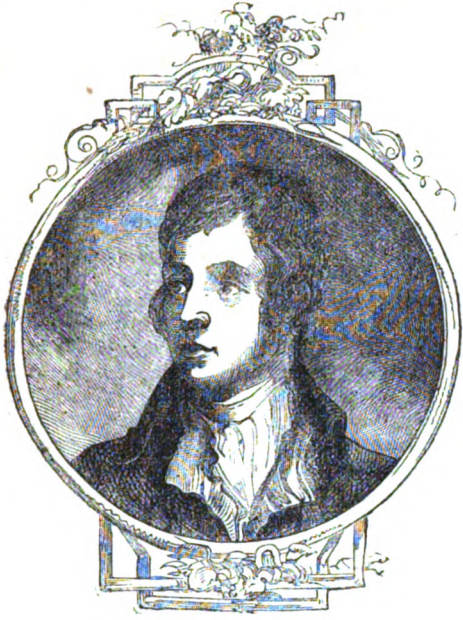
The good Saint thought his work was done,
But if his ghost could rise,
He'd find it wasn't half begun—
No doubt to his surprise!
For vipers yet abundant grow,
And crawl Hibernia o'er;
Oh, Heaven! for a St. Patrick now,
To drive them from the shore!

BLOOD MONEY.—The case which led to the abolition of pecuniary rewards on the conviction of persons for highway robbery and other crimes, was that of two soldiers, named John Hall and Patrick Morrison, who were near to being unjustly hanged at Wolverhampton, in 1817, although perfectly innocent of the crime of which they were accused. It appeared that these soldiers, after drinking with a man named Read, began to wrestle with him, and with each other, in a friendly sort of way. In the course of the struggle, a shilling and a penny dropped from Read's pocket, and the soldiers, taking them up, said that that would pay for more beer. Read was quizzed, and grew angry about his money; whereupon a man named Roberts, keeper of the house of correction, hearing of the affair, and foreseeing a chance of blood-money, said, "This is a good job," and apprehended the soldiers for highway robbery. The consequence was, that Hall and Morrison were left for execution, and, had it not been for the praiseworthy exertions of some influential inhabitants of Wolverhampton, they would have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. So strong, however, were the representations made to Lord Sidmouth, that a reprieve was granted, and eventually the men received a free pardon.

"An even exchange is no robbery," as the widow said, when she swapped herself for a widower.

FOOLISH.—Two young ladies hating each other on account of a gentleman who does not care a fig for either.

NECESSITY has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers.



ROBERT BURNS.

THE life-story of the peasant-poet of Scotland is one that seldom fails to excite a painful sympathy in cultivated and generous minds, and astonishment, almost indignation is felt that the wealthy and influential of his contemporary countrymen should have looked on with indifference at the sad spectacle of a being so greatly gifted treading, with bleeding, lacerated feet, the

ragged and thorny road of poverty from the cradle to the tomb, when so slight an exertion on their part would have raised him to a position of leisure, ease and competence. This feeling, which we constantly hear expressed, is, no doubt, a natural and amiable one, and apparently assumes that a wayward, impassioned child of impulse might, by wise guidance and substantial help, have been transformed to a decorous, staid, well-to-do man of the world, without any fear that the "light from heaven" by which he was led astray would be thereby sensibly deadened or obscured, much less extinguished. Hardly so, we cannot help suspecting; it is just possible that another unit might, by such charitable solicitude, have been added to the tens of thousands of forgotten respectabilities, of which there has never been any lack in Scotland or elsewhere, but not without mortal peril to the Robert Burns now dwelling with us in radiant immortal life—the familiar and ennobling guest alike of the cottage and the palace. God is not so unregardful of his noblest creations as to place them where the mission for which he has especially and divinely gifted them could not be fulfilled, and we may be sure it was necessary to the full revelation of the powers of the mighty spirit-harp which we call Robert Burns, that it should be exposed to all impulses of soul and sense, the stern touch of poverty, the maddening play of passion, the indignant sweep of ireful scorn, ay, and the burning pulses of remorse. But that the chords were sometimes struck by the iron hand of adversity—the lines to the Mountain Daisy, the Mouse—the "Man's a Man for a' that," would not, it may be feared, be now household harmonies in the dwellings of the Anglo-Saxon race; the dainty touch of a decorous conventionalism could scarcely have elicited "Holy Willie's Prayer," and "The Address to the De'il," from ease-loosened, dusty strings; and what but the fiery fingers of passionate, self-accusing grief could have produced the sobbing agony of the invocation to "Mary in Heaven!"

Let us, therefore, instead of lamenting that Robert Burns was



BURNS FALLS IN LOVE WITH PEGGY THOMSON.

not changed into something else by a pension or other money-melancholia, and having regard to the post-crown of stars, which diadems the brow of the immortal, rather than to the tattered and coarse apparel of the ploughman or the gauger, strive to ascertain in what respect his earlier hours of life prefigured or gave promise of its brief but glorious day—perfectly satisfied that in so doing we shall not render ourselves justly obnoxious to any charge of sentimental indifference towards the man Burns, for nothing can be more certain than that if he himself could have had but one day's experience of the calm, decorous, prosperous, titleless life, many of his admirers think should have been assured to him, he would have flown back with eagerness to the sighs, the tears, the sorrows, joys, the tumultuous delights which have rendered him immortal.

Nearly a century ago, William Burns, or Burness, the name is spelt both ways, originally from Kincardineshire, in the north of Scotland, afterwards of Edinburgh, settled down as a gardener, near Ayr, his last employer being Mr. Crawford, of Doon Side. At Alloway, near the bridge of Doon, William Burns rented about seven acres of land, with the intention of following the business of a nurseryman, but first built a mud or clay cottage with his own hands thereon, consisting of one floor only, divided into two compartments—a sitting-room and kitchen, the bed-place, an inclosed one, being in the latter division of the cottage. When it is said that this William Burns was the original of the patriarchal sire in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," though "his lyart haffets" (gray temples) were as yet unwhitened by time and hardship, it is almost unnecessary to add that he was a high-principled, superior man, and moreover, writes his great son, "one who thoroughly understood men, their manners and their ways," and remarkable "for stubborn, ungainly integrity, and ungovernable irascibility of temper." At Maybole fair, William Burns had met Agnes Brown, the daughter of a penurious Carrick farmer, but since his second marriage living, drudging rather, at her grandmother's. Agnes was at this time five or six and twenty years of age, and her pleasant manners, "fine complexion and beautiful dark eyes," effected such a sudden and decisive revolution in the mind of William Burns, who was some ten years her senior, that on his return home he forthwith burnt a love-missive addressed, but not, luckily, forwarded to another damsel, who had before slightly caught his fancy, and henceforth became the avowed suitor of Agnes Brown. Her circumstances were humbler even than his own, and she had not received the slightest education in a school sense—she could not even read—but was withal rarely gifted with cheerful placidity of temper, housewifely, industrious habits, and a sweet voice for Scottish songs and ballads, which she sang with much feeling and taste. It was for the reception of Agnes Brown that William Burns had built his lime-washed cottage, to which he brought her, a newly-wedded bride, in December, 1757, and there was born, on the 25th of January, 1759, their eldest son, the now world-famous Robert Burns—the first-born of a rather numerous family.

Robert was not sent to school till he was in his sixth year, but the mind-nurture which influenced him through life began with the sweet ballad-strains by which he was rocked to sleep in his mother's arms, and the warlock, ghost, fairy, dragon stories, and songs of an old woman named Betty Davidson, a distant relative by marriage of Mrs. Burns, the impression made by which upon his childish imagination was never, he says, effaced. The poet resembled his father neither in temperament, taste, mode of thought, nor faith, but he was deeply indebted to him for a mechanical education—reading, writing, grammar—a slight knowledge of French, less of Latin (but this was of his own procurement), and some lessons in elementary mathematics—far superior as a whole to what is usually acquired by the children of parents in William Burns's rank of life. Robert first went to a small school about a mile distant from his home, and not long subsequently he and his brother Gilbert received instruction in reading, writing and English Grammar from a clever young teacher by the name of Murdoch, who had temporarily fixed his abode near them.

In 1766, William Burns removed to Mount Oliphant, distant about two miles from his cottage, where he had taken the lease of a farm on such disadvantageous terms—the wretched quality of the land considered ("the poorest soil in Scotland," writes Gilbert Burns, "I know of in a state of cultivation,")—as to

induce a doubt that he really understood men and their ways so perfectly as his son imagined he did. The twelve years which the family passed at Mount Oliphant was one ceaseless, bitter struggle for bare existence, which could hardly be obtained by the most strenuous and exhausting toil, in which husband, wife, sons and daughters, were alike compelled to join, frequently unsustained by a sufficiently generous diet. "My brother," says Gilbert, "at the age of thirteen assisted in thrashing the crop of corn, and at fifteen was the principal laborer on the farm, for we had no hired servant, male or female." During the last ten years of this painful period, the education of his children was superintended by William Burns himself, except when Robert and his brother were sent for one quarter, weeks about, to a school between two and three miles off, at Dalrymple, for the improvement of their writing, and three weeks' tuition which the poet received from his former preceptor, Mr. John Murdoch, who had been recently appointed to a school at Ayr. These three weeks, if Mr. Murdoch's statement is to be taken quite literally, effected a marvellous progress in Robert's education. The first week sufficed for "the revision of his English grammar," and during the remaining two, Mr. Murdoch, who was himself, Gilbert says, learning French at the time, imparted that language with such success to his pupil, "that," writes the teacher, "about the second week of our studying the French language, we began to read a few of the adventures of Telemachus in Fenelon's own words." The duties of the harvest field deprived Mr. Murdoch of his "apt pupil and agreeable companion," but he did not immediately lose sight of him, as he frequently availed himself of the Saturday half-holiday to walk over to Mount Oliphant with one or two intellectual friends, in order to afford "good William Burns a mental feast"—Robert assisting thereat—concocted, it would seem, in a very salad-like fashion, "of solid reasoning, sensible remark, and a due seasoning of jocularity, so nicely blended as to render it palatable to all parties." A very worthy man, Mr. John Murdoch, notwithstanding a natural spice of pedantry, appears to have been. "He was a principal means," says Gilbert, "of my brother's improvement, and continued for some years a respected and useful teacher at Ayr, till one evening that he had been overtaken in liquor he happened to speak somewhat disrespectfully of Dr. Dalrymple, the parish minister, who had not paid him that attention to which he thought himself entitled. In Ayr he might as well have spoken blasphemy, and he found it proper to give up his appointment." The frank-spoken Dominie proceeded to London, where he vegetated as a teacher of the French language—Talleyrand, it is said, took lessons in English of him—till the ripe age of seventy-seven. His memory, however, must in some respects have failed him long previously, for his notice of the poet contains the following passage: "Gilbert always appeared to me to possess a more lively imagination, and to be more of the wit than Robert. I attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left far behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull and his voice untunable." His voice untunable, it may be; but Robert Burns's ear dull, and at the age of thirteen, is simply an impossibility.

Mr. Robinson, a writing master of Ayr, and Mr. Murdoch's particular friend, "observing the facility," writes the younger brother, "with which Robert had acquired the French language, suggested that he should teach himself Latin," whereupon the poet purchased forthwith the rudiments of that tongue, and addressed himself to the task, altogether unsuccessfully; chiefly, it seems, that the charming eyes of Nelly Kilpatrick, his first sweetheart, just then began to initiate him in the rudiments of a more captivating language—and Love and Latin proved, as frequently happens, irreconcilable. It will be necessary presently to revert to this earliest manifestation of Burns's master-passion, but first it will be well to refer to and sum up the poet's book opportunities and acquirements. His father had, beside the ordinary school-books, procured by loan or purchase, for his children's use, "Stackhouse's History of the Bible," a "Geographical Grammar," "a Treatise on Physico-Theology," and another on the same subject, with a different title, "The Wonders of God in the Works of Creation." From other sources, Burns obtained at different periods, "The Spectator," "Pope's Works," a few of Shakespeare's plays, some old volumes of Richardson's and Smollett's novels, "Locke on the

Human Understanding," "Hervey's Meditations," "Allan Ramsay's Works," a "Collection of English Songs," a volume of "Model Letters," and several books of dogmatic theology upon Original Sin, &c. "Two other books," he himself says, "the first I ever read in private, were the 'Life of Hannibal,' and the 'Life of Sir William Wallace,' and they gave me more pleasure than any two books I have read since." The first, which was lent him by Mr. Murdoch, fired his young blood with military ardor—the other "the rhymed Life of Sir William Wallace," which he obtained of the blacksmith who shod his father's horse—Nelly Kilpatrick's father—left an impression on his mind which greatly influenced his poet-life, and may be traced in some of its highest inspirations. In this history, there are some lines referring to a circumstance in the life of the heroic chieftain, in connection with Leglen wood, Ayrshire:

Syne to the Leglen wood when it was late
To make a silent and a sure retreat.

"I chose," says the poet, "a fine summer Sunday, the only day my life allowed, and walked half a dozen miles to pay my respects to Leglen wood, with as much enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto, and as I explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman to have lodged, I recollect that my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him, in some measure equal to his merits." A bold aspiration, and plainly indicative of an instinctive consciousness of latent poetic genius, which, indeed, is rarely kindled to a flame, save by the love of country or of woman. In the instance of the Scottish poet, both influences combined to produce that result, and this brings us back to "Handsome Nell," whom, whilst his eyes were still wet and his pulse throbbing with sorrowful emotion for the fate of Scotland's martyred hero, he met in his father's harvest field—and at once boy-love—

— warm, blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering, shot his nerves along,

associating himself with, and dominating the, for a time, feebler passion of the youthful patriot. "You know," wrote Burns, when in his twenty-eighth year, to Dr. Moore, "you know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, who altogether unwittingly to herself initiated me into that delicious passion which I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below. . . . How she caught the contagion I cannot tell, as I never expressly said I loved her; indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind her when returning in the evening from our labors, why the tones of her voice made my heartstrings thrill like an Æolian harp, and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Amongst her other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly, and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme." There are few of us who have not at one time of our lives felt this bewildering poetic exaltation, if not with the same intensity as Burns, for young love is ever accompanied on his first visit by an Apollo, though usually a dumb one; and it is only upon more familiar acquaintance that he comes alone, or with Hymen slyly lurking in the distance. The nascent poet felt there was a new heaven and a new earth opening upon him; that the sun shone with a brighter glory, the silver stars shed down a purer, softer radiance—the flowers exhaled more fragrant perfume, the birds a sweeter melody; but expression was yet denied to the love-aroused poetic faculty, and all that even Robert Burns could do in the way of uttering "the wild enthusiasm of passion," to quote his own words, "which to this hour," he goes on to say, "I never recollect but my heart melts and my blood sallies at the remembrance," was a song of seven poor verses inscribed to Handsome Nell, of which the best is this—

As bonnie lasses I have seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

Handsome Nell was not, however, destined long to monopolize a heart that the slightest spark from a young woman's eyes would, at any time, set on fire with a new flame. In 1777 the Burns family removed from Mount Oliphant to a farm at Lochlea—a distance of about ten miles, and a somewhat but not

much more hopeful undertaking than that from which the lapse of twelve wearing years had relieved them, the land being high-rented for the time, and William Burns now prematurely aged and bowed down by severe labor and anxiety for his family, unpossessed of the means requisite for successfully farming one hundred and thirty acres of land. For a time, however, the family found themselves in easier circumstances, and the days and evenings of Robert Burns were passed in active, strenuous work on the farm, and in wooing in prose and in verse, in all innocence, up to at least his twenty-third year, every decent-looking maiden of the neighborhood that would listen to him. Beauty in the damsel was not, however, an indispensable requisite for calling forth the admiration of one whose imagination could discern—

Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

Neither did the maiden's rank, whether mistress or servant, a farmer's daughter or his drudge, at all influence his affections. He would just as lieve walk half a dozen miles after work of an evening, to court a farm servant lass, usually seated side by side in a barn or other building, as he would the best dowered damsel in the county. The lover-poet, too, was by this time beginning to find his voice, not at once in great power and volume, but clear and melodious as a silver bell. Witness a few verses addressed about this time to "My Nannie O;" Nannie being, it may be fairly concluded, in opposition to some faint evidence to the contrary, a generic name for the entire class of idols before whom he was everlastingly burning incense, rather than appropriate to only one special divinity:

The westlin wind blows loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy O,
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet and young;
Nae artful wiles to win ye O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie O;
The opening gowan wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me O,
But what care I how few they be?
I'm welcome aye to Nannie O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie O,
But warld's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a —my Nannie O.

In his seventeenth year he attended a dancing-school, in opposition, he states regretfully, to Mr. Burns's wishes, and to this act of disobedience he attributes "the sort of dislike" his father thenceforth manifested toward him, which was one cause of the dissipation which marked his succeeding years. This "dissipation" could only be so spoken of, when contrasted with the rigid discipline and sobriety of Scottish country life in those days. His temper, moreover, was invariably mild and gentle, and if his brother Gilbert spoke with harshness to a youthful help on the farm, within his hearing, he would instantly interfere with—"O mon, ye're no for young folk," followed by some kind words in atonement for Gilbert's severity. At nineteen, Robert was sent to school at Kirkoswald, on the shores of the Firth of Clyde, kept by one Hugh Rodger, a teacher of geometry and land-surveying. During his brief stay there, he mingled sometimes with the rough smuggling gentry that infested the coast, and learnt to fill his glass, and mix without fear in a drunken squabble. His studies were brought suddenly to a close one fine day, by a fresh love-craze. This time it was Peggy Thomson, who lived next door to the school. Happening to go into the garden at the back of the house about noon, with a dial in his hand to take the sun's altitude, he encountered the far brighter eyes of that celestial maiden, by which he was incontinentally struck with raving, but, as ever, temporary madness. "It was vain," he says, "to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed, I did nothing but craze the faculty of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her, and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and inno-

cent girl had kept me guiltless." Fortunately he brought away from the shores of Clyde more durable impressions than Margaret Thomson's beauty imprinted on his brain; and amongst others, that of Douglas Graham, the tenant of the farm at Shanter, and the original of that glorious "Tam," whose night-ride would have had such a disastrous termination but for noble Maggie, whose desperate leap across the brook—

Brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail.

Robert Burns was now upon the verge of early manhood, and the story of his boy-youth cannot be extended further than a brief glance at the prominent incidents the immediately succeeding years may embrace. Some time after his return to Lochlea, he became attached to a young woman of the name of Ellison Begbie, the daughter of a small farmer, but at the time living as a servant with a family on the banks of the Cessnock. This young person he formally solicited in marriage through the medium of several labored and entirely passionless letters, which one can only suppose Burns to have written, by dint of determinedly wrenching himself down to the dead level of the model-letters he had previously studied. Ellison Begbie refused the offer of the poet's hand; for what precise reason does not appear, but it was done, another dreadfully elaborate epistle acknowledges, "in the politest language of refusal, still it was peremptory; you were sorry you could not make me a return, but you wish me, what without you I never can obtain, you wish me all kind of happiness." Who could suppose now, that this freezing, spasmodic tenderness was the composition of a brain in which "Green grow the rushes O," was already sparkling into song? Burns by this time had become a freemason, and a "keen one," it is added, an institution which would necessarily interest him greatly by its unsectarian, philanthropic character; and his matrimonial penchant still continuing, he thought himself of turning flax-dresser, in partnership with another person, at the seaport town or village of Irvine, as affording a better chance of bettering his condition in the world than poorly-requited farm-labor. The flax-dressing scheme, however, turned out ill, Burns's partner was something very like a rascal, though the details are not given—and the poet suffered besides whilst at Irvine from nervous depression—very severely so, indeed, if some expressions in a letter to his father, dated "Irvine, December, 27th, 1781," are to be taken seriously: "I am quite transported that ere long, very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and uneasiness and disquietudes of this weary life, for I assure you I am heartily tired of it, and if I do not very much deceive myself, I would contentedly and gladly resign it." It is consolatory to be able to read this gloomy letter by the light of the burning flax-dressing establishment, which caught fire just four clear days after the epistle was penned (January 1st), during a roystering carouse, of which the poet was of course the life and soul. In truth, Robert Burns was one of the most variable as well as impressionable of human beings—sunlight and shadow, mirth and melancholy, smiles and tears, passed over and obscured or brightened the clear mirror of his soul with ceaseless rapidity—nay, Mr. Robert Chambers, the latest and by far the most successful of his editors, clearly shows, by an ingeniously-woven chain of circumstances, that the "Ode to Mary in Heaven," and the bacchanalian song of the "Whistle," was composed within a short period of each other!

On the 13th of February, 1784, the worthy, sorely-tried, brave William Burns died, "just saved," writes his son, "from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in and carried him away to where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Robert was in the death-chamber, with his sister (afterwards Mrs. Begg), when his father expired. The dying man strove to speak some words of consolation to his bitterly weeping daughter, mingled with warnings against sin, which come with such force from one—especially if a parent—about to depart for ever. Presently, he added, that there was one of his children whose future conduct he was apprehensive of. This sentence was repeated, and the second time Robert, who was standing at some distance from the bedside, heard it, and exclaimed in a broken voice, "Oh, father, is it me you mean?" "Yes," was the reply, and the heart-stricken son turned away towards the window, sobbing convulsively in an agony of self-upbraiding

grief. William Burns, we may be permitted to say, with all reverence for a pure-minded, high-principled, long-suffering man, was scarcely fitted to pass judgment upon the failings or frailties of his greatly-gifted son. What those were in number and degree he might indeed compute with sufficient accuracy, but he could not estimate the force of the fervid impulses which in hundreds of instances had, in all probability, been successfully resisted.

The manhood of the poet's life is chiefly written in his glorious songs, of which, up to this period, there had appeared a few light sparkling gushes only. But his early years had been passed amidst the peasant-life of Scotland, which it was his mission to depict in all its varied lights and shadows—its hardships, consolations, sufferings, joys—its sternly devotional spirit, so apt to be abused by zealot-seeming hypocrites, its stubborn, enthusiastic patriotism, its self-sacrificing hardihood of endurance in any cause believed to be that of Right and Justice. With every phase of Scottish country life and manners the youth of Burns being thus thoroughly familiar, he was enabled to fuse and mould them by the fire of his genius into immortal forms of truth and beauty. And he has had his reward in the highest, only guerdon which a true poet claims or values—one which he doubtfully hoped for when the spirit of poetry first stirred within him:

Even then a wish (I mind its power)—
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast;
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a song at least.

A pious aspiration abundantly fulfilled, for not only in his more immediately native country, but in England, which, as regards Burns, may be called Southern Scotland, he has sung and will continue to sing the songs of the entire people, at merry meetings, at lovers' trysts, at bridal feasts, at the partings and re-assemblage of friends; and there is one trumpet-lyric of his, needless to be named, which, though not printed in the army or navy lists, or set forth in any ordnance return, is nevertheless a greater and more effective national defence than many thousands of regimented men; and would prove on the day, should it ever come, that Scotland or Scotland's queen were seriously menaced by foreign aggression, a wall of living fire around the land defended, consecrated, glorified by the poet's genius.

INDIAN CUNNING.—A Spanish traveller met an Indian in the desert; they were both on horseback. The Spaniard, fearing that his horse, which was none of the best, would not hold out to the end of his journey, asked the Indian, whose horse was young and spirited, to exchange with him. This the Indian refused to do. The Spaniard, therefore, began to quarrel with him; from words they proceeded to blows, and the aggressor, being well armed, proved too powerful for the native. So he seized the poor Indian's horse, and having mounted him, pursued his journey. The Indian closely followed him to the nearest town, and immediately made complaint to a justice. The Spaniard was summoned to appear and bring the horse with him. He, however, treated the rightful owner of the animal as an impostor, affirmed that the horse was his property, and that he had always had him in his possession, having brought him up a colt. There being no proof to the contrary, the justice was about to dismiss the parties, when the Indian cried out, "The horse is mine, and I'll prove it." He took off his blanket and with it instantly covered the animal's head; then addressing the justice, cried, "Since this man affirms that he has raised this horse from a colt, command him to tell in which of his eyes he is blind." The Spaniard, who would not seem to hesitate, instantly answered, "In the right eye." "He is neither blind in the right eye nor the left," replied the Indian. The justice was so fully convinced by this ingenious and decisive proof, that he decreed to the Indian his horse, and the Spaniard to be punished as a robber.

AN author is known by his writings, a mother by her daughter, a fool by his words, and all men by their companions.

QUACK doctors are considered "drivers" of the "last stage" of disease.

VERE EGERTON; OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFETIME.

BY G. J. WHITE MELVILLE, AUTHOR OF "DIGBY GRAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE GIPSY'S DREAM.



THE night is calm and clear; a narrow crescent moon, low down on the horizon, scarcely dims the radiance of those myriads of stars which gem the entire sky. It is such a night as would have been chosen by the Chaldean to read his destiny on the glittering page above his head—such a night as compels us perforce to think of other matters than what we shall eat and what we shall drink—as

brings startlingly to our minds the unsolved question, *What is Reality—the Material of to-day or the Ideal of to-morrow?* Not a cloud obscures the diamond-sprinkled vault above; not a tree, not an undulation, varies the level plain extending far and wide below. Dim and indistinct, its monotonous surface presents a vague idea of boundless space, the vastness of which is enhanced by the silence that reigns around. Not a breath of air is stirring, not a sound is heard save the lazy plash and ripple of the Danube, as it steals away under its low swampy banks, sluggish and unseen. Yet there is life breathing in the midst of this apparent solitude; human hearts beating with all their hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows, in this isolated spot. Even here, beauty pillows her head on the broad chest of strength; infancy nestles to the refuge of a mother's bosom; weary labor lies prone and helpless, with relaxed muscles and limp, powerless limbs; youth dreams of love, and age of youth; and sleep spreads her welcome mantle over the hardy tribe who have chosen this wild waste of Hungary for their lair.

It is long past midnight; their fires have been out for hours; their tents are low and dusky, in color almost like the plain on which they are pitched; you might ride within twenty yards of it, and never know you were near a gipsy's encampment, for the Zingynie loves to be unobserved and secret in his movements; to wander here and there, with no man's leave and no man's knowledge; to come and go unmarked and untrammelled as the wind that lifts the elf-locks from his brow. So he sleeps equally well under the coarse canvas of a tent or the roof of a clear cold sky; he pays no rent, he owns no master, and he believes that, of all the inhabitants of earth, he alone is free.

And now a figure rises from amongst the low dusky tents, and comes out into the light of the clear starry sky, and looks steadfastly towards the east as if watching for the dawn, and turns a fevered cheek to the soft night air, as yet not fresh and cold enough to promise the approach of day. It is the figure of a woman past the prime of life, nay, verging upon age, but who retains all the majesty and some remains of the beauty which distinguished her in bygone days; who even now owns none of the decay of strength or infirmity of gait which usually accompanies the advance of years, but who looks as she always did, born to command, and not yet incapable of enforcing obedience to her behests. It is none other than the Zingynie Queen who prophesied the future of Victor De Rohan when he was a laughing golden-haired child; whose mind is anxious and ill at ease for the sake of her darling now, and who draws her hood further over her head, binds her crimson handkerchief tighter on her brows, and looks once more with anxious glance towards the sky, as she mutters:

"Three hours to dawn, and then six more till noon; and once, girl, thou wast light-footed and untiring as the deer. Girl!" and she laughs a short, bitter laugh. "Well, no matter—girl or woman, or aged crone, the heart is always the same; and I will save him—save him, for the sake of the strong arm and the fair, frank face that have been mouldering for years in the grave!"

She is wanderin' back into the past now. Vivid and real as though it had happened but yesterday, she recalls a scene that took place many a long year ago in the streets of Pesth. She was a young, light-hearted maiden then; the acknowledged

beauty of her tribe, the swiftest runner, the most invincible pedestrian to be found of either sex in the bounds of Hungary. Not a little proud was she of both advantages, and it was hard to say on which she plumed herself the most. In those days, as in many others of its unhappy history, that country was seething with internal faction and discontent; and the Zingynies, from their wandering habits, powers of endurance, and immunity from suspicion, were constantly chosen as the bearers of important despatches and the means of communication between distant conspirators, whilst they were themselves kept in utter ignorance of the valuable secrets with which they were entrusted.

The gipsy maiden had come up to Pesth on an errand of this nature all the way from the Banat. Many a flat and weary mile it is; yet though she had rested but seldom, and partaken sparingly of food, the girl's eye was as bright, her step as elastic, and her beauty as dazzling as when she first started on her journey. In such a town as the capital of Hungary she could not fail to attract attention and remark. Ere long, while she herself was feasting her curiosity with innocent delight on the splendors of the shop windows and the many wonders of a city so interesting to this denizen of the wilderness, she found herself the centre of a gazing and somewhat turbulent crowd, whose murmurs of approbation at her beauty were not unmingled with jeers and even threats of a more formidable description. Swabes were they mostly, and Croations, who formed this disorderly mob; for your true Hungarian, of whatever rank, is far too much of a gentleman to mix himself up with a street riot or vulgar brawl, save upon the greatest provocation. There had been discontent brewing for days amongst the lowest classes; the price of bread had gone up, and there was a strong feeling abroad against the landholders, and what we should term in England the agricultural interest generally.

The mob soon recognized in the Zingynie maiden one of the messengers of their enemies. From taunts and foul abuse they proceeded to overt acts of insolence; and the handsome, high-spirited girl found herself at bay, surrounded by savage faces and rude, insulting tongues. Soon they began to hustle and maltreat her, with cries of "Down with the gipsy!"—"Down with the go-between of our tyrants!"—"To the stake with the fortune-teller!"—"To the Danube with the witch!" Imprudently she drew her long knife and flashed it in the faces of the foremost; for an instant the curs gave back, but it was soon struck from her hand, and any immunity that her youth and beauty might have won from her oppressors was, by this ill-judged action, turned to more determined violence and aggression. Already they had pinioned her arms and were dragging her towards the river—already she had given herself up for lost, when a lane was seen opening in the crowd, and a tall, powerful man came striding to her rescue, and as he elbowed and jostled his way through her tormentors, asked authoritatively, "What was the matter, and how they could dare thus to maltreat a young and beautiful girl?"

"She is a witch!" replied one ruffian who had hold of her by the wrist, "and we are going to put her in the Danube. You are an aristocrat, and you shall keep her company!"

"Shall I?" replied the stranger, and in another instant the insolent Swabe, spitting out a mouthful of blood and a couple of front teeth, measured his length upon the pavement. The crowd began to retire, but they were fierce and excited, and their numbers gave them confidence. A comrade of the fallen ruffian advanced upon the champion with bared knife and scowling brow. Another of those straight left-handers, delivered flush from the shoulder, and he lay prostrate by his friend. The stranger had evidently received his fighting education in England, and the instructions of science had not been thrown away on that magnificent frame and those heavy muscular limbs. It was indeed no other than the last Count de Rohan, Victor's father, the associate of the Prince of Wales, and the friend of Philip Egerton and Sir Harry Beverley; lastly, what was more to the purpose at the present juncture, the pupil of the famous Jackson. Ere long that intimidated mob ceased to interfere, and the nobleman, conducting the frightened gipsy girl with as much deference as though she had been his equal in rank and station, never left her till he had placed her in his own carriage, and forwarded her, with three or four stout husars as her escort, half way back on her homeward journey

There is a little bit of romance safe locked up and hidden away somewhere in a corner of every woman's heart. What was the great Count de Rohan to the vagabond Zingynic maiden but a "bright particular star," from which she must always remain at a hopeless and immeasurable distance? Yet even now, though her hair is gray and her brow is wrinkled—though she has loved and suffered, and borne children and buried them, and wept and laughed, and hoped and feared, and gone the round of earthly joys and earthly sorrows—the color mounts to her withered cheek, and the blood grows warmer round her heart, when she thinks of that frank, handsome face, with its noble features and its fearless eyes, and the kindly smile with which it bade her farewell. Therefore has she always felt a thrilling interest in all that appertains to the Count de Rohan; therefore has she mourned him with many a secret tear, and many a hidden pang; therefore has she loved and cherished and watched over his child as though he had been her own, exhausting all her skill and all her superstition to prognosticate for him a happy future—to ward off from him the evil that she reads too surely in the stars will be his lot.

Once she has warned him—twice she has warned him—will the third time be too late? She shudders to think how she has neglected him. To-morrow—nay, to-day (for it is long past midnight), is the anniversary of his birth, the festival of St. Hubert, and she would have passed it over unnoticed, would have forgotten it, but for last night's dream. The coming morning strikes chill to her very marrow as she thinks what a strange, wild, eerie dream it was.

She dreamed that she was sitting by the Danube; far, far away down yonder, where its broad yellow flood, washing the flat, fertile shores of Moldavia, sweeps onward to the Black Sea, calm, strong, and not to be stemmed by mortal hand, like the stream of Time—like the course of destiny.

Strange voices whispered in her ears, mingled with the plash and ripple of the mighty river; voices that she could not recognize, yet of which she felt an uncomfortable consciousness that she had heard them before. It was early morning, the raw mist curled over the waters, and her hair—how was this?—once more black and glossy as the raven's wing, was dank and dripping with dew. There was a babe, too, in her lap, and she folded the child tighter to her bosom for warmth and comfort. It nestled and smiled up in her face, though it was none of hers; no gipsy blood could be traced in those blue eyes and golden locks; it was De Rohan's heir; how came it here? She asked the question aloud, and the voices answered all at once and confusedly, with an indistinct and rushing sound. Then they were silent, and the river plashed on.

She felt very lonely, and sang to the child for company a merry gipsy song. And the babe laughed and crowed, and leapt in her arms with delight, and glided from her hands; and the waters closed over its golden head and it was gone. Then the voices moaned and shrieked, still far away, dim and indistinct, and the river plashed sullenly on.

But the child rose from the waves and looked back and smiled, and shook the drops from its golden hair, and struck out fearlessly down the stream. It had changed, too, and the blue eyes and the clustering curls belonged to a strong, well-grown young man. Still she watched the form eagerly as it swam, for something reminded her of one she used to think the type of manhood years and years ago. The voices warned her now to rise and hasten, but the river plashed on sullenly as before.

She must run to yonder point, marked as it is by a white wooden cross. Far beyond it the stream whirls and seethes in a deep eddying pool, and she must guide the swimmer to the cross, and help him to land there, or he will be lost—De Rohan's child will be drowned in her sight. How does she know it is called St. Hubert's Cross? Did the voices tell her? They are whispering still, but fainter and farther off. And the river plashes on sullenly, but with a murmur of fierce impatience now.

She waves frantically to the swimmer, and would fain shout to him aloud, but she cannot speak; her shawl is wound so tight round her bosom that it stops her voice, and her fingers struggle in vain amongst the knots. Why will he not turn his head towards her?—why does he dash so eagerly on? proud of his strength, proud of his mastery over the flood—his father's own

son. Ah! he hears it, too. Far away, past the cross and the whirlpool, down yonder on that sunny patch of sand, sits a mermaid, combing her long bright locks with a golden comb. She sings a sweet, wild, unearthly melody—it would woo a saint to perdition! Hark how it mingles with the rushing voices and the plash of the angry river!

The sand is deep and quick along the water's edge; she sinks in it up to the ankles, weights seem to clog her limbs, and hands she cannot see to hold her back: breathless she struggles on to reach the cross, for there is a bend in the river there, and he will surely see her and turn from the song of the mermaid and she will drag him ashore and rescue him from his fate. The voices are close in his ears now, and the river plashing at her very feet.

So she reaches the cross at last, and with frantic gestures for she is still speechless, waves him to the shore. But the mermaid beckons him wildly on, and the stream, seizing him like a prey, whirls him downwards eddying past the cross, and is too late now. See! he turns his head at last, but to show the pale, rigid features of a corpse.

The voices come rushing like a hurricane in her ears; the plash of the river rises to a mighty roar. Wildly the mermaid tosses her white arms above her head, and laughs, and shrieks, and laughs again, in ghastly triumph. The dreamer has found her voice now, and in a frenzy of despair and horror she screams aloud.

With that scream she woke, and left her tent for the cold night air, and counted the hours till morn; and so, with no more preparation, she betook herself to her journey, grieved with the thought that there might be time even yet.

It is sunrise now; a thousand glad some tokens of life and happiness wake with the morning light. The dew sparkles on herb and autumn flower; the lark rises into the bright, new heaven; herds of oxen file slowly across the plain. Hap is ever strong in the morning; and the gipsy's step is more elastic, her brow grows clearer and her eye brighter as she calculates the distance she has already traversed, and the miles that yet lie between her and the woods and towers of Elldorf. A third of the journey is already accomplished; in another hour the summit of the Waldenberg ought to be visible, peering above the plain. She has often trod the same path before, but never in such haste as now.

A tall Hungarian peasant meets her, and recognising her at once for a gipsy, doffs his hat, and bids her "Good morn, mother!" and craves a blessing from the Zingynic, for though he has no silver, he has a paper florin or two in his pocket, and he would fain have his fortune told, and so wile away an hour of his long, solitary day only just begun. With flashing eyes and impatient gestures she bans him as she passes, for she cannot brook even an instant's delay, and the curse springs with angry haste to her lips. He crosses himself in terror as he walks on, and all day he will be less comfortable that he encountered a gipsy's malison at sunrise.

A village lies in her road; many a long mile before she reaches it, the white houses and tall chimneys seem to mock her with their distinct outlines and their apparent proximity, will it never be any nearer? but she arrives there at last, and although she is weary and footsore, she dreams not of an instant's delay or refreshment or repose. Flocks of geese hiss and cackle at her as she passes; from the last cottage in the street a little child runs merrily out with a plaything in its hand, it totters and falls just across her path, as she replaces it on its legs she kisses it, that dark old woman, on its bright young brow. It is a good omen, and she feels easier about her heart now; she walks on with renewed strength and elasticity—she will win yet.

Another hour, the sun is high in the heavens, and, autumn though it be, the heat scorches her head through her crimson handkerchief and her thick gray hair. Ah! she is old now, though the spirit may last for ever, the limbs fail in spite of it; what if she has miscalculated her strength? what if she cannot reach the goal after all? Courage! the crest of the Waldenberg shows high above the plain. Elldorf, as she knows well, lies between her and that rugged range of hills, but she quails to think from what a distance the waving woods of De Rohan's home should be visible, and that they are not yet in sight. Her limbs are very weary, and the cold drops stand on her

brow, for she is faint and sick at heart. Gallantly she struggles on.

It is a tameless race, that ancient nation of which we know not the origin, and speculate on the destiny in vain. It transmits to its descendants a strain of blood which seems as invincible by physical fatigue as it is averse to moral restraint. Like some wild animal, like some coursor of pure Eastern breed, the gipsy gained second strength as she toiled. Three hours after sunrise she was literally fresher and stronger than when she met and cursed the astonished herdsman in the early morning; and as the distance decreased between the traveller and her destination, as the white towers of Edeldorf stood out clearer and clearer in the daylight, glad hope and kindly affection gushed up in her heart, and lame, wearied, exhausted as she was, a thrill of triumph shot through her as she thought she might see her darling in time to warn him even now.

At the lodge-gate she sinks exhausted on a stone. A dashing hussar mounting guard, as befits his office, scans her with an astonished look, and crosses himself more than once with a hurried, inward prayer. He is a bold fellow enough, and would face an Austrian cuirassier or a Russian bayonet as readily and fearlessly as a flask of strong Hungarian wine, but he quails and trembles at the very thought of the Evil Eye.

"The count! the count!" gasps out the breathless Zingyrie, "is he at the castle? can I see Count Victor?"

"All in good time, mother!" replies he, good-naturedly: "the count is gone shooting to the Waldenberg. The carriages have but just driven by; did you not see them as you came here?"

"And the count, is he not riding, as is his custom? will he not pass by here as he gallops on to overtake them? Has my boy learnt to forget the saddle, and to neglect the good horse that his father's son should love?"

"Not to-day, mother," answered the hussar. "All the carriages are gone to-day, and the count sits in the first with a bright, beautiful lady, ah, brighter even than our countess, and more beautiful, with her red lips and her sunny hair."

All hussars are connoisseurs in beauty.

"My boy, my boy," mutters the old woman; and the hussar seeing how ill she looks, produces a flask of his favorite remedy, and insists on her partaking of its contents. It brings the color back to her cheek and the blood to her heart.

"And they are gone to the Waldenberg! and I ought to reach it by the mountain-path before them even now. Oh, for one hour of my girlhood! one hour of the speed I once thought so little of? I would give all the rest of my days for that hour now. To the Waldenberg!"

"To the Waldenberg!" answered the hussar, taking the flask (empty) from his lips; but even while he spoke she was gone.

As she followed the path towards the mountain, a large raven flew out of the copse-wood on her left, and hopped along the track in front of her. Then the gipsy's lips turned ashy-white once more, for she knew she was too late.

CHAPTER XLV.—RETRIBUTION.

CARRIAGE after carriage drove from Edeldorf to the foot of the Waldenberg, and deposited its living freight in a picturesque gorge or cleft of the mountain, where the only road practicable for wheels and axles terminated, and whence the sportsman, however luxurious, must be content to perform the remainder of his journey on foot. A hearty welcome and a sumptuous breakfast at the castle had commenced the day's proceedings; but Madame de Rohan had kept her room on the plea of indisposition, and the only ladies of the party were the Princess and the Countess Valérie. Victor was in unusual spirits, a strange, wild happiness lighted up his eye and spread a halo over his features; but he was absent and pre-occupied at intervals, and his inconsequent answers and air of distraction more than once elicited marks of undisguised astonishment from his guests. The princess was more subdued in manner than her wont. I watched the two with a painful interest, all the keener that my opportunity had not yet arrived, and that the confidence in my own powers which had supported me the previous evening was now rapidly deserting me, as I reflected on the violence of my friend's fatal attachment, and the character of her who was his destiny. If I should fail in persuading him, as was more than

probable, what would be the result? What ought I to do next? I had assumed a fearful responsibility, yet I determined not to shrink from it. Valérie was gay and good-humored as usual. It had been arranged that the two ladies should accompany the sportsmen to the trysting-place at the foot of the mountain and then return to the castle. The plan originated with Valérie, who thus enjoyed more of her lover's society. Nor did it meet with the slightest opposition from Victor, who, contrary to his usual custom of riding on horseback to the mountain, starting after all his guests were gone, and then galloping at speed to overtake them, had shown no disinclination to make a fourth in his own barouche, the other three places being occupied by an Austrian grandee and Prince and Princess Voeqsal. Had he adhered to his usual custom, the Zingyrie would have met him before he reached the lodge. English thorough-bred horses, harnessed to carriages of Vienna build, none of them being drawn by less than four, make light of distance, and it seemed but a short drive to more than one couple of our party when we reached the spot at which our day's sport was likely to commence.

A merry, chattering, laughing group we were. On a level piece of greensward, overshadowed by a few gigantic fir-trees and backed by the bluff rise of the copse-clothed mountain, lounged the little band of gentlemen for whose amusement all the preparations had been made, whose accuracy of eye and readiness of finger were that day to be tested by the downfall of bear and wolf, deer and wild boar, not to mention such ignoble game as partridges, woodcocks, quail, and water-fowl, or such inferior vermin as hawk and buzzard, marten and wild-cat, all of which denizens of the wilderness were to be found in plenty on the Waldenberg. A picturesque assemblage it was, consisting as it did of nearly a score of the first noblemen in Hungary—men who bore the impress of their stainless birth not only in chivalry of bearing and frank courtesy of manner, but in the handsome faces and stately frames that had come down to them direct from those mailed ancestors whose boast it used to be that they were the advanced guard of Germany and the very bulwarks of Christendom. As I looked around on their happy, smiling faces, and graceful, energetic forms, my blood ran cold to think how the lightest whisper of one frail woman might bring every one of those noble heads to the block; how, had she indeed been more or less than woman, a cross would even now be attached to every one of those time-honored names on that fatal list which knows neither pity nor remorse. And when I looked from those unconscious men to the fair arbitress of their fate, with her little French bonnet and coquettish dress, with her heightened color and glossy hair, I thought, if the history of the world were ever really laid bare, what a strange history it would be, and how unworthy we should find had been the motives of some of the noblest actions, how paltry the agency by which some of the greatest convulsions on record had been effected.

She was fastening Victor's powder-horn more securely to its string, and I remarked that her fingers trembled in the performance of that simple office. She looked wistfully after him, too, as he waved his hat to bid her adieu, and stood up in the carriage to watch our ascending party long after she had started on her homeward journey. She who was generally so proud, so undemonstrative, so careful not to commit herself by word or deed! could it have been a presentiment? I felt angry with her then; alas! alas! my anger had passed away long before the sun went down.

"Help me to place the guns, Vere," said Victor, in his cheerful, affectionate voice, as we toiled together up the mountain side, and reached the first pass at which it would be necessary to station a sportsman, well armed with rifle and smooth-bore, to be ready for whatever might come. "I can depend upon you, for I know your shooting; so I shall put you above the waterfall. Voeqsal and I will take the two corners just below; and if there is an old boar in the Waldenberg, he must come to one of us. I expect a famous day's sport, if we manage it well. I used to say '*Vive la guerre*,' Vere—don't you remember? but it's '*Vive la chasse*,' now, and has been for a long time with me."

He looked so happy; he was so full of life and spirits, I could not help agreeing with his head forester, a tall, stalwart Hungarian, who followed him about like his shadow, when he

muttered, "It does one good to see the count when he gets on the mountain. He is like himself now."

Meanwhile the beaters, collected from the neighboring peasantry, and who had been all the previous day gradually contracting the large circle they had made, so as to bring every head of game, and indeed every living thing, from many a mile round, within the range of our fire-arms, might be heard drawing nearer and nearer, their shrill voices and discordant shouts breaking wildly on the silence of the forest, hitherto uninterrupted, save by the soft whisper of the breeze or the soothing murmur of the distant waterfall. Like the hunter when he hears the note of a hound, and erects his ears, and snorts and trembles with excitement, I could see many of my fellow-sportsmen change color and fidget upon their posts; for well they knew that long before the beaters' cry smites upon the ear, it is time to expect the light-bounding gambol of the deer, the stealthy gallop of the wolf, the awkward advance of the bear, or the blundering rush of the fierce wild boar himself; and as they were keen and experienced sportsmen, heart and soul in the business of the day, their quick glances and eager attitudes showed that each was determined no inattention on his own part should baulk him of his prey.

One by one, Victor placed them in their respective situations, with a jest and a kind word and a cordial smile for each. Many a hearty friend remarked that day how Count de Rohan's voice was gayer, his manner even more fascinating than usual, his whole bearing more full of energy and happiness and a thorough enjoyment of life.

At last he had placed them all but Ropsley and myself, and there was no time to be lost, for the cry of the beaters came louder and louder on the breeze; and already a scared buzzard or two, shooting rapidly over our heads, showed that our neighborhood was disturbed, and the game of every description must ere long be on foot.

"Take the guardsman above the waterfall, Vere, and put him by the old oak tree," said Victor, fanning his brow with his hat after his exertions. "He can command both the passes from there, and get shooting enough to remind him of Sebastopol. You take the glade at the foot of the bare rock. Keep well under cover. I have seen two boars there already this season. I shall stay here opposite the prince. Halloo! Vocqsal, where are you?"

"Here!" replied that worthy from the opposite side of the torrent, where he had ensconced himself in a secure and secret nook, commanding right and left an uninterrupted view of two long narrow vistas in the forest, and promising to afford an excellent position for the use of that heavy double-barrelled rifle which he handled with a skill and precision the result of many a year's practice and many a triumphant coup.

Unlike the younger sportsmen, Prince Vocqsal's movements were marked by a coolness and confidence which was of itself sufficient to predetermine success. He had taken off the resplendent wig which adorned his "imperial front" immediately on the departure of the ladies, and transferred it to the capacious pockets of a magnificent green velvet shooting-coat, rich in gold embroidery and filagree buttons of the same precious metal. Its place was supplied by a black skull-cap, surmounted by a wide-brimmed, low hat. On the branches of the huge old tree under which he was stationed he had hung his powder-horn, loading-rod, and shooting apparatus generally, in such positions as to insure replenishing his trusty rifle with the utmost rapidity; and taking a hunting-knife from his belt, he had stuck it, like a Scottish Highlander, in his right boot. Since his famous encounter with the bear at this very spot, the prince always liked to wear his "best friend," as he called it, in that place. These arrangements being concluded to his own satisfaction, he took a goodly-sized hunting-flask from his pockets, and after a hearty pull at its contents, wiped his moustache, and looked about him with the air of a man who had made himself thoroughly comfortable, and was prepared for any emergency.

"Here I am, Victor," he shouted once more, "established *en fractionnaire*. Don't shoot point-blank this way, and keep perfectly quiet after you hear the action has commenced."

Victor laughingly promised compliance, and Ropsley and I betook ourselves, with all the haste we could make, to our respective posts.

It was a steep though not a long climb, and we had a little breath to spare for conversation. Yet it seemed that something more than the exhausting nature of our exercise sealed our lips and checked our free interchange of thought. There was evidently something on Ropsley's mind; and he, too, appeared aware that there was a burden on mine. It was not till I reached the old oak-tree at which he was to be stationed, and was about to leave him for my own place, that he made the slightest remark. Then he only said:

"Vere, what's the matter with De Rohan? There's something very queer about him to-day; have you not observed it?"

I made some excuse about his keen zest for field sports, and his hospitable anxiety that his guests should enjoy their share of the day's amusement, but the weight at my heart belied my commonplace words, and when I reached the station assigned me I sank down on the turf, oppressed and crushed by a foreboding of some sudden and dreadful evil.

Soon a shot far off at the extreme edge of the wood warned me that the sport had commenced; another and yet another followed in rapid succession. Branches began to rustle and dry twigs to crack as the larger game moved onwards to the centre of the fatal circle. A fine brown bear came shambling clumsily along within twenty yards of my post; I hit him in the shoulder, and watching him as he went on to mark if my ball had taken effect, saw him roll over and over down the steep mountain side, at the same moment that the crack of Ropsley's unerring rifle reached my ear, and a light puff of smoke from the same weapon curled and clung around the fir-trees above his hiding-place. A "bravo" of encouragement sprang to my lips, but I checked it as it rose, for at that instant an enormous wild-boar emerged from the covert in front of me; he was trotting along leisurely enough, and with an undignified and ungainly movement sufficiently ludicrous, but his quick eye must have caught the gleam of my rifle ere I could level it, for he stopped dead short, turned aside with an angry grunt, and dashed furiously down the hill towards the waterfall. "Boar forward!" shouted I, preparing to follow the animal, but in a few moments a shot rang sharply through the woodlands, succeeded almost instantaneously by another, and then a scream—a long, full, wild, ear-piercing scream! And then the ghastly, awful silence that seems to tell so much. I knew it all along before I reached him, and yet of those few minutes I have no distinct recollection. There was a group of tall figures looking down; a confused mass of rifles, powder-horns and shooting-gear; a hunting-flask lying white and glittering on the green turf; and an old woman with a bright crimson handkerchief kneeling over something on the ground. Every one made way for me to pass, they seemed to treat me with a strange awe-stricken respect—perhaps they knew I was his friend, his oldest friend—and there he lay, the brave, the bright, the beautiful, stretched at his length, stone dead on the cold earth, shot through the heart—by whom? by Prince Vocqsal.

I might have known there was no hope. I had heard such screams before, cleaving the roar of battle—death shrieks, that are only forced from man when the leaden messenger has reached the very well-spring of his life. I need not have taken the cold clammy hand in mine, and opened his dress and looked with my own eyes upon the blue livid mark. It was all over; there was no more hope for him than for the dead who have lain a hundred years in the grave. This morning he was Count De Rohan; Victor De Rohan my dear old friend. I thought of him a merry blue-eyed child, and then I wept; and my head got better, and so I learned by degrees what had happened.

The bear had dashed down at speed toward the waterfall. He had crossed the range of Count De Rohan's rifle, but the count—and on this fact his forester laid great stress—the count had missed his aim, and the animal almost instantaneously turned towards Prince Vocqsal. The prince's rifle rang clear and true; with his usual cool precision he had waited until the quarry was past the line of his friend's ambush, and had pulled the trigger in perfect confidence as to the result. He, too, had failed for once in the very act of skill on which he so prided himself. His ball missing the game had struck against the hard knot of an old tree beyond it, and glancing thence almost at right angles, had lodged in poor Victor's heart at the very moment when the exhausted Zingyrie, staggering with fatigue,

had reached his post, murmuring a few hoarse words of warning, and an entreaty to abandon the sport only for that day. As he turned to greet her, the fatal messenger arrived, and with a convulsive bound into the air, and one loud scream, he fell dead at her feet.

Old Prince Vocqsal seemed utterly stupefied. He could neither be prevailed upon to quit the body, nor did it seem possible to make him comprehend exactly what had happened, and the share which he had himself borne so unwittingly in the dreadful catastrophe. The Zingynie, on the contrary, although pale as death, was composed and almost majestic in her grief. To her it was the fulfilment of a prophecy—the course of that destiny which is not to be checked nor stayed. As she followed the body, with head erect and measured tread, she looked neither to right nor left, but her black eyes flashed with awful brilliance as she fastened the dilated orbs on what had once been Victor De Rohan, and murmured in a low chant words which I now remembered for the first time, to have heard many years before, words of which I now knew too well the gloomy significance. “Birth and Burial—Birth and Burial—Beware of St. Hubert’s Day!”

So we bore him down to Ede. orf, slowly, solemnly, as we bear one to his last resting-place. Down the beautiful mountain side, with its russet copsewood, and its fine old oaks, and its brilliant clothing of autumnal beauty; down the white sandy road between the vine gardens, with their lightsome foliage and their clusters of blushing grapes, and the buxom peasant-women, and ruddy, happy children, even now so gay and noisy, but hushed and horror-bound as they stopped to look and learn; down across the long level plain, where the flocks were feeding securely, and the cattle stood dreamily, and clouds of insects danced and hovered in the beams of an afternoon sun. Slowly, solemnly, we wound across the plain; slowly, solemnly, we reached the wide park-gates. A crowd of mourners gathering as we went, followed eager and silent in the rear. Slowly, solemnly, we filed up the long avenue between the acacias, bearing the lord of that proud domain, the last of the De Rohans, to his ancestral home.

Two ladies were walking in the garden as we approached the house; I caught sight of their white dresses before they had themselves perceived our ghastly train. They were Constance De Rohan, and Rose, Princess Vocqsal.

There was deep and holy mourning, there were bitter scalding tears that night in the castle of Edeldorf. On the morrow, when the sun rose there was one broken heart within its walls.

CHAPTER XLVI.—V.E. VICTIS:

VALERIE DE ROHAN is Mrs. Ropsley now; she has dropped the rank of countess, and prides herself upon the facility with which she has adopted the character of an English matron. She speaks our language, if anything, a little less correctly than when I knew her first; never shakes hands with any of her male acquaintances, and cannot be brought to take a vehement interest in low church bishops, parliamentary majorities, or the costly shawls and general delinquencies of her pretty next-door neighbor, whose private history is no concern of yours or mine. In all other respects she is British enough to be own granddaughter to Boadicea herself. She makes her husband’s breakfast punctually at ten; comes down in full morning toilet, dressed for the day, bringing with her an enormous bunch of keys, such as we bachelors scrutinize with mysterious awe, and of the utility of which, inasmuch as they are invariably forgotten and left on the breakfast table, we nourish vague and secret doubts; further, she studies Shakespeare and Burke (not the statesman, but the compiler of that national work which sets forth the pedigrees of peers and baronets, and honorable messieurs and mesdames) with divided ardor, and although she thinks London a little *triste*, believes her own house in Belgravia to be a perfect paradise, and loves its lord and hers with a pure, simple and entire devotion. Mrs. Ropsley is very happy, and so is he.

“The boy is father to the man.” I can trace it in the late guardsman—who relinquished his profession at the peace—the same energy, the same calculating wisdom, the same practical good sense that distinguished his youth; but he has lost the selfishness which made his earlier character so unamiable, and has acquired in its stead an enlarged view of the duties and pur-

poses of life, a mellowed tone of thought, a deeper sense of feeling as to its pleasures and its pains. He has discovered that the way to be happy is not to surround oneself with a rampart of worldly wisdom, not to cover the human breast with a shield of cynical defiance which always fails it at its need, but to take one’s share manfully and contentedly of the roses as of the thorns—no more ashamed to luxuriate in the fragrance of the one, than to wince from the sharp points of the other. He entered on life with one predominant idea, and that one perhaps the least worthy of all those which sanguine boyhood proposes so ardently to itself; but he had purpose and energy, and though self was his idol, he worshipped with a perseverance and consistency worthy of a better cause. Circumstances which have warped so many to evil, rescued him at the turning point of his destiny. When he met Valérie at Vienna, he was rapidly hardening into a bold, bad man; but the affection with which she inspired him saved him, as such affection has saved many a one before, from that most dangerous state of all in which he lies who has nothing to care for, nothing to hope, and consequently nothing to fear. Oh! you who have it in your power to save the fallen, think of this. How slight is the cable that tows many a goodly vessel into port; what a mere thread will buoy up a drowning man; do not stand on the bank and wag your heads, and say, “I told you so;” stretch but the little finger, throw him the rope that lies to your hand; nay, think it no shame to wet your feet and bring him gently and tenderly ashore, for is he not your brother?

The good work that Valérie’s influence had begun was perfected by the hardships and horrors of the Crimean campaign. No man could witness the sufferings so cheerfully borne, or take his share in the kindly offices so heartily interchanged on that dreary plateau above Sebastopol, without experiencing an improvement in his moral being, and imbibing far more correct notions than he had entertained before as to the realities of life and death. No man could take his turn of duty day by day in the trenches, see friends and comrades one by one struck down by grapeshot, or withering from disease, and not feel that he too held life on a startlingly uncertain tenure; that if the material were indeed all-in-all, he had no business there; that the ideal has a large share even in this life, and will probably constitute the very essence of that which is to come. It is a mistake to suppose that danger hardens the heart; on the contrary, it renders it peculiarly alive to the softer and kindlier emotions. The brave are nearly always gentler, more susceptible, than apparently weaker natures; and many a man who does not quail at the roar of a battery, who confronts an advancing column with a careless smile and a pleasant jest upon his lips, will wince like a child at an injury or unkindness dealt him from the hand he loves.

Ropsley, too, had many a pang of remorse to contend with, many an hour of unavailing regret, as he looked back to the mischief he had wrought by his unscrupulous schemes for his own benefit—the misery, to which in his now softened nature he was keenly alive, that a thoughtless selfishness had brought on his oldest and dearest friends. Poor Victor married in haste, when piqued and angry with one who, whatever might be her faults, was the only woman on earth to him. Constance Beverley, driven into this alliance by his own false representations and her father’s ill-judged vehemence. Another old school-fellow, whom he was at last beginning to value and esteem, attributing the wreck of all he hoped and cherished in the world to this fatal marriage; and he himself ere long wishing to be connected by the nearest and dearest ties with those whose future he had been so instrumental in blasting, and who could not but look upon him as the prime source and origin of all their unhappiness.

No wonder Ropsley was an altered man; no wonder Victor’s sudden and awful death made a still further impression on his awakened feelings; no wonder he prized the blessing he had won, and determined to make himself worthy of a lot the golden joys of which his youth would have sneered at and despised, but which he was grateful to find his manhood was capable of appreciating as they deserved.

Happiness stimulates some tempers to action, as grief goads others to exertion; and Ropsley is not one to remain idle. Though Edeldorf has passed away from the name of De Rohan for ever more, he has obtained a large fortune with his wife; but

affluence and comfort alone will not fill up the measure of such a man's existence, and his energetic character will be sure to find some outlet for the talents and acquirements it possesses. Politics will probably be his sphere; and those who know of what efforts a bold, far-seeing nature is capable, when backed by study, reflection, above all, common sense; and when blessed with a happy home of love on which to rest, and from which to gather daily new hope and strength, will not think me over certain in predicting that something more than a "*He jact*" will, in the fulness of time be carved on Ropsley's tombstone; that he will do something more in his generation than eat and drink, and pay his son's debts, and make a will, and so lie down and die and be forgotten.

It is good to be firm, strong-minded and practical; it is good to swim with the stream, and without ever losing sight of the landing place, to lose no advantage of the current, no lull of the back-water, no rippling eddy in one's favor. It is not good to struggle blindly on against wind and tide, to trust all to a gallant heart, to neglect the beacon and the landmark, to go down at last, unconquered it may be in spirit, but beaten and submerged for all that, in fact. There is an old tale of chivalry which bears with it a deep and somewhat bitter moral: of a certain knight who, in the madness of his love, vowed to cast aside his armor and ride three courses through the *mûlée* with no covering save his lady's night-weeds. Helm, shield, and corslet, mail and plate, and stout buff jerkin, all are cast aside. With bared brow and naked breast the knight is up and away!—amongst those gathering warriors clad from head to foot in steel. Some noble hearts—God bless them!—turn aside to let him pass; but many a fierce blow and many a cruel thrust are delivered at the devoted champion in the throng. Twice, thrice he rides that fearful gauntlet; and ere his good horse stops, the white night-dress is fluttering in rags—torn and hacked and saturated with blood. It is a tale of romance, mark that! and the knight recovers, to be happy. Had it been reality, his lady might have wrung her hands over a clay-cold corpse in vain. Woe to him who sets lance in rest to ride a tournament with the world! Woe to the warm imagination, the kindly feelings, the generosity that scorns advantage, the soft and vulnerable heart! How it bleeds in the conflict, how it suffers in the defeat! Yet there are some battles in which it is perhaps nobler to lose than to win. Who shall say in what victory consists? "Discretion is the better part of valor," quoth prudence; but courage, with herald-voice, still shouts, "Fight on! brave knights, fight on!"

In the tomb of his fathers, in a gloomy vault, where a light is constantly kept burning, sleeps Victor de Rohan, my boyhood's friend, my more than brother. Many a stout and warlike ancestor lies about him; many a bold Crusader, whose marble effigy, with folded hands and crossed legs, makes silent boast that he had struck for the good cause in the Holy Land, rests there, to shout and strike no more. Not one amongst them all that had a nobler heart than he who joined them in the flower of manhood—the last of his long and stainless line. As the old white-haired sexton opens the door of the vault to trim and replenish the glimmering death-lamp, a balmy breeze steals in and stirs the heavy silver fringe on the pall of Victor's coffin—a balmy breeze that plays round the statue of the Virgin on the chapel roof, and sweeps across many a level mile of plain, and many a fair expanse of wood and water, till it reaches the fragrant terraces and the frowning towers of distant Sieben-gebirge—a balmy breeze that cools the brow of yon pale drooping lady, who turns an eager, wistful face towards its breath. For why? It blows direct from where he sleeps at Eleldorf.

She is not even clad in mourning, yet who has mourned him as she has done? She might not even see him borne to his last home, yet who so willingly would lay her down by his side, to rest for ever with him in the grave?

Alas for you, Rose, Princess Vocqsal! you who must needs play with edged tools till they cut you to the quick! you who must needs rouse passions that have blighted you to the core? you who never knew you had a heart till the eve of St. Hubert's Day, and found it empty and broken on the morrow of that festival!

She tends that old man now with the patience and devotion of a saint—that old childish invalid in his garden chair, prattling of his early exploits, playing contentedly with his little dog, fret-

ful and impatient about his dinner. This is all that a paralytic stroke, acting on a constitution weakened by excess, has left of Prince Vocqsal.

Nor is the wife less altered than her husband. Who would recognise in those pale sunken features, in that hair once so sunny, now streaked with whole masses of gray, in that languid step and listless, fragile form, the fresh, sparkling, roseate beauty of the famous Princess Vocqsal. She has done with beauty now; she has done with love and light, and all that constitute the charm and the sunshine of life; but she has still a duty to perform. She has still an expiation to make; and with a force and determination which many a less erring nature might fail to imitate, she has set herself resolutely to the task.

Save to attend to her religious duties, compromising many an act of severe and grievous penance, she never leaves her patient. All that woman's care and woman's tenderness can provide, she lavishes on that querulous invalid; with a woman's instinct of loving that which she protects, he is dearer to her now than anything on earth; but oh! it is a sad, sad face that she turns to the breeze from Eleldorf.

Her director comes to see her twice a day; he is a grave, stern priest—an old man who has shriven criminals on the scaffold—who has accustomed himself to read the most harrowing secrets of the human soul. He should be dead to sensibility, and blunted to all softer emotions, yet he often leaves the princess with tears in his grave cold eyes.

She is a Roman Catholic; do not therefore argue that her repentance may not avail. She has been a sinner—scarlet, if you will, of the deepest dye; do not therefore say that the door of mercy will be shut in her face. There are sins besides those of the feelings—crimes which spring from more polluted sources than the affections. The narrow gate is wide enough for all. If you are striving to reach it, walking hopefully along the straight path, it is better not to turn aside and take upon yourself the punishment of every prostrate bleeding sinner; if you must needs stop, why not bind the gaping wounds, and help the sufferer to resume the up-hill journey? There are plenty of diabolical lying about, we know—heavy, sharp, and three cornered, such as shall strike the poor cowering wretch to the earth, never to rise again. Which of us shall stoop to lift one of them in defiance of Divine mercy? Which of us shall dare to say, "I am qualified to cast the first stone at her?"

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE RETURN OF SPRING.

THE smoke curls up once more from the chimneys of Alton Grange; the woman in possession, she with the soapy arms and unkempt hair, who was always cleaning with ill result, has been paid for her occupancy and sent back to her own tidy home in the adjoining village. The windows are fresh painted, the lawn fresh mown, the garden trimmed, and the walks rolled; nay, the unwonted sound of wheels is sometimes heard upon the gravel sweep in front of the house, for the country neighbors, a race who wage unceasing war against anything mysterious, and whose thirst for "news," and energy in the acquisition of gossip, are as meritorious as they are uncalled for, have lavished their attentions on the solitary, and welcomed him back to his lonely home far more warmly than he deserves. The estate, too, has been at nurse ever since he went away. An experienced man of business has taken it into his own especial charge, but somehow the infant has not attained any great increase of vigor under his fostering care, and the proprietor is ungrateful enough to think he could have managed it better for himself. Inside, the house is dark and gloomy still. I miss poor Bold dreadfully. After a day of attention to those trivial details which the landholder dignifies with the title of "business," or worse still, of vacant, dreary hours passed in listless apathy, it is very lonely to return to a solitary dinner and a long silent evening, to feel that the wag of a dog's tail against the floor would be company, and to own there is solace in the sympathy even of a brute's unreasoning eye. It is not good for man to be alone, and that is essentially a morbid state in which solitude is felt to be a comfort and a relief; more especially does the want of occupation and companionship press upon one who has been leading a life of busy every-day excitement such as falls to the lot of the politician or the soldier; and it has always appeared to me that the worst of all possible preparations for the quiet, homely duties of a country gentleman, are the very two professions so generally

chosen as the portals by which the heir of a landed estate is to enter life. It takes years to tame the soldier, and the politician seldom really settles down at all; but of course you will do what your fathers did—if the boy is dull, you will gird a sword upon his thigh; if he is conceited, you will get him into parliament, and fret at the obtuse deafness of the house. Perhaps you may as well be appointed one way as the other; whatever you do with him, by the time he is thirty you will wish you had done differently, and so will he. Action, however, is the only panacea for despondency; work, work, is the remedy for lowness of spirits. What am I that I should sit here with folded hands, and repine at the common lot? There are none so humble but they can do some little good, and in this the poor are far more active than the rich. Let me take example by the day laborers at my gate. There is a poor family not a mile from here who sadly lack assistance, and whom for the last fortnight I have neglected to visit. A gleam of sunshine breaks in through the mullioned window, and gilds even the black oak wainscoting: the clouds are passing rapidly away, I will take my hat and walk off at once towards the common. Oh, the hypocrisy of human motives! The poor family are tenants of Constance de Rohan; their cottage lies in the direct road to Beverley Manor.

It has been raining heavily, and the earth is completely saturated with moisture. The late spring, late even for England, is bursting forth almost with tropical luxuriance. Dank and dripping, the fragrant hedges glisten in the noon-day beams. Brimful is every blossom in the orchard, fit chalice for the wild bird or the bee. Thick and tufted, the wet grass sprouts luxuriantly in the meadow-lands where the cowslip hangs her scented head, and the buttercup, already dry, reflects the sunshine from its golden hollow. The yellow brook laughs merrily on beneath the foot-bridge, and the swallows shoot hither and thither high up against the clear blue sky. How fresh and tender is the early green of the noble elms in the foreground, and the distant hatches on the hill. How sweet the breath of spring; how fair and loveable the smile upon her face. How full of hope and promise and life and light and joy. Oh, the giant capacity for happiness of the human heart. Oh, what a world it might be. What a world it is!

The children are playing about before the door of the cottage on the common. Dirty, and noisy, and rosy, the little urchins stare, wonder-struck, at the stranger, and disappear tumultuously into certain back settlements, where there are a garden, and a bee hive, and a pig. An air of increased comfort pervades the dwelling, and its mistress has lost the wan, anxious look it pained me so to see some ten days ago. With a corner of her apron she dusts a chair for me to sit down, and prepares herself for a gossip, in which experience tells me the talking will be all one way. "Her 'old man' is gone out to-day for the first time to his work. He is quite stout again at last, but them low fevers keeps a body down terrible, and the doctor's stuff was no good, and she thinks after all it's the fine weather as has brought him round; leastways, that and the broth Lady Beverley sent him from the Manor House; and she to come up herself only yesterday was a week, through a pour of rain, poor dear! for foreign parts has not agreed with her, and she's not so rosy as she were when I knew her first, but a born angel all the same, and ever will be."

Tears were in the good woman's eyes, and her voice was choked. I stayed to hear no more. Lady Beverley, as she called her, was, then, once more at home. She had been here—here on this very spot, but one short week ago. I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground she had trodden. I longed if it was only to see her footprints. I, who had schooled myself to such a pitch of stoicism and apathy, who had stifled and rooted out and cut down the germs of passion till I had persuaded myself that they had ceased to exist, and that my heart had become hard and barren as the rock—I, who had thought that when the time came I should meet her in London with a kindly greeting, as became an old friend, and never turn to look the way she went; and now, because she had been here a week ago, because there was a possibility of her being at the moment within three miles of where I stood, to feel the blood mounting to my brow, the tears starting to my eyes—oh! it is as scarlet shame, and yet it is burning happiness too.

The sun shone brighter, the birds sang more merrily now.

There was no longer a mockery in the spring. The dry branch seemed to blossom once more—the worn and weary nature to imbibe fresh energies and renewed life. There was hope on this side the grave, hope that might be cherished without bitterness or remorse. Very dark had been the night, but day was breaking at last. Very bitter and tedious had been the winter, but spring, real spring, was bursting forth. I could hardly believe in the prospect of happiness thus opened to me. I trembled to think of what would be my destiny if I should lose it all again.

In the ecstasy of joy, as in the tumult of uncertainty and the agony of grief, there is but one resource for failing human strength, how feeble and failing none know so well as those whom their fellows deem the noblest and the strongest. That resource has never yet played man false at his need. The haughty brow may be compelled to stoop, the boasted force of will be turned aside, the proud spirit be broken and humbled to the dust, the race be lost to the swift and the battle go against the strong, but the victory shall be wrested, the goal shall be attained by the clasped hands and the bended knees, and the loving heart that through good and evil has trusted steadfastly to the end.

I may lock the old desk now. I have told my tale; 'tis but the every-day story of the ups and downs of life—the winnings and losings of the game we all sit down to play. One word more, and I have done.

In the solitude of my chamber I took from its hiding-place a withered flower; once it had been a beautiful white rose, how beautiful, how cherished none knew so well as I. Long and steadfastly I gazed at it, conjuring up the while a vision of that wild night, with its flying clouds and its waving fir-trees, and the mocking moonlight shining coldly on the gravel path, and the bitterness of that hour, the bitterest of all that had yet fallen to my lot, and so I fell asleep. And behold it seemed to be noon, midsummer noon in a garden of flowers, hot and bright and beautiful. The butterfly flitted in the sunshine, and the wood-pigeon mourned sweetly and sadly in the shade. Little children with laughing eyes played and rolled about upon the sward, and ran up, warm and eager, to offer me posies of the choicest flowers. One by one I refused them all, for amongst the pride of the garden there was none to me like my own withered rose that I had cherished so long, and I turned away from each as it was brought me, and pressed her closer to my heart where she always lay.

Then, even as I clasped her, she bloomed in her beauty once more, fresh and pure and radiant as of old, steeping my very soul in fragrance, a child of earth indeed, but wafting her sweetness up to heaven.

And I awoke, and prayed that it might not be all a dream.

THE END.

ARABIC SAYINGS.—If it is thy belief, oh my son, that the garden of Eden is guarded by lions, let it be thy sole endeavor here below to learn to combat these lions.—Despise not the poor.—Even in the humble flint sleep the warm sparks which may light up the night. Make thee, oh rich man, rather as a steel to the stone, and entice the slumbering sparks out of it.—When the angel of the Lord would look into thee as into a mirror, be then thy soul pure as the sources of the Nile, not as the slime of the dwindled river.—Cast not away the crystal thou mayst chance to find, because ye went forth to seek for diamonds.—Look upon the world as a glass-house; then be a sun and penetrate it.—Make thy home, oh my son, in the breast of purity, even as the nightingale builds her nest in the branches of the rose tree.—Make not thine enemy thy physician, nor thine adversary thy cook.—When thou wilt discharge the arrow of truth, first dip its point in honey.—Thou blind praise not the glitter of the diamond, nor the deaf the sound of the cymbal.—It sorrow is an arrow, touch not the string of the bow.—Eat in the oasis, fast in the desert.—To heat the iron is nothing; thou must also bring it to the anvil.—Cast not dates before the animal accustomed to thistles.—Bite not the finger which puts honey into thy mouth.—Shoot not thine arrows against heaven, for they will never reach the head of Allah.

THE PILGRIMS TO NONNENHEIM.

A ROMANCE OF YESTERDAY.

IN one of the villages that checker here and there the western shores of the Lake of Constance, there had been, on the previous evening, a call for a large boat to take a party of travellers across the lake to Nonnenheim, which accounted for the unusual bustle that was filling the little bay with such extraordinary commotion at that early hour. After a complicated series of evolutions, the precise end of each of which it was not easy to comprehend, the boatman succeeded at last in detaching a moderately-sized row-barge from a crowd of smaller craft; though not without an immense amount of useless vociferation and shouting, which seemed sadly in disaccordance with the sweet repose of the surrounding scene, and the impressive stillness of the sleeping waters thus so rudely disturbed from their rest.

Just as the sun began to loom in his morning splendor over the eastern horizon of the lake, transmuting its cold tones of silvery gray by Nature's gorgeous alchemy into the warmer hues of ruddy gold, the barge reached the miniature jetty, and a group of several persons might have been seen approaching it from the doorway of the principal, or rather solitary, inn of the place.

This group of travellers was soon followed from the inn by some score or so of sturdy peasants, each bearing one or more of such musical instruments as form the modern *materiel* of a complete orchestra; no vehicle of melody appeared to have been omitted, from the stately bulk of the ophicleide, or "serpent," to the miniature dimensions of the octave fife.

The mystery concerning the vocation of our travellers was solved. And the few scattered gazers, who stood curiously watching their proceedings, soon learnt that they were a company of enthusiastic musicians, eminent in various degrees, who met there by preconcerted arrangement from the different, and, in some cases, distant parts of Germany, in order to pay a visit of homage to the tomb of a recently-departed brother in art—the Kapelmeister, Peter Joseph Lindpaintner, whose remains were sleeping in a humble tomb in his little native town of Nonnenheim.

The musicians were not alone; a stranger had joined their party, who had not arrived with them, and was evidently "not of them." His request to be allowed to join the expedition had been received with that cordial politeness with which true artists always acknowledge and accept the advances of volunteers to their ranks; and, after a few *contretemps*—for men of art are seldom adroit in nautical affairs, either on salt or fresh water—the row-barge pushed off, and the whole party were soon gliding swiftly over the lake.

The stranger, whose dress and bearing marked him at once as belonging to a superior rank in the social scale, and whose slightly grised hair alone indicated that he had passed the zenith of youth and entered on the table-land of middle life, might have been at once recognized by an Englishman as a compatriot, though his present companions did not appear to have arrived at that conclusion. He had been visiting the Falls of Schaffhausen, and had then somewhat diverged from the plan of his tour, only to obtain a passing glimpse of the Lake of Constance, before plunging into the Alpine scenery of Switzerland. But hearing of the expedition of the band of enthusiastic musicians to Nonnenheim, he had, impelled by some irresistible impulse, begged permission to join their party.

As the first impression of the all-subduing calm of the sleeping lake wore off, the party of musicians gradually broke their silence: at first only by enthusiastic snatches of desultory exclamation, uttered *sotto voce*, on the enchanting beauty of the scene and hour, and by degrees the conversation resumed its original swing. After much discussion, it was resolved that they should commence the performance of some of the most successful pieces of the departed composer, at once to honor the memory of Lindpaintner and to beguile the hours of their passage across the lake.

With what honest enthusiasm and conscientious accuracy and painstaking each piece was executed; how lusciously sweet were the blending sounds upon the wide waters, and how richly laden with melody was the breeze that wafted it towards the

shore! The stranger listened with the gentle yet intent devotion of a true lover of art, to the various compositions as they were successively performed—most intently, perhaps, to a *Kyrie*, solemn and majestic in its opening and development, and terminating in a glorious burst of acclamatory harmony. Yet he was not utterly absorbed, as were the enthusiastic performers, until they at last commenced a lovely melody, the first phrases of which were breathed in the rich deep tones of a clarinet. Then he seemed suddenly bound as by a spell; and covering his face with his hands, bowed his head to his knees, and so remained till the last vibrations of the closing note had died away.

And so they reached Nonnenheim; and the enthusiastic musicians, full of respectful bustle, hastened to the resting-place of the dead composer, where orations, full of heartfelt praise and honest German affection, were poured forth, and showers of *immortelles* were scattered over the simple tomb.

In the midst of these and other arrangements, the time for return had arrived; and the party were about to re-embark, when it was observed that the stranger was not among them. To quit Nonnenheim without him was a breach of politeness which could not be thought of; and several of the party volunteered to return and seek their lost companion in the town.

For some time their search was vain; but at last they determined to revisit the tomb, and there, as they approached, they perceived the missing member of the party. He stood at some little distance from the grave, his travelling-cap in one hand, raised above his head, in token of reverence, and his eyes bent intently, as it seemed, upon the brief epitaph.

He did not hear them approach; and when a gentle touch roused him from his reverie, he started like one awoke suddenly from a deep sleep; and apologising to his new friends for his breach of courtesy in having thus unwarrantably detained them, hastened to the boat; and the rowers, refreshed by an unusually sufficient meal, pulled lustily away, and Nonnenheim rapidly faded into a dusky spot in the far distance.

The wrapt devotion of the stranger at the tomb had created much curiosity among the pilgrim musicians, and many were the polite innuendoes put forth with a view to its gratification. One politely suggested that the devout admirer of Lindpaintner who had honored them with his company was not perhaps utterly unknown to a certain celebrated composer of North Germany, with whose person they had not hitherto the pleasure of being acquainted. In default of a satisfactory reply, another of the company suggested that a certain living celebrity, the well-known ornament of a school south of the Alps, was known to profess a high admiration for the works of the deceased Kapelmeister; but neither did that venture yield a more profitable result, and other attempts shared a similar fate.

The stranger, perceiving that the demon Curiosity was at work with his companions, to the great disturbance of their quiescent and phlegmatic temperament, at last broke through his reserve, and said: "Gentlemen, I have not the honor to be a musician, I am only an obscure unknown poet; but if you wish to know why I stood at the tomb of Lindpaintner as at a shrine, I will tell you; for as it is getting dark, I shall not have to blush for the, perhaps foolish, emotion my features may betray during the narration.

"It was in Paris, many years ago, though it seems but yesterday, I was at a *soirée* in one of the hotels of the old noblesse, in the Faubourg St. Germain; one of those dwellings that have still, or had then, a reflected perfume of the proud and heartless refinement of the *ancien regime* still hanging about them—a something of former state, in which a 'noble' and a 'man' were not deemed creatures of the same genus. The atmosphere of that bygone age seemed to linger there, among the folds of the rich damask curtains, and even in the forms of new furniture, which aped in its counterfeit white and gold the aspect of the past; and the same spirit glared forth in the livery of the the ostentatiously numerous *laquais*, which seemed rather of gold embroidered with cloth, than cloth with gold. But above all, it was expressed in a certain supercilious air in both host and guests, and a peculiar lurking insincerity that lay beneath the sweetest smiles; and, not least, in the light, playful, sneering tone with which the chief features of recent progress, and the general spread of education, were alluded to and ridiculed.

"The tone and the atmosphere, seemed to me unnatural, un-

wholesome and oppressive; and I was about to leave that unsatisfactory region of gilded ceilings and parquetry floors and tapestried corridors, when my determination was suddenly arrested by a sound issuing from an inner apartment, to which I had not thought it worth while to work my way through the crowd of silk and muslin and lace and embroidered coats that filled all its approaches. Whether others noted the peculiar, the celestial sweetness of that long drawn out sweetly-thrilling note I know not; but I—I stood spell-bound. As the first phrase defined itself, and I perceived that it was uttered by a female voice, I felt myself impelled to still more wrapt attention. As the melody advanced, there appeared to me something so heavenly in its expression and rhythm, that I could no longer repress my over-excited curiosity, and forced my way, as quickly as I could, and I fear with some rudeness, to the innermost room of the suite, a richly decorated boudoir, from which the music issued.

"There I heard the rest of the melody that appeared to me almost divine; and as I first obtained a view of the singer, and saw the seraphic glistening of the clear transparent eye, as the deepest pathos of the air was reached, and the soft tenderness of the smile as a lighter passage was breathed forth with the facile brilliancy of inspiration, I doubted whether it was the power of the artist that invested the melody with such surpassing sweetness, or whether the melody itself were the creation of that rare class of genius which, once in many generations, fills the halls of civilization with an atmosphere of melody in harmony, in unison with the imaginations and aspirations of its time. I soon perceived, however, that it was from neither solely, but from the happy blending of congenial powers on the part of the artist with a work peculiarly fitted to its special capacities that the beautiful result was to be attributed; and as I continued to gaze at the performer during the rest of the air, I observed in every outline of her nearly faultless features, in every movement of those graceful arms, a breathing spirit of harmony, formed to be the worthy interpreter of such a melody as that which was then filling that gilded and meretriciously decorated boudoir with sounds so pure, so etherially lovely, that it seemed to me they should only have found utterance among the sacred incense of some cathedral altar. As the accomplished *artiste* ceased, and the Brava! brava! brava! of applause rose from the perfumed crowd, I made my way to the piano, and taking up the piece of music which had been left in its place, I found that it was the well-known air of the soprano in the second act of Lindpaintner's *Der Vampyr*.

"I found," continued the stranger, "that the singer was Mademoiselle D—, the daughter of an *émigré*, and born in England just before the restoration of the Bourbons, at which time the family returned to France; but who, having failed, after many years' litigation, in the attempt to recover their sequestered estates, were on the eve of departure for America.

"When I next called upon my friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, which was within a few days, the D—s had already left France; but the reminiscence of that melody lingered strangely in my mind, so perfectly, so completely, that the very sounds appeared again to vibrate in my ear; and, with a power that seemed an inner sight, I could still perceive every note of music, and, I need not add, every lineament of the form of the fair girl who had given such exquisite utterance to its divinely melodious phrases. I framed theories of poetic art on the rhythm of that melody; and a book of poems, created on the theory so evolved, was in due time, with the vanity of a young author, given to the world; but the world," said the stranger, smiling bitterly, "heeded not the gift, and thenceforward the author wrote for himself alone. But there was a void in his heart which still longed to be filled—to be filled with the image whose beau-ideal haunted every thoughtful moment.

"Years passed," resumed the narrator. "I visited in turn nearly every theatre in Europe, whenever I heard that *Der Vampyr* was about to be performed. I soon knew every note of the whole opera by heart; but when that melody was sung, even by the greatest artists of the age, it seemed shrill and discordant, even its rhythm halted and jerked, and I almost invariably left the theatre till it was over.

"At length I grew weary of the conventional routine of

society, and even of the ordinary excitement of travelling; yet a continuous restlessness seemed to impel me, and I rushed, objectless, from one country to another. One day, I scarcely seem to know when, but it was towards evening, I was passing through a forest—no matter what forest—and was hastening towards a point where I had been informed I might make sure of obtaining decent accommodation for the night. While that point was still distant, I saw to the left of the road a low timber dwelling of some extent, from the massive brick chimney of which issued a column of smoke, that had a cheerful human look in the depths of those almost interminable forests.

"As I approached it I felt a strong and all but irrepressible desire to stop; but I had heard that the people of those isolated dwellings bore an ill-name in the region I was traversing, and I resolutely spurred forward. Just as I was passing the building, however, a sound issued from it that suddenly arrested my course, as though an unseen arm had been thrust across my chest, and barred my passage.

"It was that melody again, not distorted as I had heard it in the great theatres of Europe, but uttered once more with that wondrous wedding of sense to sound, that marvellous and intuitive knowledge of the inner secret of its charm and beauty, the recollection of which still haunted me; and I felt again, in the depths of that wild forest, the same spell woven round me that I had first known in the gilded boudoir in the Faubourg St. Germain. You may guess the rest. After a few brief, brilliant months of such happiness as one dreams of in youth's brightest visions, we were married; and in a few months more," and here the speaker lowered his voice till it was scarcely audible, even in the deep stillness of the night—"and in a few months more she died."

There was a long silence, which none ventured to break, and then the speaker resumed: "I could never realize again the perfect reminiscence of that melody, so strangely bound up with my brief dream of earthly happiness; the chain of its sweet rhythmic progression seemed for ever broken, and its connecting links lost beyond every effort of memory or imagination to recover. I never again heard, nor was even able to imagine it perfectly, till this morning. When your party was pointed out to me as about to proceed in Nonnenheim, to visit the tomb of Lindpaintner, I felt an irresistible impulsion to join you; and then, on the waters of this lake, I again heard it in what seemed all its wondrous power. I feared, as I recognized the first bar of the melody, that it might, as it proceeded, become distorted and interbroken, as in my own imagination; but perhaps you, in your artistic enthusiasm and sympathy—perhaps you were in spirit-union with the genius of the author.

"I heard it again and again, in imagination," resumed the stranger, "at the tomb, and the floating music seemed to wrap me as in a clinging atmosphere of melody. Play it once more," he continued, addressing the musicians—"once more, the last time, but soft and low as an echoed sigh—sweet and gentle as the last faint vibration of a lovely sound should be.

"Yes, yes," murmured the stranger, as the performers ceased, "you are, you must be, in spirit-union with its creator, and so was she; and in the spirit-world, she will not be mine, but—but his."

And as he spoke, the carved prow of the barge grated against the little pier, and the party hurried silently ashore, seeking with quickened steps the light that at some distance shone cheerfully at the door of the inn. When they were assembled in the principal room, they perceived for the first time that the stranger was not with them, and could nowhere be found. As they went forth again to seek him they were told that he had been observed walking swiftly out of the village towards Schaffhausen, while others said that he had neither been seen or heard after the landing.

At last the searching party reached the barge, where the red light of the horn lantern they carried fell upon the form of the stranger, still sitting in his place. There was a singular but sweet smile playing over the features, but they were pale and cold; and the broad chest heaved no longer with the breath of life: it had passed away with the last notes of that whispered melody, and the gently murmured words, "She will not be mine, but his."

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

SPRING has come and brought her flowers, and May, with her early sun and balmy air, ushers in a season of gladness, when the poor will no longer shiver and cry for coal, and want for bread, and when the thoughts of the green fields and the trout-bearing streams set the lover of Nature mad with longing. It is a pleasant time, it is a mirthful time, and we shall not, therefore, apologize for endeavoring to make our readers smile over some fugitive fun—the stray waifs of humor which float upon the surface of our daily life and serve to lighten up its dull realities.

Phrenology has many advocates, but it has many more doubters. The test that the king made to the professor was hardly a fair one, but the professor guessed pretty closely:

Frederick, of Prussia, had no opinion of phrenology, and one day he sent for the professor, and dressing up a highwayman and a pickpocket in uniforms and orders, he desired the phrenologist to examine their heads and give his opinion as to their qualifications. The savant did so, and turning to the king, said,

"Sire, this person," pointing to the highwayman, "whatever he may be, would have been a great general, had he been employed. As for the other he is quite in a different line. He may be, or if he is not, he would make an admirable financier."

The king was satisfied that there was some truth in the science. "For," as he very rightly observed, "what is a general but a highwayman, and what is a financier but a pickpocket?"

CANDOR is an admirable virtue, but unless directed by intelligence it is sometimes productive of evil to the speaker. The Dutchman in our anecdote thought much too loudly:

Some ten years since an old Dutchman purchased, in the vicinity of Brooklyn, a snug little farm for nine thousand dollars. Recently, a lot of land speculators called upon him to buy him out. One asking his price, he said he would take "sixty thousand tollars—no less."

"And how much may remain on bond and mortgage?"

"Nine thousand tollars."

"And why not more?" interrogated the would-be purchasers.

"Because ter darned place isn't worth any more?"

A MAN has sometimes too much of a good thing, and feels inclined to rebel when an attempt is made to pile on the agony too high. At such times it may be found dangerous to proffer advice, as we shall see in what follows:

A gentleman having lately been called on and requested to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, saying:

"Lectures! heaven and earth, I've quite enough of that commodity—my wife gives me a lecture every night for nix."

"Indeed," said the other, affecting surprise, "some people have need of a wholesome dose at times."

"Whether I need such a dose is no fool's business," said the gentleman, lifting a boot.

The other made tracks somewhat cleverly, barely escaping boot-elouquence by about six inches.

THEY administer justice impartially in San Francisco, sometimes. Could any punishment be too severe for a boy so stupid as the story below describes:

Recently in one of the San Francisco courts, a young lady teacher was prosecuted by the mother for severely welting the young rascal's back. The verdict of the jury was in effect, "Served him right!"

We give a portion of the boy's testimony, showing both rudeness and wit:

"I asked her to do a sum for me and she refused."

"What was the sum?" asked the defendant's counsel.

"To subtract nine from twenty-eight."

"Well, and couldn't you do that without assistance?"

"I suppose I could; but the arithmetic said I couldn't subtract nine from eight without borrowing ten, and I don't know where in the wide world to borrow it!"

WHEN a man is in doubt, the sooner he resolves the misgiving the better, both for his health and peace of mind. Men who pride themselves upon the possession of any peculiar gift, become unconsciously jealous of the reputation of any one who pretends to the same powers; and the desire to see and test the superiority becomes almost a mania. It was thus with the noble lord in the story:

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who came to try if they could settle him or not. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, had come from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure, at a little distance from the house, when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the mer:

"Friend, I have heard a great deal of talk about you, and I have come a long way to see which of us is the best wrestler."

The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman by the middle of the body, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working. When his lordship had got himself fairly picked up—

"Well," said the farmer, "have you anything more to say to me?"

"No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be so good as to throw me my horse!"

THERE is to the youthful mind a great deal of charming romance in the idea of an elopement. There is a glorious sense of independence in "flying in the face of things," and defying everybody generally. If everything goes on smoothly and the elopement is effected, the cure comes with the close of the honeymoon, slowly but surely. Sometimes, however, there is a sudden "nipping in the bud," and the ardent lovers receive a shock to their glowing romance, equal to a prison shower-bath, and quite as effectual:

One Obadiah H—, of Coventry, finding that his attentions to Sally Ann didn't meet the approval of Sally Ann's parents, although perfectly agreeable to Sally Ann herself, planned how they should escape to Palmer, get married, and take a wedding tour to Boston. Obadiah therefore announced his intention of seeing a little of the world; while Sally Ann obtained permission to visit a friend in Wilmington. Thus far the course of true love ran smoothly; but when Obadiah and Sally Ann met the cars at Stafford, they also met the indignant gaze of Sally Ann's father, who accompanied them to Palmer, took a dinner and a stroll with them, and then led them back home again. Obadiah felt badly about it—so badly, in fact, that he offered the editor fifty cents rather than see his adventure in print. Obadiah and Sally Ann will make it out yet.

WHEN a man has a "brick in his hat," he takes a curious view of things. He rarely places himself in a disparaging position; on the contrary, he firmly believes all the rest of the world "drunk," and he the only sober and well-behaved person in it. The following is rather a strong case in point:

An old toper, after indulging quite freely in his accustomed beverage, amused himself in teasing a mettlesome horse. The animal, not fancying his familiarities, suddenly reared, and the disciple of Bacchus found himself sprawling in an adjacent mud puddle. Gathering himself up as composedly as his situation would allow, he shouted to his son John, who was standing by:

"John, did you see me kick that 'ere hoss?"

"Why, no, dad, the hoss kicked you!"

"Reckon not, John. One or t'other of us got badly hoisted. Taint me, John, for I'm here!"

RHEUMATISM is a complaint pretty widely spread, but we have rarely heard of a case where it was so generally experienced and so decidedly located in one family, as in the case below:

"Well, Bob, how are you?" said a dashing blade to a poverty-struck poetaster.

"Why, I have been troubled a great deal with the rheumatism lately."

"And how is your wife?"

"She's very rheumatic, too."

"And how is little Dicky?"

"I think he has got a touch of the family complaint, I think he is a little rheumatic, too."

"Dear me; well I will call upon you in a day or two, and see how you are; where do you lodge?"

"I am almost ashamed to ask you to our lodgings, for that is room-attic too!"

It matters not how much we pet and adore the ladies in secret, we must have our little spiteful fling at them in public:

Mr. Peter Piper's baby was making a tremendous noise, and a friend asked Peter why it was so cross?

"It has a stormy mother," said Peter, with a sigh; "so you need not wonder if it's a little squally—it's quite nat'ral."

Peter was somewhat of a physiologist.

IGNORANT people, by virtue of their mother wit, arrive at deductions not only very rapidly but generally pretty accurately. We give an illustration that proves our position:

Not long since the worthy pastor of one of our city churches, who combines divinity and humor in a woof of wit as bright and rich as a "cloth of gold," was called upon one evening by a nameless gentleman, and informed that his services would be required at an early hour in the morning for a peculiar and delightful duty, and took his leave.

Bright and early the reverend gentleman was ready and waiting, when a carriage was driven up by a "sorrel" boy with "freckled" horses, who rang the bell, which was answered by the dominie in propria persona. The following dialogue ensued:

Boy—"Is a pusson 'ere as goes to the cars?"

"No, sir; I am going to a wedding!"

The boy's face fell as he said, "Get in, sir."
 "But," remarked the clergyman, "do you know where to go to?"

"No, sir."
 "Nor do I. Who sent you?"
 "Mr. —, sir."
 "Well, go and find Mr. —, and inquire where I am required."
 Off went the boy with his carriage, and in a short time returned and the conversation was renewed.

"Have you found out the place?" asked the minister.
 "No, sir; but I've found out what street he went on; you'd better get in, sir, I guess I kin find it."
 And in he got. After riding some distance, the carriage was stopped, the driver got down, opened the door, and with a most sober countenance, said:

"There's a feller a courtin' a gal here, you might try the place."
 And the dominie did try it, and found the precise place his services were needed by two anxious and palpitating hearts, which he quickly bound together in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony. After the services were concluded, the story was told, and a happier, jollier laugh has seldom been heard. "There's a feller a courtin' a gal here, you might try it!"

Drivers are the repositories of many secrets worse than that, but are as mum as Memnon generally.

An incorrigible wit finds a subject for his cunning in everything sacred or profane. The following is good and takes the happy medium, while it borders a little upon both:

When Mrs. B., the actress, was making a summer excursion in the country, she was accompanied by her husband and a party of his and her friends. One of these was Mr. —, formerly a pilot on the Boston station, who had laughed and grown fat so long, that he had become, like Wolsey, a "man of unbounded stomach." Some one asked,

"Who is this large man in Mrs. B.'s suite?"
 "That," said the informant, "is Mr. —; he is a pilot."
 "Exactly," was the response, "I should think he was—Paunch-eous Pilate!"

We cannot refrain from giving our friends the lawyers a little poke under the fifth rib, whenever an opportunity occurs. They are capital subjects and are first-rate appreciators of fun:

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership."
 "Very good," said weasel the younger.
 So taking the egg between them, each sucks an end.
 "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "don't eat it all at once; though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

We have met with the following revolutionary anecdote, illustrative of Yankee coolness and practical skill, which will please our boys:

Lord Percy's regiment was about to commence firing at a target on Boston Common one day, when an awkward-looking country boy that had outgrown his jacket and trowsers came up.

"Now my boys for a trial of your skill!" said Lord Percy; "imagine the mark to be a Yankee, and here is a guinea for whoever hits his heart."

Jonathan drew near to see the trial. When the first soldier fired and missed, he clapped his hands and laughed immoderately. Lord Percy noticed him. When the second soldier missed, Jonathan threw up his old hat and laughed again.

"Why do you laugh, fellow?" said Lord Percy, crossly.
 "To think how safe the Yankees are, if you must know," replied Jonathan.

"Why, do you think you could shoot any better?"
 "I don't know. I could try."

"Give him a gun, soldier, and you may return the fellow's laugh," said Lord Percy, turning to one of his men.

Jonathan took the gun and looking at every part of it carefully, said,

"It won't burst, will it? Father's gun don't shine like this one, but I think it's rather a little better one."

"Why? Why do you think so?" asked Percy.

"Cause I know what that'll den: I have some doubts about this 'ere," replied Jonathan. "But look 'oher! You call that 'ere mark a Yankee, and I won't fire at a Yankee."

"Well, you may call it a British regular, if you please," said Percy.

"Well, a regular it is then; and now for freedom!" as father says.

Jonathan fired.
 "You awkward rascal, that was an accident. Do you think you can hit the mark again?" inquired Percy.

"I don't know, indeed, but I'll give it a trial."

"Give him another gun, soldier; and take care that the clown don't shoot you. I should not care to stand before the mark myself."

"Wall, I guess you'd better not try it."

"Fire away, then."

Jonathan fired and again hit the mark.

"Ha, ha! how father would laugh to see me shooting at a gun shot."

"Why, you rascal, you don't think you could hit the mark at twice the present distance from you."

"I don't know, but I am not afraid to try."

"Give him another gun, soldier, and place the mark further off."
 Jonathan fired again and hit as before.

"There, I guess that 'ere regular is as the pirate that father says the judge hangs until he is dead, dead, dead—three times dead, and that is more death than the Scripture speaks on."

"There, fellow, is a guinea," said Percy, tossing the coin to him.

"Is it a good one?" inquired Jonathan, ringing it on the pavement.

"Good? Yes, now clear away."

"I should like to stay and see the fellows kill some more Yankees."

"Begone! or I shall have to put you under guard. Officer give him a pass to Charlestown, but never let him come among our troops again."

We have said elsewhere a few encouraging remarks in compliment to independence, but we can say nothing in favor of the independence which the anecdote below illustrates:

Mr. Bildad Jones, mate of the schooner Sally Ann, walked aft, and addressed the captain—

"Captain Spuner, if you keep the skuner on this course, you'll have her hard aground on them flats."

Whereto the captain—

"Mr. Mate, you jest go forward, and 'tend to your part of the skuner, and I'll 'tend to mine."

Bildad went forward, let go the anchor, walked aft, and reported—

"Captain Spuner, my part of the skuner is at anchor."

An opinion from "one who knows" is an "opinion as is an opinion," and therefore worthy to be recorded:

Sam was asked what he thought of the effects of hot drinks on the system.

"Hot drinks, sir," said he, "are decidedly bad. Tea and coffee, sir, are hurtful. And even hot punch, when it is very hot—very hot, indeed—and taken often in large quantities, I suppose is slightly deleterious."

When a man lays himself out systematically to take another in, by pretending ignorance or unskillfulness in any subject or game, what a delicious satisfaction it is to see the biter bit. It is a retributive justice that every one perceives and approves of:

Some time ago, an individual from Rochester, who is remarkable in that town for his billiards, came into the city on the late train at night, and on his way to the hotel stopped at D.'s billiard saloon. He went in, supposing he would find some "soft" person to play with him, and thus he would have an opportunity to astonish the bystanders, and air his billiards. The proprietor of the room was very polite to him, and asked him if he would like to play a game. He pretended he didn't want to very bad, but he would like to play one game—just one game before he went to bed, merely for exercise—for exercise alone, as he didn't approve of going to bed without some exercise. D. then introduced him to W., an individual well known for his billiard exploits, and one who can make the most impossible and improbable cannons known to billiard players. W. was going home, tired out, but at the earnest request of the Rochester man, who wanted to play one game just for exercise, he consented to remain. Both got their cues and chalked them, and W. won the first shot. Rochester sat down benevolently, while W. went on counting, at every wonderful shot twiddling and rolling his cue on his knee, rising up impatiently, and sitting down again, with the force and viciousness of a pile-driver, walking around the table, and rolling his eyes at the astounding shots made by his antagonist, until W. ran the game through without Rochester getting a single shot in the game.

W. then informed him that that game was out, and wished to know if Rochester wanted to play another.

"Oh, no!" said Rochester, "not by any means; I only wanted to play one game just for exercise," and putting up his cue, he departed with a frame completely recreated by the exercise he had had in that game of billiards, in which he had not been allowed one single shot.

A LEARNED humorist is not unfrequently a pedant, but the hero of the following joke must be full of genuine fun:

IN Milwaukee, the other day we got this: Judge Brown, of the court of Sarnia, whom everybody knows spares no one, and "cuts down both great and small" with his "sells," having just returned to that city from a trip to the interior, met a certain banker, whose reputation in all times is as firm as that canny land from whence he got his accent.

"Well," said the banker, "how do they get on in the country? Any new failures? How are money matters where you have been?"

"Perfectly awful," said the judge. "Up along the Fox river there is a perfect panic. Why, in Oshkosh I couldn't pass one of your three dollar bills, anywhere in town."

"Couldn't pass a three dollar bill on my bank! Do you mean to say that? (Much excited.) What was the reason?" (Very nervous.)

"The reason was, I hadn't one," placidly replied Judge Brown. Our friend, the banker, made no answer, except to tartly inform the judge that if he would come down to the bank, he would give him one. To make the joke perfect, the judge should have accepted the banker's offer.



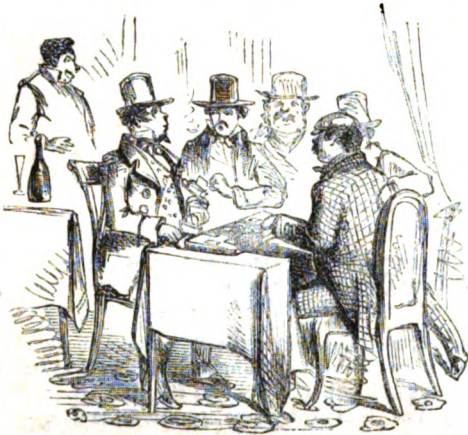
Mr. Slugg fails to find any honest employment; in despair resolves to become a politician.



Commences making the requisite acquaintances, and cultivates the Peter Funks.



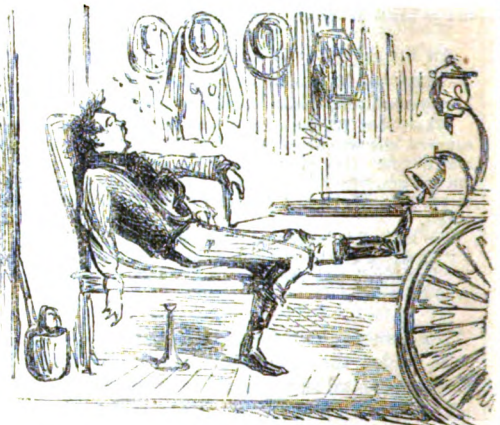
Practises shoulder-hitting; encounters some difficulties and some promising friends.



Though he loses what little money he has in gaining friends amongst the gamblers, he gains their support.



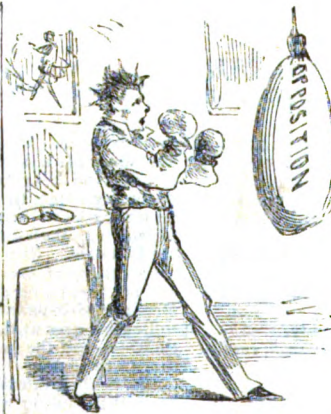
Tries military tactics to further his intentions.



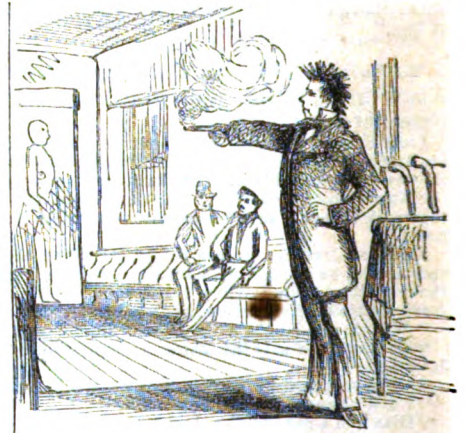
Loses all his money—makes a virtue of necessity and sleeps in the engine-house, which is mistaken for zeal—gains friends thereby.



Secures the German population through the seductive influences of Lager.



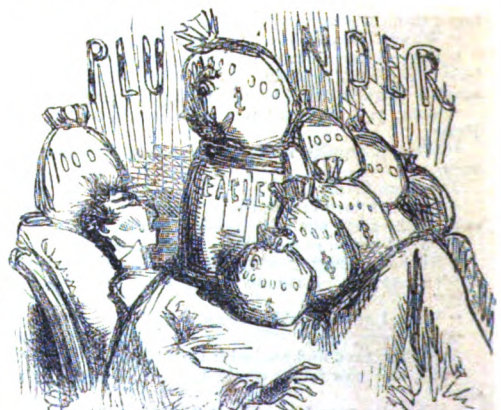
Having secured a nomination, studies the Parliamentary rules of debate, as practised at the present day. He is finally elected.



The parties most influential in his election.



Singular and novel effect upon the elect.



Enjoy the result of his labors.



FASHION'S FOR MAY.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR MAY.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

SOME one has said that an excellent rule in shopping is to put all the "Must Haves" in a list together, and all the "May Wants" in another; obtain as many of the first as possible, but do not look at the second until you arrive at home, and then throw it in the fire. Doubtless the individual who thus distinguished himself was some hard-hearted husband or grumbling papa, who had never been subjected to the fascinations of millinery and dry goods stores, and could have no conception of the eagerness with which one will grasp at an excuse for making a too tempting purchase. At any rate the rule will hardly work this season, after a panic which has reduced the average size of ladies' wardrobes to at least half of their former extent, and when the display of the goods offers such



frightful temptations to the unwary beholder. Probably the importations of previous years have far exceeded in quantity the importations of this, but they have never been more attractive. They may also have comprehended more decided novelties, but not greater variety in design and material. For the few past seasons, manufacturers have flooded the market with novelties, so that we can afford to let them rest on their oars for a time, while we enjoy, without distraction, the pretty and novel combinations in which they are submitted to us.

The present time is the gala period of the year to shoppers, only a few weeks in the fall bearing any comparison with it, thus it is that every day our great thoroughfares are crowded with an innumerable and brilliant throng, bound on the same errand, and gaily admiring or freely criticising whatever is submitted to their inspection.



Fresh spring morning dresses, travelling costumes, articles for summer wear in the country, whole wardrobes for rapidly growing children, these are the staple of the purchases which generally have not yet assumed a very costly character. For more expensive goods, there is, as yet, little or no demand, and will not probably be to any extent until next fall.

Real point lace scarfs, for which fifteen hundred dollars were formerly asked, would now be gladly sold for twelve. Lace dresses valued at a thousand, are now reduced to seven hundred, and real India cashmere shawls marked down from one thousand and eight hundred, to seven hundred and five hundred and fifty.

A very rich velvet robe, said to be the most beautiful and costly thing of the kind ever imported into New York, was offered six months ago for two hundred dollars, it is now offered for one hundred and twenty, and probably one hundred would be gladly taken for it. The great difficulty is, that in the constant demand of the public for novelties, the styles, especially those which are the most striking, become old, and if compelled by any exigency to lay them over, the delay reduces them in value at least one-third.

India shawls, diamonds and laces were supposed to be exceptions to this rule, and perhaps it is so in most instances with the two first named; but laces have lately been subjected to as many caprices of fashion as any other article which assists in the composition of the toilette, and though always retaining a certain value, and still prized as an heirloom, yet the particular kind which obtains the supremacy for the hour acquires a fictitious importance, which the advent of some new favorite wholly removes.

Chantilly lace was formerly the goddess of every lady's idolatry; this is now entirely superseded in Paris by guipure, which has arrived at an exquisite perfection in the manufacture. Small round veils are worn altogether composed of fine guipure in the most delicate pattern. For trimming it is already used here to a great extent, but the charming petite mantillas, so gracious and graceful, have been imported only in a very few instances, the smallest and least expensive being valued at from seventy to one hundred dollars. The Chantilly on the contrary, from having lost caste, has been compelled to submit to a great reduction, and this probably tempts our panic-stricken merchants to endeavor to retain its sinking prestige.

For bridal sets, Honiton guipure has succeeded point application, and even real point for the time being, since the Princess of Prussia honored it by selecting it as her bridal costume. Some which have been recently imported are very distinguished in design and exquisite in workmanship. They comprise flounces, veil, handkerchief and berthe, and are sold at fifteen hundred dollars the set.

A revival of an old style has taken place in lace capes, which are made small, round and without tabs, but with a flounce attached about a quarter of a yard in depth. These come in point application, and are very becoming. The prices range from fifteen to twenty dollars.

Lace shawls and mantillas will be more worn than ever as the warm season advances, and some striking novelties in this department have been imported. Among the styles of last season which still retain their popularity are the small pointed centres, with one or two deep lace flounces. The splendid establishment of CHARLES STREET & CO., 475 Broadway, presents a superb display of all that is rare and novel in garments of this description. In its extent and variety it can hardly be called a store, but is more like the magazines of Europe, which rival the fables of the East in their magnificence. It comprises every variety of shawls, mantles and over-garments, from the costliest cashmere, velvet and lace, down to the five dollar Stella or the still more humble mixture of cotton, for which some poor girl is only too happy to exchange her little hard-earned savings. From a large number of the most stylish and elegant mantles we selected one as being the most novel, and at the same time perfectly *distingué* and most romantically picturesque in its appearance. It is precisely like the Spanish mantilla, and presents the same flowing, graceful effect. It is called "Lola Montez." A square veil is attached to the top, which envelops the head and assists in forming drapery for the shoulders. This establishment has also opened a millinery department on a magnificent scale, combining all the features of a superb Parisian

emporium, and supplied with every description of elegant and stylish head-dresses which can be designed for either in-door or out-door toilette. The whole is under the supervision of Madame De Bos, a lady well-known to the public for her artistic taste and fresh, luxuriant fancy.

A very fine opening has existed for some time for a millinery on a grand and liberal scale—an establishment that should combine all the features of the thousand petty ones which now maintain a precarious existence, some of them so afraid and ashamed to be known, that they dare not come forth into the light, while others fear to risk small means on the capricious liberality of the public. There are already two in New York which approach this standard—WILSON'S and GENIN'S, each, however, dissimilar in character, WILSON'S being wholly devoted to this one department in all its various branches; while GENIN'S forms part—and a very perfect part—of a little world of its own, which has not its counterpart in any country, and to this illustration of our national and local growth we must devote a short space.

Among the first-class establishments in the various departments of ladies' and children's costume, this one deserves especial notice, because it represents and comprehends them all. A mother, with a family whose members are of both sexes and of all ages, from the infant of three weeks to the boy of sixteen, and the belle of twenty, finds in this institution—for so it may properly be called—every conceivable article of dress for home purposes, the promenade, the morning or evening toilet, travelling by land or sea, the dressing-room, the nursery or the boudoir. This phenomenon in the world of trade—for we believe it has no twin either in Europe or America—will easily be recognized by our description at GENIN'S BAZAAR; situated in the St. Nicholas, just on the frontier line between the domain of business and the world of ton, it is equally convenient of access to the transient occupant of our great hotels and the fashionable denizens of our up-town squares and avenues. Having recently made the tour of its extensive sales-rooms, we can speak understandingly of the extraordinary advantages they present to families. In the Mothers' and Infants' Department, for example, a baby may be fitted out at a moment's notice with every article of any quality or style which belongs to the wardrobe of babyhood, and the mother furnished with a perfect outfit for the nursery, and every appliance of the maternal toilet. It is the same in all other branches of the establishment. There is no business connected with the attire of ladies and children unincorporated in its general plan; and the assortments in the various departments (of which there are no less than twelve) appear to be copious, fresh and fashionable. The convenience of such a concern in a great city like this is obvious. Purchases that could scarcely be made in a week of ordinary shopping, may there be completed during an hour's pleasant ramble through three spacious and airy rooms. Ladies who complain that they have to "chase from Dan to Beersheba" in search of the different articles they need, cannot fail to appreciate the advantages of an establishment where everything they require, or fancy they require, in the way of dress or undress, from the tops of their parasols to their dainty gaiters, is placed within their immediate reach. Although the ladies monopolize seven-eighths of the Bazaar, the broadcloth sex are not entirely excluded. There is a Gentlemen's Furnishing Department accessible by a convenient side-door from the hotel, and a Gentlemen's Hat and Cap Department, stocked with all the multifarious styles with which Mr. GENIN signalizes the advent of a new season. When Mr. GENIN founded the Bazaar some years ago, he promised to show the public that fashion and extortionate charges were not necessarily inseparable, and we understand from parties who are better posted on such matters than ourselves, that he has fairly redeemed his pledge. In so doing he has exhibited as much shrewdness as liberality, for we hold it to be a fixed fact in modern trade, that the merchant who seeks wealth through the medium of inordinate profits is blind to his own best interests.

As examples we may mention ladies' summer morning robes, composed of small figured lawns in all colors, and made in all the fashionable styles; the price being from two dollars and fifty cents upwards. These robes deserve especial attention; there is no scantiness of material or slackness in the workmanship—they are full, ample and stylish, all the minutiae being

attended to with the careful exactness and exquisite finish belonging to this establishment. The same is emphatically true of the ladies under-linen department. A short time since we accompanied a lady friend on the important business of selecting a *trousseau* previous to her marriage. She had recently returned from Europe, and knowing that she had brought many beautiful things with her, in expectation of this event, we inquired why she did not supply herself in this particular also. Her reply was that she could find nothing at all equal to GENIN's in that respect, and the prices were much higher. Neither the materials, workmanship or fit were to be compared, she said, with those to be obtained at this house, which is deservedly the boast of American ladies away from home.

We have already alluded to R. T. WILDE's extensive establishment, No. 251 Broadway; in it are comprised every variety of bonnets in all styles, and suitable for all kinds of toilette in town and country. The finer department owes much to the taste and genius of its superintendent, Mrs. McADAM, while the enormous amount of business done, the long experience and extraordinary facilities of the proprietors, enable them to sell at a price which scarcely admits of competition. Their wholesale department is largely stocked with a great variety of straw goods—among which the fine Belgian split straw, with the graceful curtain extending on the sides, was extremely admired. There are also an admirable quality and style of young ladies' riding hats, at very low rates; besides a perfect conservatory of flowers, so natural that one involuntarily bends down to inhale the sweet fragrance of their May and June roses.

Speaking of bonnets, bring us naturally enough to the subject of parasols, about which ladies are beginning to express an interest. At CLYDE and BLACK's, Broadway, one may be sure of finding the most distinguished and *recherché* styles which this country or Europe affords, and we are happy to refer our lady readers to an illustration on another page to the truth of what we say. It will be seen that lace is the favorite decoration, and that the fall from the edge is still in favor. In addition to this style, we saw at this establishment a charming one for a bride, consisting of white moire antique, with a border of swansdown edged with deep blonde. There were also many other plainer ones which were, nevertheless, very rich and handsome; we admired the most those in mode color with heavy fringe. The prices at this establishment are comparatively low, when it is considered that the materials, styles and *prestige* are first class, and only acquired by long experience, and an immense outlay of talent and capital.

In spring and summer dress goods most beautiful styles are displayed this season, and among the most distinguished are those of LORD & TAYLOR, Grand street. For summer morning dresses there are the prettiest French cambrics, with the small chintz figure and border for the double skirt. There are also fine jaconets, French prints and lawns, in charming and delicate combinations especially suited to the season and their purpose. It is a very just cause of complaint in many instances, that we obtain our French goods only at second-hand, or after they have lost caste with the Parisian trade; but it is not the case at this establishment, where we always feel certain of finding whatever is worth importing or that is considered of any note in the fashionable world. Among other novelties is the handsome piqué cloth in two colors, so great a favorite with Parisian ladies; the groseille or ruby muslins, in organdies and jaconets, and in charming styles which quite relieve the rather too flaring effect of so striking a color. In more costly fabrics the selections are all of the most *recherché* and elegant description. Exquisite chené robes with double skirts, ornamented with parterres of flowers in the chintz border. Rich satin and frosted velvet also, which gleam like lines of light or like seas of pearls. It was at this establishment, so celebrated for its rich India shawls, that the striped Arab Burnous was first introduced, and also the long striped shawls which the Parisian ladies wear crossed on the breast in such graceful fashion. We should not omit to mention a garment of particularly stylish appearance and admirably adapted to its specific use. This is a travelling Raglan of dark Melton cloth with wide sleeves, and which, we believe, at present is exclusive to this house.

We called in at the store of GEORGE A. HEARN, but we presume he had nothing fashionably new to show or he would have vouchsafed the information. This is an old foggy store in every

sense of the word, even to the extreme rudeness and discourtesy of the proprietor, which seem to affect the whole establishment. But little can be expected in the way of novelty, enterprise or fashion from a store conducted without energy or civility.

UNSDILL, PEIRSON & LAKE, 475 Broadway, is the name and location of a favorite firm, especially for the purchase of silks and the popular class of dress goods. Their extensive business, the residence of one of the proprietors in Paris, and their constant importations, enable them to offer the latest styles in the French market almost as soon as they make their appearance there, and with superior advantages for the selection. They are particularly fortunate this season in obtaining exquisitely beautiful organdie robes, with double skirts *à quille*, in charmingly blended chintz figures and rich border on the white ground, which have created a *furor*, and are monopolised with exceeding rapidity even at this early part of the season. They have also very novel and beautiful styles of silk robes with flounces three in number, which extend only to the sides of the skirt, where they terminate in a rich side stripe, the front part of the skirt being either plain or sprinkled with a small brocade figure, like the part intended for the corsage. At this establishment we found a beautiful novelty for travelling dresses. It is not at all heavy, but very durable, and is made in bayadere stripes of silk and wool in handsome mode colors. It will be very popular for this purpose.

For ribbons, and a thousand multifarious articles, we recommend ladies to go to LICHTENSTEIN's, 387 Broadway. At this house the variety of fancy goods is always so great that persons cannot help finding something suited to their particular wants and wishes. This season Mr. LICHTENSTEIN has opened with unusual *éclat*, having just returned from Europe with a superb class of goods, consisting of flowers, silks, laces, ribbons and many beautiful novelties in dress trimmings, which, bought at a period of unusual distress in business, he offers at very low prices. The admirable taste displayed in the selection of ribbons is especially worthy of notice; all the most elegant of the new spring styles now so difficult to be obtained are displayed, with many others exclusive to this establishment.

In mourning goods the display this season is unusually elegant, and offers some very choice styles to purchasers. JACKSON's, 551 Broadway, is the most complete establishment of the kind in New York, comprehending not only all the latest and most approved fabrics to be found in this branch of business, but also a very excellent making-up apartment, which is under the personal supervision of Mrs. JACKSON, a lady well known for her admirable taste and judgment. Widow's garments are exhibited quite plain, the bonnet of double English crape laid plain upon the foundation. The shawl or mantilla, also, plain, rich and sombre, but perfect in shape, fit and arrangement. The "Barathea" silk, without lustre, is also known as the widow's silk, and other thinner materials are got up with a special reference to the production of the same intense effect. In lighter styles there is the same admirable general tone and perfect keeping, the softening influence of mitigated grief being observed in the admission of pretty and graceful effects, subduing all harshness and severity, like the influence of moonlight upon a rugged landscape, or like the first gleams of sunlight dispersing the mists and clouds of the receding night. One of the prettiest of these "smiles amid tears," was a rich black silk, sprinkled with small silver brocade palm leaves, and among the popular styles, a fine variety of small, down to the most minute of black and white checks in summer silk.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

FASHION is like fire, a very good servant but a hard mistress. Just so long as we use her to promote our own pleasure, comfort and convenience, she serves us faithfully, but let her feel her influence, yield everything to her fast increasing whims, and follow her capricious dictates, and she becomes the most remorseless tyrant that ever put slaves in chains. In order to gratify her, we must change every few days some particular cut of a garment, or some minutiae of costume, and then she would not be satisfied, but would require that all the precious things of the world should be laid at her feet. And yet withal, like a genuine woman, she is most fascinating and charming in

her very caprices, and makes her worshippers commit all sorts of follies with an enthusiasm and devotion, which, if exhibited in some other cause, would quite put the Crusades in the shade.

Still, it cannot be helped. Who would wear a plain silk dress when flounces and trimmings were in the fashion? or who would wear a fancy colored mantilla when black is the mode? or a fringe for decoration when lace is all the rage? Of course no one; and so long as it gives employment to manufacturers, develops the arts, and affords a safe and innocent investment to the superfluous means of the wealthy, there is no need to complain. So we invite the attention of the ladies to the spring changes in the toilette with a

clear conscience—and the assurance that, however husbands may preach and scold for following the fashions, they never forgive their wives for being out of the fashion. Properly speaking, we have no spring, the sudden transitions of our climate are from excessive cold to excessive heat, and sometimes *vice versa*; but the truth is we do have more autumn than spring, and this delightful period, before the hard frosts of winter come to congeal the blood in the veins, is the most charming and enjoyable of the year.

Notwithstanding the fact just mentioned, nearly every one persists in adhering to the almanac, and fondly anticipates that

every succeeding March or April will be the realization of some sanguine poet's dream, whose early impressions were formed from the perusal of Thomson and Cowper. One would think that these hopes had been buried often enough beneath the cold snow to have destroyed them, but every year they spring into life with renewed vigor, and watch for the season of flowers with a long and patient vigil.

Speaking of flowers reminds us that we have been wandering from our legitimate subject, which should have been bonnets, and as this is likely to prove the most interesting, we take it up with an apology for so extensive a preface. French hats within the last six months have undergone an exten-

sive pruning, thanks to the good taste of the Empress, and now appear free from the redundancies with which they were so lately disfigured. The later styles are almost perfectly plain, the ornaments, where any are used, being simple and in exquisite taste.

Caperons are very much in vogue, rather small, laid in box-plaits which form the curtain, and a lace barbe placed across



ROBE WITH LOUBLE SKIRT. PAGE 474.



CAPER. PAGE 474.



BASQUE. PAGE 474.

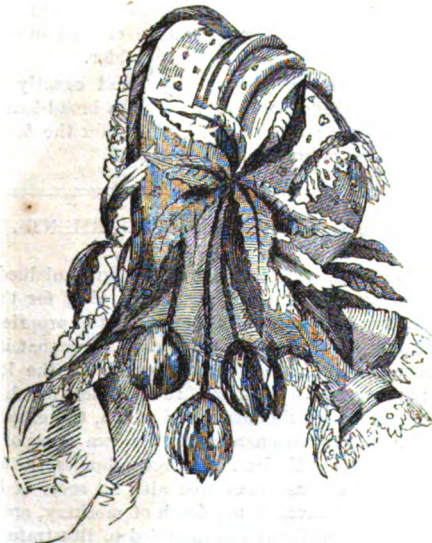


APRON. PAGE 474.

the top, which is disposed in bow and ends on each side. Coiffures are much used for trimmings both in lace and in a new style, which consists of small crimped silk tassels.

Crape, chip and fancy Neapolitan straw are the leading materials, and the shapes are rather broader across the top, with the points dropping towards the forehead. The double fronts which were introduced last season, and form an approximation to the gipsy, are worn somewhat, but are rather too florid in their appearance to suit the general tendency towards a more subdued tone, particularly as they require a greater amount of trimming than others.

The border of lace over the edge of the bonnet is generally dispensed with, the ruche is detached from the bonnet across the front and forms a bandeau, and is full only at the sides. A wreath across, or instead of the bandeau, is a favorite inside



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 472.

decoration, or a cluster of small garden flowers in brightly mixed colors.

The contrasts which are introduced are quite a feature of summer bonnets; brilliant plaid velvet, lace and tulle, or white chip, being frequently combined. Groseille is also becoming a passion, and is placed in juxtaposition with white and the different shades of mallow or buff. Small veils are worn of pretty spotted blonde, thrown back from the front and descending over the curtain; they are square at the back, and hang low on the sides.

Velvet and cloth basquines are giving place now to silk mantillas, and the striped burnous, which, however, are so striking in its effect that few ladies venture to wear them except for an evening toilette. The material is silk and linen, and is called "Cabille;" it is striped in brown, white and yellow, blue and white, &c., and is made with a tasseled hood, and worn (in Paris) with one corner thrown over the shoulder, and the hood thrown back in the Zingara fashion.

This style the New York ladies

are afraid to attempt. The same material is also imported in long and square shawls, which have neither fringe nor border. The long shawls are crossed over the breast, the ends hanging down upon the shoulders, and are considered particularly elegant by Parisian ladies.

Handsome black silk mantillas have wide open sleeves, cut up square, and richly trimmed with guipure lace and fringe. Some have transparencies inserted, but all are large, flowing,



CAP. WILDE. PAGE 472.

and adapted to the full flounced and double skirts which are universally worn. These styles also need rich materials, and cannot be cheaply imitated; on this account they are favorites with the fastidious.

Pretty white lace and muslin mantelets, embroidered and knotted with bright plaid ribbons, will be exceedingly *recherché* for summer wear, and are especially becoming to young ladies from sixteen to twenty. In black lace the novelty of the season will be the Spanish or Moorish mantilla. A sort of square mantle, rather larger than it is deep, with a flounce which is cut off square at the corners, and a square veil attached to the upper parts, which envelops the head and shoulders. The effect of this is exceedingly picturesque, and highly suggestive of mystery, moonlight and romance. It must not be confounded with a lace shawl imported last season, which had an upper corner to throw over the head. The most costly and *distingué* of these styles are made of delicate guipure lace, which has long ago superseded Chantilly in the richest Parisian manufactures; it is still bought by our merchants because, in consequence of its having lost caste, it can be obtained at exceedingly low rates, and few of the purchasers know the difference. In Paris, veils, trimmings, everything is composed of guipure.

Tulle illusion and crape are the materials for ball dresses, and are puffed, flounced and ruched in a startling manner. White satin ruches, delicate blonde, and plaid velvet ribbons are among the decorations. We have also seen an approximation to Louis Napoleon's court mantle made of satin and blonde ruches, and attached to the back parts of a low corsage, as far as the shoulders, from which it hung loose and flowing to the depth of an ordinary opera cloak. The dress was a white satin puffed with illusion, looped with narrow plaid velvet ribbon, over which were rich blonde flounces. The border of the cloak was composed of rows of plaid velvet enclosed in blonde ruches.

Streamers are a necessary adjunct to all head-dresses, and are made of ribbon fringed, or with tassels attached, or of wide spotted tulle edged with blonde.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

MARIE STUART bonnets, composed of chip or straw, are adapted to this month. The former have a border round the front and curtain of plaid velvet, in scarlet, green, black and yellow, with ornaments of black lace and a bunch of fancy feathers, tipped with chenille, containing the colors of the velvet. The curtain is either transparent or made of white silk or satin. The *ruche* forms a bandeau across the front, which is detached from the bonnet and is very full at the sides, the ornaments being a cluster of spring flowers and grass.

A more costly one is of the very finest kind of white chip, the only trimming being a simple wreath of delicate marabout and a wreath of small pink roses across the front on the inside.

A very fine straw for this month has a cap crown and curtain of plaid silk; this is surmounted by a black lace barbe, laid in flat bow and ends. On the edge of the bonnet is a narrow row of black blonde, and in the inside a *ruche* bandeau and a cluster of flowers, comprising the colors in the silk crown; on the other side three tiny leaves of black lace are placed one above the other in the *ruche*, and support tassels of crimped silk, also combining the colors of the plaid.

A very stylish fancy Neapolitan has a double front and curtain, arranged in such a manner that it requires no other trimming. Strings of white taffetas, with an edge of small bright-colored check only, are supplied; and on the inside a bandeau of groseille blossoms, with a side *ruche*.

Handsome morning dresses for this month are made of piqué cloth, in two shades of one color, as two purples, two greens, and the like. These styles are great favorites in Paris, and are worn by nearly every Parisian lady.

Another fresh, pretty style for this month, is the spotted French cambric, with wide side stripes of piqué, in a delicate contrasting color, white and buff for example. The *basque* is trimmed lengthwise with half gores, and the sleeves are only slightly flowing, and have a military cuff turned over.

A more elegant one consists of silk in a tiny check, green and white, purple and white, or black and white, or plain in mode colors. It is set full to a yoke and forms a double skirt, the

upper one being two-thirds the length of the lower one, and having bright plaid side bands. A plaid bow also ornaments the collar at the throat. The sleeves are tight at the wrist, and have plaid ribbon cuffs drawn full and fastened with a bow, and a plaid belt encircles the waist.

A new wrapper is in the old blouse style. It is full from the shoulders down, and confined only by a belt or a cord at the waist. To be stylish, however, it requires to be made of very costly materials, and is then only becoming to a very distinguished figure. It does not combine neatness with utility, sufficiently to make it popular.

Silk robes have hardly yet given place to thinner materials for walking purposes, and a pretty idea is exhibited for this month in a robe which consists of a brocaded upper skirt, over a perfectly plain under one; the corsage, also, has a small brocaded figure. The dresses are imported in differing colors, brown, black and green, each dress containing only one color. The waist is made without *basques*, but with square lappels, front and back, trimmed with a border which matches the skirt. The sleeves consist of two large puffs and a jockey, the latter trimmed like the lappels. The corsage may be buttoned with small dark cameos or mosaics.

A carriage dress, which is the perfection of elegance, consists of a robe of black velvet, with a small velvet scarf mantle, edged with two deep lace flounces and a white chip bonnet, simply trimmed with white marabouts. The body of the robe is a sort of jacket, cut away from the front, and worn with a vest of white moire, which is confined by a little strap at the throat and buttoned with silver buttons. The rich lace of the chemisette is only just seen beneath. The sleeves are wide and open, cut up square to the shoulder and lined with white moire. The idea of this is charming, and can easily be reproduced in lighter and less costly materials.

The velvet scarf with deep double flounce is not new, but is very much worn this month with the handsome bayadere, striped and chené dresses, which are now so fashionable and so becoming, with the addition of double skirts with which they are imported this season.

A very pretty mantle has a silk centre and transparent top and border. Both are edged with rich guipure lace and fringe. The transparency consists of plain black silk net, ornamented with rows of narrow guipure put on in a fanciful pattern, alternating with moss trimming, and sprinkled with pendant buttons. A novel feature consists of the insertion of an open sleeve cut up square to the shoulder, and ornamented with lace and fringe.

The great novelty for this month and also for the coming season, is the striped Burnous or "Zingara;" it is made of a material called "Cabille," without lining, and is striped in black, brown, white and yellow, in blue and white, green, groseille and black, and various other combinations. The shape is that of a circle, with rather deep pointed hood, ornamented with tassels, and is worn thrown back in the Arab style. The same material is imported also in the form of large and square shawls; the former should be crossed over the breast and the ends left to hang over the shoulder.

These costumes are very striking and exactly adapted to boating or yachting excursions; with the broad-leaved palmetos they complete a very elegant toilette for the *habitués* of the watering places, either at home or abroad.

MOURNING.—WIDOWS' GARMENTS.

We are glad to perceive a more chaste and subdued tone prevailing among the new styles of mourning for this season. There are various opinions in society upon the propriety of wearing mourning at all, but every one must agree that its adoption is an outward sign of an inward sorrow at the loss of dear friends; an expressive emblem of the darkness which has passed over and enshrouded the heart, and which, therefore, revolts at whatever is not in consonance with its own sense of drear and terrible desolation. Under these circumstances, the attempts to surround the habiliments of woe with all sorts of bright and coquettish fancies savored too much of mockery, and destroyed the original idea which it was intended to illustrate. It is certainly right for persons to follow the dictates of their own con-

science or the warnings of prudence in such a matter, but if the popular course is taken, some other motive should be apparent than a desire to make a new style of dress as becoming as possible.

For widows, bonnets are made with the thick Canton crape drawn perfectly plain over the foundation, and finished with a plain curtain and black crape ruche inside. The white cap and white strings are wholly dispensed with, and no trimmings of any description permitted.

At the end of six months a slight change may be effected by adding folds crossed over the front, and a bow behind, all of crape. For the commencement of a second year, pretty wreaths of crape roses and leaves, with silk tassels or bugles, may be used as a decoration, and a black blonde ruche substituted for the crape one. Or a plain silk bonnet would be suitable, with a small blonde or crape veil thrown back from the front and confined at the sides or the centre of the crown, with a bunch of crape leaves spotted with bugles.

A widow's shawl is of plain black Cashmere, large, and with a double border, each half a yard deep, of rich Canton crape. This is very stylish in appearance, notwithstanding its simplicity, but only adapted for a tall and rather distinguished figure.

A less stately garment is a small round mantilla, high in the neck, with seams which fit it to the shoulders, and consists of a centre of bombazine, with a deep plain top and border of crape.

Mourning silks are very heavy and very soft and rich, but without lustre. A new fabric has been introduced, which is very wide, and in texture a sort of cross between bombazine and alpaca; possessing the fineness of the one, with the strength of the other.

Very handsome basquines are made for young ladies, of "Barathea" cloth. Very wide and durable it is, and with a minute bird's-eye figure woven on the ground.

An exquisitely beautiful silk for second mourning has a thick black lustrous ground, upon which is sprinkled quite close together tiny brocaded palm leaves, which look like silver. The effect in a robe is quite indescribable.

"Mourning sets" consist of a small square collar of fine tulle or India muslin, surrounded with three very small puffings of the same; a space is then left, and then two other puffings. The sleeves have a small round cuff, turned over, trimmed in the same way. They are extremely simple, and at the same time very pretty, and can easily be made by any one.

ELEGANT WEDDING DRESS.

A CHARMING wedding toilette is composed of white glacé silk, over which is worn a dress of tulle, with three skirts covered with ruches; over these again are three blonde flounces. The sleeves are very full, bouillonné to the waist, where they terminate in a puffing, through which a ribbon is run, ornamented with white bow and ends. The berthe is composed of ruched tulle, edged with deep blonde, and over the tulle a flounce to match the skirt. A wreath of orange blossoms and jasmine supports a veil of tulle, which envelops the whole figure. Bouquet of orange blossoms, white moss rose-buds and jasmine. The robes of the bridesmaids should be of fine clear white muslin, with double skirts, and ornamented with violet satin.

BAL MASQUE IN NEW YORK.

At this moment the grand topic of discussion in the fashionable world is the Bal Masqué, which is to take place at the Academy of Music. Ladies only are permitted to appear in fancy dresses, or dominoes with masks, which will be the fashionable costume. The masks usually worn by ladies, and the only ones which are permitted at the Academy, are made of black silk, satin or velvet, and cover only the eyes, nose and part of the cheeks, leaving the mouth and chin to be partially concealed by a barbe of black lace which is attached to the mask. The domino is a robe of black silk, with a hood of the same material, and can be worn over any dress, as it entirely conceals the figure. No ball

costume is therefore required, and the domino, after subserving this use, can be cut over for a dress or any other garment.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. Robe of plain tulle of the shade known as the "Maria Louisa" blue. The skirt is quite plain, with the exception of three side-bands of black velvet, three inches in width, placed lengthwise, and at equal distances apart. In length they graduate up towards the front, the largest one being nearest the back part of the skirts, and extending to within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the dress. The ends are finished with points, to each of which is suspended a rich silk tassel. The sleeves are plain at the top, rather flowing, and having a small round cap turned over the ends of the velvet bands, which are put on to match the skirts. The corsage is plain, without basques, and is made with a small round high-necked cape, trimmed with bands to match the skirt and sleeves. No collar is worn; a narrow embroidered edge completing it at the throat, and puffed under-sleeves with embroidered frills at the wrist. Below the puffs, knots of black velvet project below the silk sleeve. Straw-colored kid gloves and bonnet of fancy straw, with straw cape surmounted by bow and ends of black velvet; the other decorations being a narrow edge of lace and a few spring flowers.

Fig. 2. Home dress of fine mallow-colored silk poplinette. The skirt is trimmed with a ribbon puffing to represent an apron, and three bows on each side of the upper part mark the precise locality where pockets may be inserted, if it is considered desirable. The corsage is pointed, without basques, and trimmed up the front with bows, which branch off towards the shoulder, and ornament without any visible purpose a small high-necked cape, made like the one described in fig. 1, and trimmed with a ribbon puffing. The sleeves are a small plain bishop, with a round white cuff turned over. A silk band, edged on both sides with lace, and with bow and ends in front, forms a collar, and should be violet blue in color, when worn with this kind of robe. A pretty French peasant cap, consisting of narrow blonde ruches, tulle puffings, and quillings of narrow ribbon, composes the head-dress, which is completed by flat bows and ends of ribbon placed far up on the left side. This should also be violet in color.

The pretty costume of a little girl consists of skirt and jacket of pink poplinette, ornamented with rows of silk buttons. Three of these extend up the sides of the skirt, three up each side of the jacket, which is quite deep and full over the hips. There is also one row in front and one up each side-seam, making three, and one also up the front of each of the small flowing sleeves. The hat possesses no features differing from those of last year, and indeed nothing could be found prettier or more graceful than this hat, with its stylish outline and trimmings of lace and feathers. The small under-sleeves are tight at the wrist and finished with a narrow frill. Gaiter boots of black satin, tipped with morocco.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

BONNETS. PAGE 465.

No 1. This elegant illustration is the model of one of those superb styles for which GEMIN'S BAZAAR is so famous. The material is white chip, with a transparent curtain, edged with a broad chip band, and covered with two rows of rich blonde. Across the front a wreath of white crape leaves with solid centres are placed, terminating in full clusters of green buds, with little white moss centres. Inside there is a detached bandeau with full blonde ruche, ornamented with sprigs of rose geranium. Long wide white strings, edged with a narrow green quilling.

No. 2 is another strikingly handsome model from the same establishment. It consists of very delicate white crape over lace, with a sloping crown, over which is placed two rows of blonde, worked with groseille chenille. Surmounting the crown is a row of fluted crape, the fluting separated by bands of chenille. Transparent front and curtain bordered with blonde, worked with chenille. On the right side, a long wide



MANTILLA. BULPIN. PAGE 473.

end of crape is bound with groseille silk; on the other there is a large white rose with leaves; inside, a ruche with white rose and brown buds and leaves. Blocked strings of white and groseille.

HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 465.

This is an illustration of a new and pretty head-dress suitable for this season. A bandeau of ribbon sustains full knots of ribbon and tulle at the sides, over which are carelessly thrown branches of vine leaves, with hanging flowers on one side, and two ends of ribbon of moderate length on the other. This is a simple but very becoming head-dress, full of grace, and that peculiar style which characterise all the productions of GENIN'S BAZAAR, whence this was taken.

CHILD'S CAP. PAGE 465.

This little cap is from the same boundless repertoire of fashion, viz., GENIN'S, and is a perfect gem in its way. No mother could withstand its effect upon any baby head. The crown is composed of an application of medallion embroidery, with a flat pointed front, à *Marie Stuart*, and receding sides. These are filled up with narrow ribbon bows in very full clusters, entirely surrounding the face, but gradually becoming fuller and broader towards the bottom. Surrounding one side, and beneath the crown, are a few tiny leaves and white blossoms, not quite so prominent as seen in the engraving, part of which just descend upon the curtain.

BONNET. PAGE 469.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers one of the prettiest of the new spring styles of bonnet's, from the extensive establishment of R. T. WILDE & Co., 251 Broadway. The material is of fine embroidered crape, over tulle, and the disposition is perfectly plain upon the foundation, excepting across the front, where it is laid in three raised folds.

One of the novel and charming effects of the season is produced by a border of rich plaid silk, which surrounds the front and curtain and also the crown. To the edge of the silk is appended a fall of real blonde. A half wreath of fine shaded green leaves passes under the crown, terminating at the side in a branch to which three variegated hanging tulips are attached, the middle one descending below the curtain. On the inside a detached bandeau is formed of blonde, with a full ruche at the sides, ornamented with leaves and smaller tulips on the other side.

HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 469.

From the same establishment we have also a very handsome head-dress, which cannot fail to be admired by all who have a *penchant* for profuse and luxurious style of decoration. A puffing of tulle composes the bandeau, with which is mingled small red and white moss rosebuds. Across the centre of the crown is a wire and a second wreath of the tiny buds, beneath which a fall of white illusion, trimmed with narrow black velvet, extends from side to side. Other floral ornaments consist of a large white rose with striped grass, and the most natural drooping hyacinths on one side, and on the other sprigs of hawthorn, apple blossoms mingled with rosebuds and tulle, and



MANTILLA. BULPIN. PAGE 473.

beneath all a long wide floating end of rich brocade ribbon.

MANTILLA. PAGE 472.

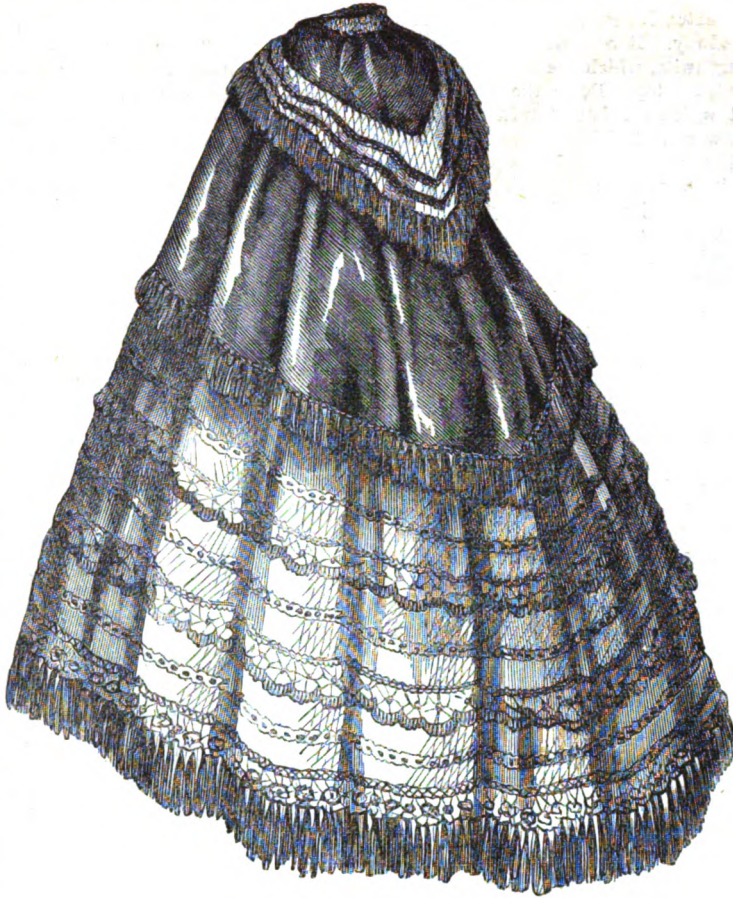
This superb illustration of a very rich and graceful mantilla, is another model obtained from the varied and prolific establishment of GEORGE BULPIN, 361 Broadway. The centre is of rich velvet, shawl-shaped, and bordered with a deep band of the trimming *l'Imperatrice*, which forms a most elegant and distinguished heading to the rich fringe in which it terminates. Below this is one deep magnificent flounce of real Chantilly lace, which completes this stylish and ladylike garment.

MANTILLA. PAGE 472.

We have the happiness of presenting a fine illustration of a very handsome spring mantilla from the excellent and well-known establishment of GEORGE BULPIN, 361 Broadway. The centre is of rich velvet, of a small round shawl shape, to which is appended two very handsome real Chantilly lace flounces, the lower one being over half a yard in depth and attached to a plain net foundation. The heading is an exceedingly pretty style of narrow scalloped guipure and bugle trimming. This is an exceedingly fashionable and favorite garment for this month.

SPRING CLOAK. PAGE 473.

This engraving presents a fine illustration of a very fashionable style of silk cloak or mantle, precisely adapted to the present season; it is from the establishment of Mr. GEORGE BULPIN, 361 Broadway, from whose extensive and elegant warerooms we have the pleasure this month of offering so fine a variety of styles to the inspection of our fair friends. This model has a peculiar elegance, the effect of the transparent hood bordered with rich fringe, which descends upon the silk centre. Below is a deep transparent guipure, upon which at intervals are placed rows of delicate guipure lace, tufted trimming and tiny



SPRING CLOAK. BULPIN. PAGE 473.

drop buttons, terminating in a border of guipure and fringe.

MANTILLA. PAGE 473.

This is an illustration of a very pretty and graceful mantilla from the establishment of Mr. GEORGE BULPIN, 361 Broadway. The foundation is plain lace and the centre shawl shaped, to which two flounces cut in points are attached. Two bands of plain silk are placed upon the centre, one through the middle and the other forming a border edged with rich silk fringe. The flounces are also edged with fringe and decorated with innumerable narrow bands of velvet, which are also employed to fill up the spaces between the silk and the throat. This style is very simple, but very pretty for a young lady. It should be worn over organdie or barege robes with full hoops, the flounces being very full, and requiring ample circumference to give them due effect.

MANTILLA. PAGE 480.

We are happy in presenting to our lady friends a model of the most striking, beautiful and distinguished spring mantilla



MANTILLA. BULPIN. PAGE 473.



PARASOL. CLYDE & BLACK. PAGE 474.

which has appeared this season. It is called the "Princess of Prussia," and is from the extensive establishment of CHARLES STREET and Co., 474 Broadway. It consists of alternate silk and transparent bands lengthwise, which are broad at the base and become narrow towards the top. Down the centre of the silk there is an ornament which consists of tufted marabout, and on each edge a narrow row of rich guipure lace, headed with bugle trimming. The transparency is composed of very fine black silk grenadine, in the texture of which is woven velvet flowers, which have an exquisite frosted or crystallized appearance, to which no engraving can do justice. A very rich border is formed of fringe, with a heading of guipure. Nothing can exceed the graceful and peculiarly ladylike effect of this elegant mantle.

For their large shawl and mantilla establishment, Mr. STREET has also added a very fine millinery department, under the care of Madame DE BOZ, and we have much pleasure in presenting the model of a charming spring bonnet from her tasteful hands.

BONNET. PAGE 480.

This is composed of a foundation of plain lace, with a border of rich mallow-colored ribbon, edged with white crimped fringe, with a pretty irregular heading brocaded in colors. Curved bands of ribbon, edged with fringe, are arranged upon the sides of the front and across the sloping crown, over which last is placed a tasselled coiffure, festooned, so as to droop full on either side. The extreme front is formed of tulle bands, and ribbon put on so as to form a point at the centre. Plain white ostrich feathers are placed low down at the sides, curling towards the front, below one of which falls an illusion tab edged with fringe.

HEAD-DRESS. PAGE 480.

This pretty illustration of a flower head-dress is from Mr. STREET's establishment also, and cannot fail to please our young lady readers; it is just the thing for the *fêtes* which precede the warm summer months. It consists of a wreath of green leaves, on one side of which is a splendid white rose camellia, with drooping tendrils, and a few moss-buds. On the other side is a rose with variegated rose-buds, hanging white hyacinths, mixed with striped grass and crape leaves.

PARASOL. PAGE 473.

This elegant illustration is selected from the *recherche* and well-known establishment of CLYDE & BLACK, 401 Broadway. The material is green silk, with a decoration of rich black French lace points, which alternate large and small, the smaller ones being placed at each seam and the larger ones through the centre of each gore. The same ornament surrounds the top, which is surmounted by a handsome minute ivory carved guide board. The handle is also of ivory, exquisitely carved in the form of a twisted serpent.

TRAVELLING SKIRT. PAGE 477.

The handsome and convenient travelling skirt here presented is from the celebrated manufactory of DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD, of this city, who originated the first hoop skirts, the revival of which has been accompanied by so much excitement. This style is made of fine dark gray linen, expressly for travelling, to which purpose they are admirably adapted. A thick jute cord sustains them at the bottom, and they have seven springs, including the adjustable bustle, the elegant contour of which alone makes the skirts from this establishment superior to all others. The springs are fastened in such a manner that they cannot slip, and the band round the waist is fastened with the silver hook and eyelets placed at intervals of over an inch, so as to suit all persons and circumstances. The price at retail is two and a half dollars, and they can be obtained of all dealers.

ROBE WITH DOUBLE SKIRT. PAGE 403.

This is an illustration of a very rich robe of black moire antique, with a jacket and double skirt. The trimming consists of blocked velvet in alternate bands, forming side stripes on the upper skirt up the front of the waist and sleeves, and a border to the small double cap which is placed at the top. The width of the bands graduate from the base upwards and from the centre of the jacket, which is at the waist, to the two terminations. The sleeves are flowing open to the cape, and strapped over full sleeves of mull. The jacket is buttoned down the front with jet set in white enamel.

HALF ROBE. PAGE 468.

This is a simple but very stylish dress of imperial lavender silk, with the Empress trimming of woven silk and chenille. The skirt is plain, with a side decoration consisting of stripes of chenille trimming placed lengthwise, and bands across at intervals of six inches. The corsage is without basques, slightly pointed and trimmed cadet fashion. The sleeves are plain at the top, flowing, and deepen nearly to a point at the centre. The trimming is put on in pointed bands, which graduate in size, becoming quite narrow towards the top.

HALF ROBE. PAGE 468.

No. 2. This is a handsome robe of dark gray silk with flowing sleeves, and basque waist with pointed bretelles. The sleeves are not unlike the preceding ones, but are somewhat wider and have a double pointed cap. The trimming consists of fine guipure lace and narrow velvet ribbon placed upon the sides of the skirt, upon the sleeves, caps and bretelles, and forming a pretty ornament to the fancy but sham pockets in front of the basque. The front of the corsage is fastened with jet buttons.

APRON. PAGE 469.

This style of apron, now so great a favorite with the ladies of Berlin and Vienna, is composed of a very fine species of black moire gothique. It extends nearly to the bottom of the dress, and is bordered by two flounces edged with velvet. The pocket on each side is ornamented with narrow puffing of the silk moire, with bow and ends of velvet at each end of the pockets. At the waist, the silk is gathered into a shirr, headed by heavy cord, and tied in front with cord and tassels.

CHILD'S COAT. PAGE 476.

This illustration presents the model of a dress made of rich plaid Irish poplin, and consisting of a skirt and jacket with short wide sleeves. Attached to the jacket is a round polka a quarter of a yard deep, with an incision at the sides and two plaits laid over at the back, on each side of the centre. Round the back part of the neck is a small round collar, which terminates in a pointed cape in front. The sleeves have two folds at the top over a short flounce laid in plaits. The border is three inches in depth, and composed of violet blue velvet, surmounted by a little violet blue velvet trimming. The buttons are also of velvet, and side bands of a rather darker shade are inserted in the skirt.

SLEEVES. PAGE 477.

No. 1. This is called a balloon sleeve, and is made of mull muslin, very full, at least a yard in the width of each sleeve. At the top it is gathered into a band, and at the wrist forms a gauntlet cuff, over which is another of embroidery, which is attached to a narrow band, and then sewed on the sleeve. Bow and ends of blue ribbon.

No. 2. This is almost exactly like the preceding, being made of the same material, and in the same proportions. The cuff, however, is deeper, double and embroidered on each edge; an embroidered band confines it round the wrist. It should have been remarked, that in making this kind of sleeves, the material must be curved in towards the wrist, and towards the top also, giving the principal width to the centre.

No. 3 is a very stylish and elegant sleeve for full dress, and consists of one very deep and full puff of mull, which just touches the elbow. Below this is a pointed flounce of rich lace, which leaves the arm in an undress. Flat bows without ends of rose-colored ribbon compose the garniture, which is placed at intervals upon the upper part of the sleeve. The dress sleeve to be worn with this should be short and wide, so as to flow over the mull without concealing it.

No. 4 consists also of mull, confined by a drawing thread towards the lower part of the arm and forming a puff, which terminates at the wrist in a manchette, which lays down upon the hand. The garniture consists of a flat bow without ends, and loops of lilac ribbon.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.—A Zebu chieftain, with great nonchalance, called upon Dr. Barth, requesting to be accommodated with some poison. The doctor, instead, showed him a watch, and let him hear a musical box, which reconciled him to life.

THE SALE OF A KINGDOM.—A NOBLE WIFE FOR A ROYAL CROWN.

It was a masquerade in the wood of Ardennes, and the four o'clock sun streamed slantingly through the aisles of the great forest, and upon the varied costumes of the temporary inhabitants. Never since the days of Rosalind and Jacques had so motley a crew danced beneath the umbrageous oaks, nor one-half so splendid. Fine ladies of the court had thrown aside their hoops and powder, and stepped out in the native dignity of peasant girls, or ascended into a blazing guise of borrowed royalty. Atlantas with buskins and apples; Dianus with crescents and hounds; graces, muses, and dryads, all mingled their gay array with gods and satyrs, Turks and yeomen. The dancers were swinging round like a band of reeling bacchanals among the tree boles, when one withdrew fatigued, and wandering to a little distance flung herself on the sward beneath wide-spread branches. Dressed as a sea-nymph she went by the name of Nathalie, and was by far the loveliest one among all the merry masqueraders; and so doubtless thought the tall and graceful Apollo, who, with golden curls clustering round his temples, and golden arrows slung across his shoulders, joined her.

"It is not," said he, "the first time that Nathalie has been seen by her adorer; once or twice before in the evening shade of these woods has Le Norman worshipped her beauty, but never in guise so costly as now. What spell has come over the maid of Ardennes?"

Nathalie slowly rose, showing in every motion the waving grace of a true sea-nymph, and stood leaning against the tree stem before him; her flowing robe was of an iridescent pearly-colored stuff, changing now to the suggestion of a pale blue, now to the soft flesh-tint of a shell, and now to a deep, watery sheet of sea-green. Slender branches of splendid coral made a vivid splendor in her dark hair, and hanging from their tips a veil of lace fell down and half smothered the glow and sparkle of jewels that adorned her. Diamonds flickered with every breath upon her bosom as she sat there in the sunbeams; wreaths of mock sea-weed trailed fathom-wise round her skirt, and rubies, emeralds and opals strewn with a profuse hand on her attire, and glistening with lavish lustre, transformed her into the image of one who, just rising from the sea, was blazing with the myriad dazzling waterdrops that dripped away from her, each first hiding in its bosom a sunbeam of this upper world to carry down into the still depths of twilight cave.

"Monsieur has perchance thought," returned she, "that because I lived with foster-parents in a hut among these woods, I had no ancestors; that because I wore russet, I could never wear satin; that because I decked my hair with flowers, I had no priceless heirlooms. Monsieur, these jewels have been in our family more than six hundred years."

"And my family scarcely counts beyond that," said the young man.

"And monsieur has then a family and a name?" she said.

"None nobler in the kingdom," he replied. "But, Nathalie, how came you here?"

"Ah, the marchioness was my mother's friend," said Nathalie, "and to-day is my birthday, Le Norman. To-day I am fifteen."

"So young and so lovely," thought Le Norman; "and if she loves me (as I cannot doubt she does), born to how much trouble!" And he remembered with a double pang of both exquisite joy and pain the emotion manifested by her on the occasion of a slight accident to him. Then he thought her a wild, charming forest girl, beautiful enough to beguile an hour away, although doubting even then if his feelings toward her were not too deep for trifling. Now he found her of a certain noble rank—but what of that? It must be a high rank indeed which should smite down the barrier between them; and nursed in different religious faiths, inexorable state laws would intervene, should all else prosper, and prevent their union. He should never dare to tell her of his love; she would recover her affections in a little while, if he were silent, and he happy again—he would not entail wretchedness on her young life—he would never speak. Having made this doughty resolution, while his thoughts were almost written on his face, he hummed a snatch of the distant dancing-tune before he spoke again.

And of what was Nathalie thinking? Of sorrowful things, if her face was any index. It was a moment before he dared trust himself to look at her; at last when he raised his head her dark eyes were fixed on him, welling over with tears. There is a moment of weakness that is irresistible; if he had withstood now he had been more than human. He need not ask if she loved him—he knew it. He need not swear his love for her—she would feel that. He took her in his arms and lulled the grief that then first broke forth, with tenderest kisses and most endearing sentences. Alas! for Nathalie.

A month had passed, and every day had witnessed an interview between the two lovers of the wood; and when once, half tremblingly, Nathalie had requested to know the name of her lover, an almost stern tone had come into his voice as he bade her not inquire again; and with a strange pain in his face, he warned her that, as it was, she would know all too soon.

"At least you are not one whom I need be ashamed to love?" she ventured to remark.

"Not that, indeed, my darling!" he replied; "but one who, knowing what lies before him in the future, should be ashamed to love you!" And Nathalie, feeling he could do nothing wrong, was satisfied.

Now she sat in the drawing-room of her friend the marchioness, in full dress, awaiting her lover, who was to accompany and present her at court. A coach dashed up to the door; another moment and Le Norman stood in the apartment, with flushed cheeks, and anxious, vivid brightness in his restless eyes. As the marchioness turned and beheld his face, she began a sudden exclamation, but it was instantly checked by his warning look, and they were soon rolling along to the royal palace.

Arrived there, Le Norman, with Nathalie upon his arm, and the marchioness following directly behind with the chamberlain, passed the walls and staircase, swept through the ante-rooms till the doors of the throne-room were thrown open, and they entered; while lords and ladies who had been and still were patiently awaiting their turn, stepped aside.

Hitherto depending on him, she had been only the shrinking girl of Ardennes wood; now, and as it were instantaneously, a new force seemed to develop within her—her figure grew a shadow more erect, the rich folds of her garment shook out with a somewhat prouder grace—a prescience of what was to come seemed to surround and strengthen her. She cast her eyes round on the magnificent throng, and prouder and statelier than any empress, swept up the noble vista to the king. A moment, with Jove-like thunders gathering on eye and brow, the old monarch gazed on the approaching pair, while all the court anticipated his action, and were smacking their mental lips over the expected scene. But like a balmy summer wind dispersing the clouds of tempest, a passing smile scattered the frowns, and advancing a step or two, the king briefly exclaimed, in a voice inaudible to any but them, "Son!"

"Father," said Le Norman, in the same tone, "wooing a peasant girl, I have found the Lady d'Arens."

While he spoke, Nathalie and the king measured each other with undaunted eyes.

"The prince, in his present passing fancy," said the king, "does the court honor. Let us hope that when this boyish freak is finished, the Lady Nathalie will regard it as leniently as it deserves. Mademoiselle, your father rendered me distinguished services; but for him I should have lost my kingdom. Command from me any favor!"

"Sire," answered Nathalie, "beyond protection from royal and princely insults during the reception, I neither ask nor will receive any favors from your majesty." And with a courtesy as superb as the least possible loyal submission could render so graceful an action, she sailed between king and prince, and stood beside the marchioness, a little in the rear upon the right of the unoccupied throne.

"Well, sir," said the king to Le Norman, in the same low tone, savage in its almost inaudible intensity and slow pronunciation, while sunbeams could not equal the benignity beaming on his noble face, "well, sir, I have heard something of this before. I was not unprepared. A pretty affair you have made out of nothing."

"Sire, I am in earnest," said Le Norman.

"And so am I, you graceless wretch!" exclaimed the king. "Must you drag into court all your awkward country flames?"



CHILD'S DRESS. PAGE 474.

"I have never before intruded, I believe," said Le Norman.

"So much the worse now," said his father, "to find you entangled so uselessly at this late day."

"Could you, sire, choose in any royal house in Europe a queenlier bride?"

"By heaven, young man, you won't want a queen till you are king. And if you think of this again, I'll declare your brother heir in your stead."

"Sire," said Le Norman, with coolness, "nothing would better please me."

"Then, if that's your cue," returned his father, "you shall be both heir and king."

"I will not consent to be either on any other terms than that my wife be Queen Nathalie," said Le Norman.

"Your wife!" whispered the exasperated king. "Has the boy ruined me? Are you married to her, sirrah?"

But not deigning to reply, Le Norman bowed, and stepping aside joined Nathalie, while the chamberlain immediately continued the presentations. They stood in the shadow of a curtain, and as Le Norman again drew Nathalie's arm into his, with a decided gesture she withdrew it, and only lightly laying her hand on his, gazed steadily into his face. What reproach, what passion, what great sorrow suffused her countenance. Though he could not have helped loving her, nor, as we have seen, forborne vowing fidelity to her, yet his heart smote him that he had ever concealed his rank.

"You would never have loved me, Nathalie, if I had told you," murmured Le Norman. "Forgive me—fortune will favor us—I shall yet make you my wife—we shall yet be happy!"

A sudden dizziness, like the precursor of a swoon, overcame him, and in the midst of it her voice tolled out low and clear as a bell upon sultry air, the one word, "Impossible!"

Great must have been her self-control; for in this moment of bitter pain, disappointment and emotion, so lightly had her fingers touched his hand that he was not aware when the pressure ceased, but only felt her face receding, as a vision fades, while she flitted backward and away from him into the throng,

and out among side arches. With a low moan he reeled and fell; caught by an attendant, he was borne unseen to his own apartments, and the gaiety of the others continued. Thus, frequently under the gayest mask are the saddest tragedies performed.

Scarcely had Nathalie gained a remote corridor, when a sudden rush and murmur proclaimed that the king had withdrawn, and that the audience was broken up. While she paused to look around her she became sensible of an approaching step, and in a moment the king appeared and taking her hand he led her into a private apartment, and courteously requested her to be seated.

"Madame," said he, sternly, while seating himself opposite, "by what authority do you receive my son's addresses?"

Nathalie raised her eyes, and with her head somewhat thrown back, answered,

"I must be addressed altogether differently before I reply at all."

"Perhaps the Lady Nathalie will instruct her slave in some suitable conversational terms!" said the king, his face slightly on one side, his eyes leering upon her, and in his most insinuating manner; nevertheless, if any

voice was ever plainly suggestive of scaffolds and broad-axes, this was one.

Nathalie, forest-girl as she was, could not condescend to battle the king with these his own weapons, and as there did not appear to be any other, she thought best to make a feint of surrender, and calmly said,

"I had wished to leave your majesty possession of your son. Be assured, I had no knowledge of the prince's rank when he offered me marriage. My religious faith will now be an invincible bar to his wishes. I love Le Norman the hunter; I will never wed your son the prince."

"Madame," returned the king, "your frankness charms me! You have truly made me your friend. My son, I confess it, is more than a match for me. If you had been the daughter of a grand duke or a minor king, I would not have whispered a word against your faith; but as you well know, my kingdom,



REVERSE OF CHILD'S DRESS. PAGE 474.



SLEEVE, 1. PAGE 474.

utterance; but at last, as the king continued his harangue, it broke forth in wild and angry protest.

"Allow me at least to convey the future countess to a place not so liable to listeners," he said; and Nathalie accompanied him perforce through several devious ways till they stood in the dimly-lighted palace chapel. "Now, madame," said the king, who had so lately professed friendship, and now speaking in his lowest tones, "I give you a choice. This is what is called a civilized community; nevertheless you are completely in my power. You have not a relative in the world. If you do not comply with my demands I have dungeons so deep that for all your life you will never see daylight again. Neither do I shrink from such terrible resources, although loth to mention them to ears polite, as starvation, tight cords, hot irons—"

"I can never be frightened into submission," she said, interrupting him haughtily.

"Let me urge you, then," said the king. "While you are single, my son will never complete the alliance I design. He will be wretched and unhappy; while, if you marry, he will resign himself to forgetfulness. Do you wish to be the cause of his misery? I have no great affection in my nature; it is chiefly pride, therefore all those pangs with which I threatened you I will, inflict upon him, if you disobey. You can go forward to the altar where the Count d'Entremeur awaits you, or back the way you came. In either case my guards will attend you, and you will be forced to witness how bravely the prince endures his torture."



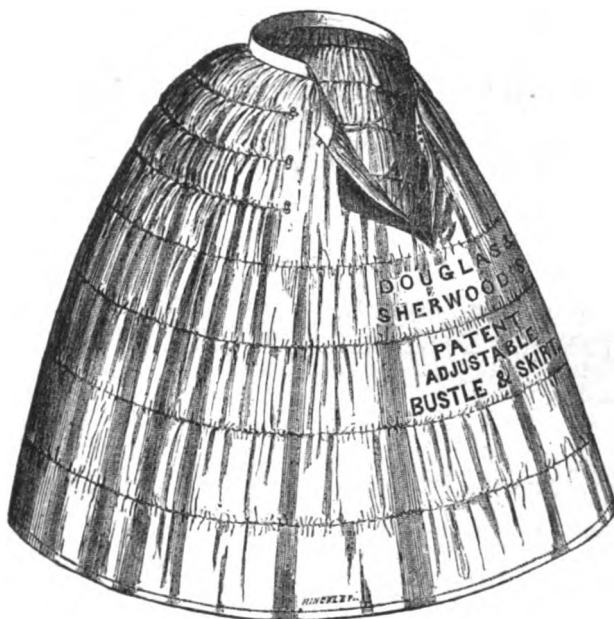
SLEEVE, 3. PAGE 474.

though recent, is important, and will become more so strengthened by a royal alliance. Still, generous as you are to resign your lover, human nature is not infallible; it were too much to expect this of you. Let me guard you; let me always be your friend. And as a proof of it, let me offer you a most worthy husband in the person of the Count d'Entremeur!"

The indignation of Nathalie was too great for

pallid and cold as sculpture, the first object her married eyes discerned was Le Norman. He moved forward, with an expression as if every second of time was a sharp sword that stabbed him, and appeared to offer his compliments.

"What ardor!" he murmured; "what sincerity! what constancy? Madame la Comtesse is as firm as a rock in her determination to be faithless as shifting sand!"



TRAVELLING SKIRT. PAGE 474.

Time, too fast for the most of us, lagged sadly with the young countess, scarcely more than a child, as she sighed far away in distant France, and from the windows of her chateau watched the shadows come and go on the purple Pyrenean slopes, while her husband was absent the greater part of his time at Paris, or at the court she had so lately left. Time passed not so slowly with the prince; indeed, Le Norman witnessed a thousand events for every one in the monotonous years of the Countess d'Entremeur. Having recovered from the first severe shock of his loss and disappointment, with the native energy of his nature, not deeming it right to waste his life in idle despair, he wonderfully bestirred himself—superintending the education of his brother, arranging scientific expeditions, and performing all duties devolving upon him, but steadfastly refusing the royal match urged by his father, and clinging to the loose fragments of the love of earlier days.

Ten years had passed—seven since the death of his father and his own coronation—his brother had entered into manhood, and Le Norman, as the king, had already commanded the admiration of all Europe by his daring genius, when the Count d'Entremeur appeared again at court after a short absence, and for the

first time since his marriage brought with him the countess. Of course all the world were on the *qui vive* to behold the meeting; but all the world found very little satisfaction in the calm, nonchalant air of the countess, as she received the rather sarcastically polite welcome of the king; for though not quite twenty-five, she was in the full vigor and bloom of womanhood, and perhaps lovelier and with a better balanced mind than if she had not experienced these long, lonely years.

A few weeks had elapsed, and in one of the sea-shore palaces the whole court were assembled at summer festivities. The royal abode was on a cliff, which afforded in front of the building a promenade of several hundred yards, and abruptly terminating in a precipice, whose base was washed by the sea. On this cliff, one afternoon, a party of courtiers—among whom was the king, his brother, and the Countess d'Entremeur—were watching



SLEEVE, 2. PAGE 474.



SLEEVE, 4. PAGE 474.

the approach of a small boat, which out on a fishing excursion, could hardly hope to make the shore before the squall should burst upon it. Erect in the prow, a keen eye could not fail to recognise the lofty figure of the Count d'Entremere.

Leaning breathlessly over the cliff, Nathalie remained with her eyes fixed on the boat; for although she had no manner of affection for the husband forced upon her, she could not view his danger with indifference, nor desire anything but his happiness. The boat was still far distant, the wind increasing—already it fluttered the ends of her white scarf into the air across the brink of the precipice, as with hands slightly extended forward she stood silent and motionless. The courtiers withdrew a little, and the king and herself remained nearest together upon the edge. Great raindrops fell, dashing down the bands of her hair, and soaking her garments, yet still they stood heedless of it.

The count saw her; he was so near that the wind might be seen lifting his hair, when the little mast cracked and broke, dragged the boat down and precipitated the occupants into the roaring gulf. The rain and the spray mingled their strength with the wind and the waves, and a thick white, curling mist arose and hung around him, closing him out from the sight of his wife, and hiding his beacon star from him. At the end of an hour's intense watching, three bodies were tossed high upon the strand. One was that of the Count d'Entremere. Nathalie, with outstretched hands, instantly fell senseless.

A year's seclusion—due not to grief but to respect—had passed, and the leafy echoes of Ardennes had lulled Nathalie, for the moment, into complete forgetfulness of the last eleven years—and again she sat beneath the oaks, and plucked the flowers growing in the self-same nook as in her girlhood. All but the first fifteen years of her life seemed visionary as a dream; and consonant with all around, the distant bugle of some royal hunting party stole upon her ear like "horns of elf-land faintly blowing." And thus when one stood before her in a garb of Lincoln-green, leading a red roan steed, it seemed as if all the interval had never been; and looking up merrily, she said, "It is my birthday to-day, Le Norman! I am!"—but here, as she would have said "fifteen," memory rushed back on her, and hiding her face in her hands, she turned and would have fled, but his voice sternly arrested her.

"Stay a moment, madame!" he commanded. "Since Providence has thrown us once more together, let me return to you the troth you once gave me. It was broken by you, and rendered valueless to me, eleven years ago."

With a certain wild vehemence, she exclaimed, turning at bay upon him, "I was forced to break it! Had it been true troth, you had died in torture first! It was to save you from dying in torture that I sacrificed myself to worse than death—more than torture—to marrying d'Entremere!"

A moment or two he regarded her, then said, "I have taken shame to myself for eleven years that I could not overcome my passion, while feeling its object to be faithless. Must I undo the work of so long a time?" She returned him no answer. "If that were done," he resumed; but she interrupted him.

"Your cruel father's death has not left in the inexorable state laws one obstacle the less!"

"I can annihilate all obstacles," he returned triumphantly. Silence followed. Some time they thus stood confronting each other; at length he said, "A singular fancy strikes me, Nathalie. It is your birthday. How old are you, my friend?"

"I am fifteen," she returned.

"And I nineteen," said he. "It seems to me that an hour ago we plighted troth. Is it so?"

Not many days had elapsed ere a strange rumor flew trumpet-tongued through the kingdom, and was proclaimed officially to all the crowned heads of Europe. More than one king of different realms had congregated in this capital, and an universal wonder was displayed in the countenance of every subject and plenipotentiary.

The seventh of October, with all the sweet decadence of summer in the air, came, and the cathedral was thronged for a triple ceremony. The procession left the palace to the sound of slow, pleasant music, amid the shouts and blessings of the populace upon Le Norman, "the dear king;" and in the cathedral, in

the presence of subjects and brother kings, Le Norman took the crown from his own head and placed it on his brother's; and when a further ceremony of coronation was finished, knelt as count only of his paternal heritage, and was the first among his brother's new subjects to swear fealty.

The new king stepped aside, while all the world wondered the reason of so great a sacrifice. The reason? It came through the open door of an inner chapel, whence Nathalie, unattended by any one save the spirit of radiant beauty, issued, and advancing, placed her hand in that of the abdicated king, Le Norman; and beneath the benedictal hands of the patriarchal archbishop, was declared the wife of the Count of Nassau.

A FAIRY STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

THE CHILD AND THE MERCHANT.

IN Turkey there once lived a merchant who was very rich, and there was not a wish he formed he could not gratify, except one, and that was a wish for a family. After some years his wife died, and then he was very wretched indeed; he felt so lonely in the world that he was almost tired of life, and his only pleasure was to go every night, at midnight, to his wife's grave and pray.

At this time a sultan governed in Turkey who had not got one child among all his wives. After a long time, however, his sultana told him that she should soon present him with a child, but very shortly after this he fell ill and died. The sultana, upon this, governed; and governed so well, that all the people in the country were happy and contented. She, however, had a minister who was very ambitious, and who would have been glad to put a child of his own on the throne. If the sultana had no children, that would be possible as soon as she died; but the time was coming nearer and nearer when this would take place; then the minister would have to give up all his hopes. So he thought day and night as to what way he might do this. One morning he was told that a little bird had brought the sultana a beautiful little baby-boy. So he made haste into the palace and gave the nurses heaps and heaps of money, and thus got the child into his hands; he had it wrapped in a silk cloth and put into a box, which he gave a girl to carry down to the sea. She had pity upon the poor little thing, and so carried it in the evening to the burial-ground and laid it upon the last fresh grave, where the wife of the merchant lay buried. The sultana, however, was told that the child was dead when the little bird brought it, and so had been buried at once.

In a short time the merchant came, according to his custom, to pray beside his wife's grave. When he saw the little box, he opened it, and the little boy smiled pleasantly at him. "Oh!" said he, "my wife sends me a child after she has gone from me, that I may not be alone;" and he kissed the little child with a father's love, and carried it joyfully home. There he got the boy a nurse; and when it was older he had it taught everything that a young gentleman should learn. So the infant grew up into a lad, and the lad into a young man; and the merchant loved him so dearly, that he never could rest a moment without him.

One day the merchant had to go upon a long journey, and he took the young man with him. He had a ship got ready, and they set sail with a favorable wind. They had not been long at sea before a great storm arose, and the waves rose high, and the ship was thrown about by them until it struck on a rock and went to pieces. The whole crew was drowned, and all the valuable cargo lost in the sea. The merchant and his adopted son saved themselves by clinging to a spar; and after a long time they were thrown upon an island. So there they were, quite alone in the world, and as poor as any beggar in the streets. Stay! they had not lost one treasure, and that was confidence in the goodness of God; so they were still very rich. Then they set to work and built themselves a hut of dry wood, which they lived in. And they made the trunk of a tree into a kind of rough boat, and made a net out of their old clothes; and every day the youth went out upon the sea and caught fish, upon which they existed.

One day the youth had gone farther to sea than was his cus-

tom, and in the distance he saw a beautiful little golden ship coming along, in which there were three young girls singing and playing on a musical instrument. One had a crown upon her head, and was very beautiful; the other two were her servants. But the man who was rowing did not know much about the depths of the lake, and he was close upon a sunken rock. The little boat went on and on, until it struck right on it, so that they all fell out into the sea. The young man jumped out of his boat at once, and saved first the princess, and then her two servants, but the boatman had sunk to the bottom. The beautiful princess was very thankful indeed, and wanted to give him heaps and heaps of gold, if he would go with her to the palace; but he would not take anything, except a golden flower which she had in her hand. Then she said, "If you will not have anything else, do me one other favor, and bring us some fish at the palace every day." She said this because she would like to see the handsome youth often.

He promised her that he would do so without fail, for he liked her very much indeed; and he, too, thought that it would be sad to see her for the last time. When they came to land and got to the garden of the palace, he found that it was built in the city where he had lived with the merchant.

He told his foster-father of this, and asked him if he would not rather like to go home again. He replied, however, "As we have lost everything that belongs to us in our ship, we had better stop here; here we are rich, there we should be poor."

The young man was very satisfied with this, for he was thus able to go and see the beautiful princess every day. I dare say you want to know who she was. Her story, then, is this: When the sultana was so shamefully robbed of her child, she lost all desire to govern, and gave up the government to her husband's brother, who had a beautiful daughter. Now this daughter was the princess, to whom she taught all the arts that a young princess should know.

Every day, when he had caught all his fish, he carried the best to the princess, and the servants took them to the kitchen, and while they were away he sat by her side. At first they only told each other their histories; but soon the youth told her how much he loved her, and that he had loved her from the first minute he saw her, and that he should die without her. And she confessed to him that she, too, loved him above everything; and so they were but one heart and one soul. The princess's maids saw very well what was going on; but they never said a word, because they loved both of them too well to make them unhappy. One morning, however, the sultana came by when they were talking together, and as they did not see her, she heard and saw everything without their noticing her. Suddenly she came and stood before them, and the poor youth could not fly. She held him fast, and beckoned the sentinels, who came and led both him and the poor princess to prison.

On the third day the trial took place. The young man was first summoned before the court, and the sultana sat there herself. He was desired to tell who he was, and whence he came. So he began to tell how he was found in a little box upon the grave of his foster-father's wife, wrapped in a silk cloth which was his only treasure, except the golden flower of the princess.

He was going on with his story, when the sultana cried out, "Stay! Let me see this cloth."

Then he gave it to her; and she had scarcely looked at it before she saw it was her own embroidery. Then she folded the young man to her heart and cried, "You are my dear son—my dear son!"

The young man did not know what to say to this; but she told the judge to go home, and took the youth with her to her own palace. The nurse was at once sent for, and she confessed that she had given the child to the girl. Then the girl was called, and she said that she had, instead of killing the child as she was told to do, put it on a new-made grave in the burying-ground. So then the minister who had told her to do this was fetched, and was thrown into prison. And the merchant was made prime minister, and the young prince married the princess and reigned; and everybody was very happy, no doubt.

It is said that ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same wholesome and salutary instinct.

TO THE LADY PATRONS OF FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

We are constantly in the receipt of letters from all parts of the Union, requesting information upon the various parts and materials composing a lady's wardrobe, and also articles of toilet use. These we find it impossible to answer always by regular mail, and we will therefore open a page of *Answers to Correspondents* in the next number of the *FAMILY MAGAZINE* (June).

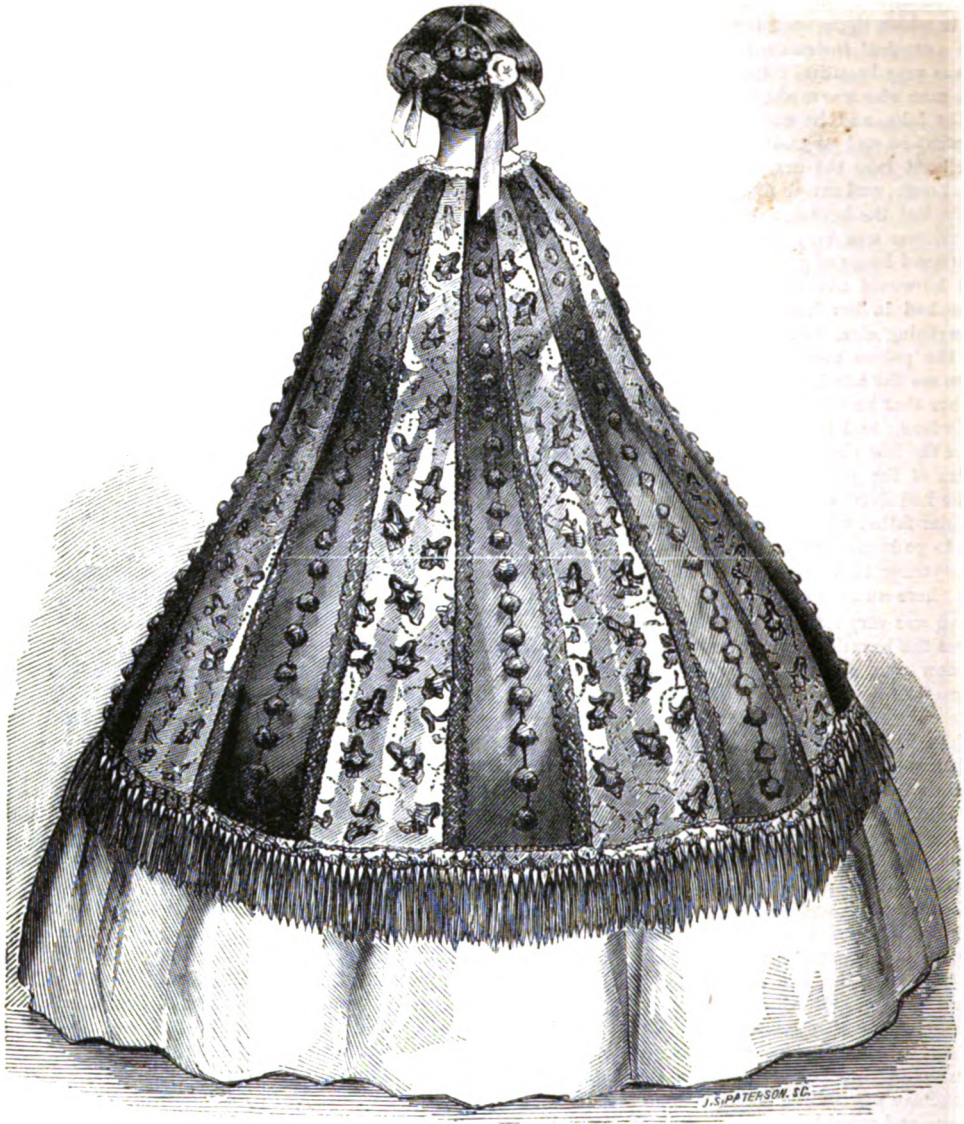
Many of these letters complain of delay, the non-arrival of goods ordered from New York, or the inferiority of the articles sent. We have therefore concluded to execute any commissions for ladies out of the city, to the best of our judgment and ability, forwarding the same promptly and at the exact prices charged at the various establishments at which they are obtained, the parties to whom they are consigned paying transit charges. All letters must be addressed to the *LADY EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE*, office, 13 Frankfort street, New York.

A FRENCH POLICEWOMAN IN NORMANDY.—Possibly it is owing to the large amount of male population drafted off to the army, that women in France are occupied in so many offices filled exclusively, in our own and other countries, by men. The enumeration of the several duties and responsibilities confided to these intelligent citoyennes of La Grande Nation would occupy no little space. Moreover, it has been mentioned, not long since, by more than one of our popular writers. At theatres, railway stations, and coach offices, in cathedral crypts, stone quarries, and other subterraneous excavations, in the shafts of columns, in old bat and owl-haunted "ivy-mantled towers," church steeples and charnel-houses, woman, with or without flambeau, leads the way, or takes the money; and I was not astonished to find a fat dame deeply engaged in pottage and red lentils, behind the counter of a Bureau des Diligences, where she was booking places and eating her beans amidst the conflicting claims between a cooling dinner and a pressing duty; but I was not prepared to see what passed before my eyes one morning, at the prison gates, alongside of the Palais de Justice in Caen: A woman arrived from the country with a man handcuffed, in a small spring cart—she seated on the front bench, he on the hinder; and, delivering the reins to a trooper that stood at hand, she got down, lowered the backboard of the cart, and told her prisoner to jump down. This was done; the man was at once taken by two gendarmes into the court-house where the criminal judge was sitting, and, in about a quarter of an hour's time, brought out and consigned again to her cart, to be handed over to the tribunal of the district to which it was ascertained the village, where he had been pilfering goods, belonged; and away she went again, whip in hand, and malefactor *en arriere*, followed by two Gardes Champêtres on horseback. She would be allowed fivepence a mile, both coming and going, for this service; and I was told it was of continual occurrence.—*Mcgrave*.

FINE LANGUAGE.—"Can a body eat with these things?" asks an elderly lady who is handling a pair of artificial palates in a dentist's surgery, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist describes them. "My dear madam," responds the dentist, "mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by nature herself." "Yes, I know," replied the female, "but can a body eat with 'em?"

THE WOMAN who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her she was skimming the seas.

REMOTE ANTIQUITY.—The Athenæum tells a story of a sprig of nobility, who, having failed in a competitive examination, was asked by a good-natured friend how it happened. "Oh!" said the rejected candidate, "it was all through a fellow who asked me questions I didn't expect." "What did he examine you in?" "Oh! history!" answered the young aristocrat. "Ancient or modern?" "Ancient or modern!" exclaimed the youth, with an air of the most intense disgust, "oh, ever so long before either; time of William the Conqueror!"



MANTILLA. CHARLES STREET & CO. PAGE 474.



BONNET. STREET & CO. PAGE 474.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN GREATNESS AND MEANNESS.—What I must do is all that concerns me, and not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

SOUTHEY says, in one of his letters:—"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyment; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

THE loyalty well held to fools does make our faith mere folly.



CAP. STREET & CO. PAGE 474.





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MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE,

Written expressly for *Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine*,
BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE GIPSY ORACLE.

SEVERAL days elapsed after the events detailed in the preceding chapter, without anything occurring worthy of special notice. I had employed myself in posting up my journal and preparing one or two public documents in connection with my office. I read Wordsworth also at this time, both for culture and intellectual use; for I had to speak publicly about him during the coming winter. Myra frequently came in to see me at such times, and I tried to make her like the poet; but she instinctively shrank from him as anti-magnetic, and out of the pale of her sympathies. Even his ballads and simple lyrics had very little charm for her. He was too cold and plastic, too artistic, and his verses were not alive enough for her. She wanted more blood and sap, more fiery rush of feeling and passion. She laughed outright at his few love pieces, the Lucy poems for example, and the beautiful and noble lines to his wife. That poem also, in which, as the climax of love's devotion, the surviving lover utters that memorable line,

And oh! the difference to me!

was the very affectation of passion. She would have uttered threnes and infinite wailing over such a loss, and her wild burning love would have gone far to re-animate her lost one and restore him to her. She had a fine natural appreciation of what was objectively natural and beautiful, and her whole nature vibrated to such influence. But Wordsworth's subjectivity alternately pained and shocked her, as something unreal, and yet supernaturally like reality. She was a perfect child of nature; and her character was a study, in which the wisest might have benefited. Once or twice the romantic thought of educating this beautiful and profusely-gifted girl occupied and disturbed me. I soon saw, however, all the difficulties in the way, to say nothing of the prejudice of her own tribe, and the vulgar mouthings of my venerable and most respected friend Mistress Grundy. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to accept my darling as she was, a fine-hearted, quick-witted, passionate and impulsive beauty.

In my trunk, which was usually left open when I was in the way, there was a copy of Murray's edition of Byron, which I occasionally opened and read, although I knew nearly the whole

of Byron by heart, long before I was eighteen years old. This book was Myra's idol; and she would sit and read in it for hours on the grass before my tent, whilst I was occupied within. Here she saw her own heart as in a mirror; and all her affections and sympathies were interpreted and uttered in orchestras of music, to which her whole being responded. How I could read that stupid, unimpassioned Wordsworth, whom she had the profanity to call a "self-conceited old woman," whilst the harp of Apollo was in my reach, she could not divine. The step between "closing your Byron, and opening your Goethe," was an impassable, inconceivable gulf to her; and all its meanings were hidden for ever from her eyes.

Some of my friends to whom I have related these memoranda of Myra, as elucidating her remarkable character, have expressed surprise that a young girl, circumstanced as she was, should have displayed so much high and cultivated feeling in such various scenes, and such a ready appreciation of what was noble



INTERVIEW OF MYRA AND HER RIVAL.

and beautiful in conduct. But nature continually manifests her rights and powers, and the supreme sovereignty of her will and pleasure, by a favoritism altogether independent of birth, rank or fortune; and Myra was an instance of this capricious and despotic absolutism. Cultivated, however, she was not, in the legitimate meaning of the word; she was simply natural, her endowments being of a queenly and heroic character, and her language, often truly eloquent, was the spontaneous utterance of her feelings. Her admiration for Byron was genuine, and from her heart, for she was essentially a Byronic woman, and lived in the passion's sphere. To love and be beloved, whether wisely or not, was her ideal of life. Love, however, did not mean sensuality with her, although it included the sphere which sensuality covers; it was a devotion of body and soul to the loved one: a feeling so absorbing and ennobling that it left no room for selfishness, and found its true outlet in deeds of self-sacrifice and heroism. Love unto death, through death and over death triumphant. Such was Myra's nature if I interpret it aright, as I think I do.

And could you live with such a woman and not love her? asks some heart which beats responsive to hers. No, I could not. I loved her very much; more than I suspected. And yet I did not love her. I clung to her, indeed, as I now think, with more than a lover's tenacity; and yet it was not the divine, immortal love wherewith I loved her. I know what that love is now; for I have found her whom my soul loveth; but then I did not know it, nor was I sure that I loved her at all, except as a good brother should love a beautiful sister of whom he is proud. Even when nearest to her, I felt myself furthest away from her. She was a paradox to my heart; and my heart was a paradox in respect to her. Neither did I show my regard for her at any time, in any other way than that I have already related. A barrier of restraint, made mightier and more impassable by those prophetic whispers of the oracles of fate which predestined me for another's, intervened also between us, and flung an aspect as of incest upon the thought of any closer union between us than that which already existed. She knew also what the horoscope of her dreams had foretold respecting my destiny; and more than once she had alluded to it with sorrow, which she knew was unavailing. She was, however, a very woman, in spite of her resignation, and on one of those occasions, in speaking of the time when she should lose her Geordie for ever, as she expressed herself, she burst out into such vehement and uncontrollable tears and agonies of utterance that I was for the first time made sensible of a secret, involving such responsibilities, and so dire a tragedy, that I stood appalled at the revelation like one before whose eyes the veil of some dreadful Isis had been suddenly withdrawn. I felt guilty; and yet I was unconscious of a guilty act. But had I done wisely in my intercourse with her? Alas! tried by that standard I was far from blameless. My affections also were deeply interested in her. She had become necessary to my existence, mysteriously represented me indeed, and had grown as it were to be a part of me. And now that I discovered how much she was mine I felt that I could not part from her; that I ought not to part from her. I forgot all about Psyche, and destiny and everything else, and in the passionate fervor of sudden, irresistible and overwhelming feeling I clasped her to my heart. She knew the meaning of that wild embrace, and felt it through all her being. It was the first time my arms had encircled her with the fire of love burning in them; and for a few moments she yielded herself wholly and absolutely to the new raptures. Then turning her beautiful eyes to mine with an expression of sublime sorrow and self sacrifice, she said:

"No, Geordie! It cannot be. I know it cannot be. Dear as your love is to me, and O it is unutterably dear! and sincerely as you now think you love me, and as you now do love me, we must go our own separate ways in this world. We were not made for each other, or only made for a time, a very brief time. I am but a poor gipsy girl, and there is one who is waiting for you more favored than I, happier than I ever shall be, but not truer, Geordie, oh, not truer!"

I wept and was speechless. What words could I have offered to this dear maiden expressive of what I felt in this hour of my Gethsemane? For it was to me a time of agony such as I never before experienced; Gethsemane and Calvary in one—love

transfixed by sorrow, and crowned with the thorns of martyrdom, and reviled by the scoffings of the rabble crew of fate.

In the evening of the following day, whilst I was playing at quoits with big Toon in the presence of Flaming Nosey and sundry pals, Ikey came running towards us with the news that two ladies had that moment arrived at the tents to have their fortunes told; "And they want you, Mister Geordie, I 'spect, cause there's nobody else here what catches butterflies and makes a present on um to young ladies; and sich a chap they wants and is a waitin' for."

This speech, addressed to me, took me, notwithstanding my expectations, by a surprise so complete that I lost my usual readiness of reply, and stood dangling my quoit as my great prototype, Ellen's bridegroom, dangled his hat and plume aforetime in the presence of Young Lochinvar.

"What's the chap scaverin' about?" said big Toon, in his best banter. "Seed anybody the like of him? He looks as glum as if he was goin' to be scragged. Why don't you be off to the purty bushne lady, Master Geordie?"

"Let the child be, brother Toon," chimed in Nosey. "Mayhap he knows his facin's; an' if he be like me he'd as soon face the devil as a woman with a purty face."

Thus rallied I recovered my senses and set off with as loud a laugh as I could call from the stable, and was soon in the presence of Psyche and her companion, who were waiting on the green opposite the tents, surrounded already by a troop of our importunate child imps.

I made my bow as I best could, and the blue-eyed maiden, who recognized me at once with a sweet, sweet smile, opened the case by some friendly words, and inquired for the Pythoness of the gipsy oracle.

"You see," she said, "I am as good as my word. I promised to come and have my fortune told, and here I am."

"I know'd you'd come, my purty lady," quoth I, "for the stars told me so; and the stars is always true."

"Oh, yes! the stars are true enough; and they seem to be very communicative to you. Are you also a fortune-teller?"

"No, lady, I tells no fortins, though I reads the stars. I keeps what secrets they tells me all to myself, and thinks over um at nights when the bully boys are asleep, and I am alone in my tent."

"And what do the stars tell you about me?"

"Strange things, lady; but I mustn't peach. Myra or granny Mabel 'I tell you more nor I dare. But I knows you are a good bushne, and the stars love you."

I took off my hat as I said this, and passed my hand through my hair in an act of self-forgetfulness. The lady started and uttered a cry of surprise, as if she recognized in me her deliverer at Flamboro' Head. She instantly recovered herself, however, and addressed a few words in French to her companion, and I had now to bear the scrutiny of them both. Myra, however, came up at this moment, just in time to rescue me from my position.

"This is my sister Myra," I said, introducing her; "and she is the secret-teller, and knows all the things of life and death, and what lies beyond the stars."

Psyche looked at me again, and this time so earnestly my eyes fell beneath hers. I saw that the invisible spell was working its first problems in her; that she felt the mystery which enveloped us both, although she could not solve it. I watched Myra also with intense attention. She was visibly affected by the presence of her rival; and when she took her hand to commence her operations, she trembled violently and grew deadly pale. This sudden agitation, of which I only knew the cause, gave a coloring of awe and reality to her functions, which could not fail to be impressive. She examined her visitor's small and delicate white hand; and then slowly raising her eyes to her face, she exclaimed:

"You are born to be happy, lady; and the Great Name has made you good and beautiful. Oh, so beautiful! that I, accustomed to all the forms of beauty in the immortal spheres, could gaze on you in untiring worship for ever. And yet there is enmity between our houses; and we two could never love each other, for we occupy different positions in the places of the stars; and you are what it is not given me to be. You are loved, and destined to love one of whom you now know nothing:

or nearly nothing. He hides in the holes of the earth, obedient to his destiny, wherein it is written that he shall assume new and ever newer forms to you, for service and occasion of love; that you shall see him and know him not; hear him and hear him not; until the time comes when your probation shall be complete, and your destiny ripe for fulfilment. Happy woman!" she added, bowing her head to the ground; "most unhappy Myra! Go!" she said, "and in peace. The stars have spoken."

"Oh no!" cried Psyche passionately, her eyes full of tears, "I cannot go, and leave you so unhappy. Why are you unhappy? You tell me strange things and in a manner I least expected to hear when I came; but I am interested in them and in you, and you must let me try and make you happy. How can I do so, my poor, dear sister?"

"Thank you, thank you!" said Myra, seizing her outstretched hand, and in a voice choking with emotion; "but you cannot help me. You least of all in this world; and yet from you I would rather receive benefits than from any other person. But you know not what you ask. Behind me and you and him there is a woof of secrets and mysteries which may not now be revealed; although you will know all hereafter. Go, dear lady! and I thank the Great Name that in my poverty and desolation I am yet rich enough to bless you at your departure."

I could bear no more. My heart was bursting with feelings I could neither define nor utter; and I stole from the spot as the ladies were retiring, and Myra staggered to Mabel's tent.

CHAPTER VII.—BURLINGTON FAIR MORNING; THE OLD HALL.

THE next day was Burlington fair, and big Toon roused me sometimes in the morning, inviting me to join the chals and see the sport. I was not sorry to have the chance, although, as the reader may suppose, I was not in the best mood for it. But neither was I in the mood to stay behind, for the scene of last night had unnerved me altogether, and I was still nervous and agitated, and dreaded my next interview with Myra, although I knew that for her part she would repress all show of feeling as much as possible. I was by no means sure of myself, however; so I thought I had better go.

I presently came out from the door of my tent therefore, and crossed to the camp-fire, where most of the tribe were assembled. Granny Mabel was busy at her old post, and savory smells issued from the great iron pot which she was superintending, very stimulating to the appetite, although this provocation was quite unnecessary to our case, inhaling as we did the hungry sea air, both day and night. We were all glad of our breakfast, and ate heartily, as soon as it was ready. I thought old Granny looked troubled and haggard as she sat there at the head of the circle, and she was unusually quiet all the while. There was noise enough, however, among the tawny chaps and lasses, and much laughter and merriment. It was a fine morning, too, and everybody was in good humor and full of boisterous spirits. Hiram was cracking his jokes and uttering his quaint speeches in tags of rhyme as usual; and Flaming Nosey was speculating with Toon upon the chances of the fair. The lasses were all dressed out in their best finery; some in yellow gowns, with large red shawls flung over their heads and shoulders; others in dresses of blue and green, and all of them mighty proud of their caparisons. I noticed what had frequently struck me before as remarkable in ladies' dresses, that the *pine pattern*, as it is called, prevailed as ornament in these holiday garments of my wild sisters. And knowing the esoteric meaning of the symbol and its Eastern origin, that it was a Phallic hieroglyph, in short, representing the matrix of all life, and worshipped as such in those ancient times—precisely as the May-pole and garland erected upon every English green were the symbols of fecundity in the religious mysteries of Priapus—knowing, I say, the inner meaning of this representation, I fell into musings upon that old past time, thus strangely, and by an almost forgotten *nexus*, linked to the present. Here were the lineal descendants of those pagan times and peoples bearing their most sacred sign, and yet ignorant of its import. It can be traced back in the East beyond a period of three thousand years; and in Western Europe it has rarely been out of fashion as an ornament, but if superseded for a time it was sure to recur again, as if there was an arcane necessity for its propagation

and continuance. Nature loves it, and instructs the human eye to love it also. It is her revenge upon us for our mock modesty; and she points to this emblem in scornful triumph.

When I was in the midst of these cogitations, the tawnies broke up from the breakfast ring, and began to prepare for the business of the day. When all was ready we set off down the road—some ten or a dozen of us—old Hiram taking the lead, and fiddling away in his best style, whilst Ina, a young girl of sixteen and cousin to Myra, struck, thumbed and jingled the tamborine in concert, much to the admiration of Ikey, who could not help dancing for joy, and compelling his sisters to dance with him, making us all merry with his antics. Ina played her wild instrument well, and was proud of her skill. She kept time admirably, and when excited she was like one beside herself, so wholly and passionately did she throw her soul into the performance. She was the best dancer in the camp too, and even excelled Ikey, who had otherwise no equal amongst his tribe. She was a pretty girl, proud and wilful, and vain of her personal appearance. She had laughing hazel eyes, and a perfectly Grecian face. Her forehead was low, and her beautiful brown hair was braided over her temples and bound up in a fillet behind, and decorated with a cluster of large pearls—imitations of course, and set in fine Brummagem gold. Her nose was aquiline, and her mouth red and tempting as a rose in June. Her cheeks were richly colored, and suffused a warmth over her olive complexion, as if she had just burst all aglow from the gates of the morning.

By the time we had walked a couple of miles the company grew more settled and sober, and each betook himself to his own thoughts or to conversation. Ikey had found his way to the side of his cousin Ina, and being next them I overheard what they talked about. Indeed they did not pretend to be secret, and were aware of my presence; for I had just exchanged words with Hiram in their hearing, and had scarcely done laughing at his oddities when they began:

"I say, cousin," quoth Ikey, "how purty you looks this mornin'. I never seed sich a fine gal. You grows purtier and purtier every day."

"Don't gammon, Ikey; there's no good in gammon; and I don't like to have it paid out to me. I'm no purtier than other tawny gals, that I knows of; and if I be's, what's it matter to you?"

"It does matter to me, my dainty dearie—'cause I likes to see it, and it do my heart good, and it ain't gammon; and you is purtier than all the gals I ever seed."

"Well, Ikey, suppose I be—what then?"

"What then!"

"Yes, what then?"

"Well, that's a poser. What then, indeed? As if you didn't know."

"Know? Know what?"

"Why, what then."

"Don't be a fool, Ikey, and talk balderdash. How should I know 'what then,' or what now, or what you would be at."

"Can you read a puzzle, Ina?"

"That all 'pends on the case."

"Well, you see when I was down Nottingham I seed a rifle in a winder; the purtiest rifle I had ever seed; and I stood a lookin' on it, and a fondlin' on it outside till I got a kinder mad about it, I liked it so. And as I had no dubs to buy it I went away down street, as heavy as a load of lead, thinkin' all the while of the purty rifle in the winder, and a wishin' it war mine. Wishin', howsumdover, wur no use; and so I wret back to the tents in Sherwood Forest, and did nothin' but fret and dream about the purty rifle. At last there wur a shootin' match got up at Mansfield; and I walked all the way there, along with brother Toon, and won the match; killin' eleven pigeons out of twelve from the trap; the last badly hit, but flyin' out o' bounds. *What then*, dearie cousin Ina? What then cumed next arter Ikey had got the dubs—Ikey that loved the purty rifle in the Nottingham chap's winder? Why, away he went straight to the place, and paid down the shiners for the dearie, and brought it away with him to the tents, and fondled it, and let it sleep with him at nights, the purty thing, never to part with it no more."

"Well, what's that mean? What's the rifle to do with me? I'm no rifle to be shot out of, and you're a fool, Ikey."



SQUIRE GRAHAM'S FLUNKY BEGGING PARDON OF FLAMING NOSEY.

"Fool! 'Spose I be. You're no fool, Ina, and can read the puzzle."'

"Not I, indeed."

"Yes, you can, my purty dearie! The rifle's very dear to Ikey."

"Well, keep it; you bought it and paid for it."

"There again! She won't take to the puzzle. Heerd anybody the like?" And Ikey began to grow moody.

"You needn't get glumpy, Ikey. It don't become a Rommany chal when he's a keepin' of company with his cousin."

"I wish I was a keepin' of company with you, Ina, dearie. You know I wishes I was; but you are too purty to take on wi' the likes of a plain chap as me."

"If you're not a keepin' of company with me, fool, who are you a keepin' with? Perhaps with Master Geordie there, behind," she added, looking archly to me over her shoulder.

"What's it all about, sister Ina," I asked, joining them at the same time as if I had heard nothing of the conversation.

"It's only a puzzle this addlepathe has been setting me about a rifle, and a silly gawkie who fell into fits of love with it," said Ina.

"And did you read the puzzle, sister Ina? Tell me all about it."

"Ask his glumps there to tell you. I don't know it's meanin'."

"Don't believe her, Master Geordie," quoth Ikey, "don't believe her. She's none so blind, but she's gone wilful and likes to make me ha' the blues and the trembles. But I don't care a shot, and I won't let her bother me. Ikey 'll stick to his rifle, and fondle his purty rifle. Oh, the purty rifle that never gives itself any airs, and is alus true to its chargina!"

Ina now laughed outright, and began to taunt and flout the poor gipsy lad in a merciless way. He was getting angry, and I don't know what might have come next if old Hiram had not suddenly called to us to stop. We were by this time close to the great hall where Graham of that ilk resided—a good-enough gentleman, whose hares my respectable pals had thinned considerably since they had sojourned in his neighborhood; and now these dare-devil boys proposed to pay a visit to his kitchen, and ask for a drink of beer and a hunch of bread and cheese. It was fair time they said, and everybody's hearts ought to be as open as their mouths were ready to be. I thought so too, and had a mind to accompany them; so off we went down the drive-walk and straight to the servant's hall. Hiram made known our presence by a lively tune on his fiddle,

keeping time with that everlasting stamp of his. Presently a servant girl, with a white cap on her head and a duster in her hand, looked out upon us from an open window in the second story, and laughed heartily at old Hiram's antics. She was soon joined by another damsel, who, in her hurry to look below, nearly upset her companion. Then they both laughed and began to dance up there in good earnest, whereupon Hiram put more steam into his elbow and joined them in a perfect fury of motion. Finally a powdered flunkey appeared at the door and said something which we did not hear for the noise. Then the girls above vanished and Hiram ceased playing, tucking at the same time his fiddle under his arm, and making a polite bow to the flunkey, who tossed his imperial head scornfully and bade us take ourselves off, if we didn't want to be sent to the house of "corweckshion." Well, we didn't want to be sent to the house of "corweckshion," and we didn't mean either to be off quite so soon as flunkey beefeater would have us, and I could see that Hiram was tickled at his appearance and lordly airs, and that some fun was in the wind—so accordingly it turned out.

"What for, *cor!*" quoth he, leering at the lackey. "Why should we be off, *cor!* And at your bidden? Son of a midden! Where do you expect to die when you go to—my eye—with your crinkum crankums and your winkum wankums and yellow breeches—so tight, quite—that if you scratches you can never hitches in these same yellow breeches. Be off, eh? Fust the piper pay! A horn of good beer, the tawny chaps to cheer—and a bite of bread and cheese, if you please; my six foot powdered flunkey—my charming little dear."

During this ridiculous speech, flunkey looked pins and needles and tiger's claws at Hiram, who was not in the least disturbed, but maintained his gravity as if he had spoken only the most respectful compliments. Not so, however, three or four servants who, attracted by the noise, had by this time assembled in the hall just behind "six foot"; for they fairly roared with laughter at the oddness of Hiram's speech, and evidently enjoyed the flunkey's discomfiture.

"You may laugh, gentlemen, if you please," said he, turning his angry face towards his fellow-servants, "but I tell you it's no larfin' matter to have sich low fellers as them are, a coming to take possession of Graham Hall—will he, nil he. They wants bread and cheese and beer, does they? And they won't go away without they gets it, won't they? I tell you what it is," he added, condescending at length to speak to us; "you're a set of raggermuffins, and thieves and picketpockets—and porchers, and reb the squire of his game, and steal sheep and bulwoks—

and if you don't be off I'll have you all taken up and put into the stocks, and sent to the house of corweckshion. So cut your stick, raskwells, without any more o' your insolwence."

"What do you say, old dusty pate?" cried Nosey, as he sprang forward and seized the fellow by the collar. "Pickpockets, thieves, and all the rest of the gang? Now by God's mercy, you white-livered toady, if you don't down on your marrowbones and beg me and my pals pardon, I'll pound your flour head into better dough than Graham Hall iver seed baked." And Nosey shook the tall hop-pole like a bag of bones.

"Oh, pray don't," he blubbered. "Don't, pray don't, you dear, good gipsy raggermuffin! It was only my fun an' airs, and I didn't mean no harm, and no offence I assure you. Do let me go," he continued, clasping both his hands and turning up the whites of his cat-looking eyes; "I'll do anythin' you want me; indeed I will."

"Then down on your pins," roared Nosey; whilst the servants looked on, half frightened and half enjoying the fun.

"Well, then, I'm down," replied flunkey; "and now let me get up! Oh, let me get up! My breeches' knees will be so dirty; and master wants me, I know he do."

"Master can wait; and d—n your breeches. So now then begin to ax pardon."

"Well, I'm very sorry for what I've done," said the poor devil, in an agony of fear.

"Sorry I am that when sich gentlemen as Ishmael Toon and Flaming Nosey the prizefighter, and Hiram the crack fiddler, and Master Geordie second cousin to the Empror of Russia, and more larned than all the parsons in Yorkshire, come to Graham Hall at fair time to play a tune and ask for some beer and cheese and bread in exchange therefor—should have been received by such a sneakin' lickspittle as I am, and not by the good butler who keeps the keys of the beer barrel, and knows where the cheese and bread is shelved. Do you hear," said Nosey, "you snivellin' danderlegs? Say all that arter me, quick as right left, left right—and a nuckler on the nose."

"Yes, yes; I'll say it all; every bit of it; 'and a nuckler on the nose.' Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me! Let me get up. I never will do so no more."

"What's all this about, eh? What's this? Jones is that you? And you, fellow, who are you?"

Before Nosey had time to reply Jones sprang to his feet, and retreated behind the good squire, who had thus suddenly broke in upon the scene, causing Nosey to release his hold of the long flunkey.

"They are thieves, squire," cried Jones, mad with the ignominious treatment he had met with, and now burning for revenge; "thieves who've come to rob the hall, and murder you, squire, in your comfortable bed."

"Hold your tongue, man, and get into the hall. And now, you sirrah; what do you mean by committing such an outrage as this upon my servant, before my own door. Do you know that I'm a magistrate, and can send you all to the county gaol?"

"Yes, your honor!" said big Toon, advancing and taking off his hat. "We knows your honor's a beak. Lord bless you! everybody knows that ere, in these parts, and far away beyond. And I wishes every other beak was as good a chap as you is. You see as we cummed along the road this morning, from the Danes' Dyke, where my purty dog Tibby (savin' your honor's presence) lies dead and buried—as purty a black and tan, your honor, as ever you set eyes on, and all along of Master Geordie's bull-mastiff there; as we was cumming from the Danes' Dyke, we felt a kinder dry feelin' in our throats, and says Flamin' Nosey (that's my brother, your honor, who is in trainin' for the belt of old England; him as jist now put the flunkey on his marrowbones) says he to me, 'Squire Graham's hall's close by, and the squire never turns a dry chap away with a empty belly, so let's go and give him a tune this Burlington fair morning, and be sure he'll be hospitable and send us out a flag of beer to drink his health wi.' Well, we cummed and played the tune—that is, Hiram did—he with the stump, your honor, and a merry boy he be. Most of your honor's camp heard him play, and I'll pound they liked it—all 'cept yon long flunkey, who took on airs and set up for the squire, and called us thieves and 'picket-pockets' and 'raggermuffins,' and other names not pleasant for gentl'men to hear, nor tawnies nuther.

So brother Nosey made him beg pardon, and that's the long and short on', your honor."

Turning to the servants who now stood round him, the squire asked if what the gipsy said were true, and they replied that it was.

"In that case," said he, "I will overlook this broil; and do you, Mr. Thomas (the butler), see these men well served with beer and beef; and, mark me, let nobody wait upon them but Jones."

The gipsies gave a loud cheer, and followed the butler into the hall. It was a large room lighted by six stately windows, and the walls were hung around with stags' heads and horns, and sundry old firelocks which, according to report, had done execution against the royalists in the wars of the Commonwealth. A huge coal fire was blazing up the wide and open chimney, suggesting to my mind many cosey gatherings on winter nights, and many Christmas feasts and festivities. Hiram was delighted at the turn which the adventure had taken, and at the good cheer in prospective. So he nursed his wooden leg, and chuckled and struck his fingers alternately into big Toon's ribs and mine, with a glee in his heart which just then could find no words to express it. At length he gave tongue:

"Here's a go! Ho! Lucky chals, me and my pals! Down on a flunkey, riz Nosey's monkey; in comes the squire, all afore! threatens to bag us, then lag us; and ends by makin' us drunk—all on the morning of Burlington fair, O!"

At this moment in came Mr. Jones, quite chapfallen, but laden with beef and bread, and a full gallon pitcher of beer. The servants giggled and Hiram was boisterous.

"Ho! six foot!" he bellowed, "set down the beer—here! And bring me a horn, all shaven and shorn, that tossed the cow so tattered and torn, from the head of a crumpled priest, O! I fill up the cup—sup pals, sup! Thank you, Master Stilts! and my very good civilities to you—boo! Now hand over the beef, and bring us another can, my tiny little cocker dandy man! For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season of the year—as the song says—queer!"

"That'll do, Hiram," quoth Nosey. "Enough's as good as a feast. Let the poor devil alone; mayhap he'll be civil next time gentl'men tawnies comes a visitin' to the hall. Eh, Mister Jones?"

Jones tried to laugh it off, but it wouldn't do. His face was



THE GIPSIES RETURNING THANKS TO SQUIRE GRAHAM.

sour and savage, and he bore the banter only because he couldn't help himself.

The beer made my wild brethren tolerably merry; for they drank without stint. Before we rose to depart Hiram once more called Mr. Jones to the table, and thanking him with great politeness for the attention he had paid to such unwelcome guests, begged him, in the name of his pals, to accept a ha'penny for the services he had rendered; at the same time exhorting him not to be too proud over this sudden increase of wealth, seeing that "riches, in breeches, could fly, skyhigh—my eye! So, flunkie, good-bye!"

The fellow took the copper and was staring stupidly at it, with a half-idiotic, half-malicious smirk on his face, as we left the hall. On our way to the highroad we met the squire, and taking off our hats, thanked him for his generous treatment of us.

"It's all right, boys," said the squire. "I won't have anybody rich or poor, insulted who comes to my gates, ecod! And now, harkie! be merciful to my hares and partridges, and don't let me or my keepers catch you poaching. If you do, you know where away York castle lies, ecod!"

"Never fear, your honor," cried Toon, whom the beer had made bold and brave this morning. "No hare of your honor's shall ever come into Mabel's pot. And if you will take a present from a tawny, it'll go hard if big Toon don't bring the best grayhound to the hall that ever ran to match."

"No, no," said the squire, laughing and turning away—his good, round, red face glistening brightly and genially in the sunshine, "that won't do. I must have no gipsy dogs about me. Good-day, men! good-day!" And so he walked away, firm and upright, towards his hall.

"A real good 'un is the old beak, and no mistake," said Nosey. "I should like to see any half dozen Brides a meddlin' with the gray cock, or sayin' an ill word of him—that's all."

"The right spirit, Nosey," quoth I; "and spoke all out like a man. I never knew a tawny do evil for good since I've had the honor of a welcome to their tents; and when I do, I'll bid them good-day."

By this time we had reached the road and found our friends sitting comfortably under the hedge, which here about was laden with wild roses and honeysuckles, whose delicious odors scented all the neighborhood. The birds were singing sweetly, too; the sheep were cropping the rich grass in the adjacent meadows, and a halcyon calm reigned over the landscape. I thought the gipsies looked very pretty and picturesque in the old green lane, with these surroundings; and my thoughts were beginning to assume a poetical coloring, and carry me back to the butterfly-catcher, when Ikey suddenly restored me to myself, as we journeyed once more towards Burlington, the fine tower of which we could now see distinctly.

"A fine house be the big hall, Master Geordie," said he, as he edged himself alongside me. "And brother Ishmael says the beer bangs all he's ever tasted out of malt and hops."

"I dare say it was very good, Ikey. Squire Graham is noted all the country round for his good old ale. And a fine ancient chap he is."

"No doubt, Master Geordie. But there's a finer she nor him at the hall, or I'm no judge of a purty face."

"I don't understand you, Ikey. How do you know that a purty she lives at the hall? Squire Graham hasn't any babies, old or young, that I ever heerd of. He lives alone a blessed bachelor."

"Batchledore, or no batchledore, Ikey can believe his own eyes, and the purty she cummed from the hall."

"What do you mean, Ikey?" I asked, now growing interested in his talk, and not a little curious.

"Ask Ina, Master Geordie. She knows the secret, and Ikey musn't tell all he saw for fear his purty cousin sud be angry with him. But Ikey knows."

At this moment Ina cast a look towards us, and Ikey sneaked away behind, saluting me as he went with the expressive monosyllable, "Mum," intended, I suppose, to be in the imperative mood. So I walked carelessly up to Ina, but she had her wits about her and saw the move, and opened fire upon me immediately without warning.

"What's that gowdy bawkey been a sayin' of to you, Master Geordie? I seed him, and know'd by the winkles of his eye that he was arter no good."

"He says that a purty she lives at the hall, and that cousin Ina knows something about her which he daren't tell for fear his dearie should pull his black locks for him. What does the chal mean, Ina?"

"What, indeed, Master Geordie! A likely thing that a fine lady—purty, does he call her, the jay bird! What does he know about a purty lady? A likely thing that a fine lady sud go for to talk to a poor plain gal like me, indeed."

"Never mind Ikey, sister; I know somebody with bright eyes, beautiful brown hair, and red lips made to be kissed, who might hold up her head with any lady in the land."

"Gammon, Master Geordie," said she, interrupting my gallant speech. "I'se not a lady, and she as cummed from the hall was, and a fine lady, too, though Ikey oughtn't to say so."

"Of course he oughtn't. What did she come to my beautiful sister Ina for, this fair lady from the hall?"

"Well, as you're rich a nice spoken chap, Master Geordie, I don't mind a tellin' you that she gived me a letter to take to Myra when we comes back at nightfall."

"A letter, Ina? And didn't she say anything about it?"

"Yes. She said she'd seed the chaps a goin' to the hall, as she was lookin' out of her window, and she know'd um again. So, as she wanted to speak to Myra, she runned across the meadow, and when she found Myra wasn't here, she gived me the letter for her."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Master Geordie."

"Didn't she want an answer?"

"No; but she gived me a gouden guinea, and told me to be sure and give Myra the letter. And a sweet, purty lady she wur, though Ikey says so."

As we were now approaching the town, our company separated by previous arrangement, and departed in little groups for the better transaction of business. Toon, Nosey and myself remained together.

CHAPTER VIII.—BOOTHIES AND FAIR SCENERY.

EVEN at this early hour in the morning—for it was not yet seven o'clock—the old town was full of excitement, and business men hurried to and fro as if the fate of England hung upon their activity and despatch. Carts and wagons laden with goods, gigs and horsemen, droves of bullocks, sheep and horses poured into the town through all its avenues. The public-houses were crowded with visitors, and the steam of roasting meats, mingled with the odors of beer and tobacco, saluted the nostrils in every quarter. The fair was held in a large meadow on the south side of the town, and thitherward we directed our steps. It was an old-fashioned English fair, having long lines of drinking booths intersecting each other, and extending over an area of about half a mile. Stalls of fancy goods and gingerbread and sweetmeats, of Sheffield cutlery and Leeds' broadcloth, and innumerable miscellaneous bazaars decorated the main thoroughfares; and at the extreme end of this populous town of canvas were erected the tents of the mountebanks and poor players, and those of the jugglers and the pugilistic artists, whilst all around them, in a wide circle, were arranged the yellow canvas of the showman and wild beast tamers. Behind these were the quoit grounds and rifle tunnels, and the circle where the game of sticks was played. So many sticks, placed upright in holes, with a tobacco-box, or knife, or other article of the kind balanced on the top of the sticks; and whoso flinging a stuff at them within a given distance, struck them so that said articles fall outside the holes, pocketed them for his skill, having previously paid his penny for the chance.

By the time we had completed the circle of the fair it was thronged with visitors. There were country Johnny Raws in blue smocks and beaver hats, arm in arm with rosy-cheeked lassies, dressed out in best bibs and tuckers, having posies in their hands, or pinned neatly over their bosoms. Yeomen and well-to-do farmers, and young blood chaps, their sons, who carried hunting whips under their arms, and wore Newmarket coats and kersymere breeches and gaiters, or top-boots; cattle-drovers with short black pipes in their hats, and armed with stout ash plants, followed by shaggy and faithful coney dogs. Blind men and ballad-singers, thimblers, and those unmistakeable blackguards who go from fair to fair, all the year round—veritable

boothies, who, like Wordsworth's Peter Bell, have the mark of men who dwell out of doors upon them, and are incarnations of all conceivable sensuality, dissipation and priggery; fellows with threadbare coats and dogskin waistcoats, and broken hats; generally pitted with the small pox, as if the devil had been treading on their faces in nailed shoes; their hair long, curly, and unctuous with oily lubrications; their cheeks recently cut, or their eyes blacked; altogether incorrigible rips, who live by lying and stealing.

Such was the motley throng of folks we saw thus early at the fair, and being tired we presently entered a drinking booth and took our seats at one of the vacant benches. It was a large booth, and might hold four hundred persons. The seats and tables were of the rudest sort, made of rough pine wood, and supported by ground stakes. On the left of us was the bar-room, where the landlord and his waiters gave out the beer and spirituals; and straight before us was the huge fireplace, where an old woman was roasting a round of beef and frying sausages.

My pals were dry as usual, and called for a quart of ale. So I filled my pipe and sat quietly by whilst they drank. There was plenty of company present, mostly engaged in making bargains, although not a few were simply enjoying themselves with their country cousins. As we each sat and talked, scores of fair followers entered, pursuing each his vocation. Women and girls with baskets on their arms, full of gingerbread nuts and Barcelonas, crying them aloud in shrill voices, which rose high above the general din and confusion; piemen in white hats and aprons, having a tin oven, heated by a charcoal fire, lashed before them, calling out continually, "Pies all hot, gentlemen! Eel pie, beef pie, mutton pie, veal pie! All hot! all hot!" And jostling against one of these worthies was a "Chelsea bun" man, perhaps, singing the praises of his bread ware: "Chelsea buns! Chelsea buns! All piping hot Chelsea buns!" And these had no sooner vanished than they were followed by ballad-singers, hurdygurdy players and blind beggars, who turning up their white-livered eyes, made long mournful speeches about their misery, mixing them with "kind Christian friends," and "the Lord," and the good of coppers. Then there were tumblers and conjurers, rigged in spangled jackets, with their cups and balls, whirling daggers and spinning plates, exhibiting or ready to exhibit. By and by a fiddler came in, and then the country lads and lasses rose and went behind us where the dancing floor was laid, and had a merry, noisy and, I have no doubt, happy jig.

While the dancing was going on, a burly, red-faced, big-bellied man entered, in a broad-brimmed hat, wearing goodly knee-breeches, brown gaiters, and shoes fastened with silver buckles. He walked inside a scaffolding of hoops, attached to which were whips of all sorts; gig whips, cart whips, dog whips and hunting stocks. Dog chains and collars, snaffle and curb bridles, curry-combs and other stable furniture were suspended from his neck; and it was clear that he not only was, but also thought he was, a person of weight and importance in the fair. I thought so too, and so did my companions.

"Lookee!" said Nosey, as the man approached us: "Seed you ever the like o' that, brother Toon? Here's a walkin' knackers' shop. Twig him! brother, twig him! and then tell a chap howiver he makes a clean course through the daddies outside. I say," he added calling to the imperturbable whip dealer, who moved along as slowly as a loaded wagon; "come up here to the scratch, old feller, and lets look at your fads."

"All i' good time, master," replied the man, as he walked slowly towards us, "all i' good time. I'se in no hurry; and if I war, thars no use i' fashion. I'se a nat'ral sweater, you see, wi' my corperrashun; and if I tewed much I sud go off i' steam sich a warm day as this ere is. I sud like to sell you summits nevertheless," said he, pulling up at last where we sat. "What is it yer fancy, loick? Bein' gipsy chaps, you deals i' hosses, mayhap; and if you dew, herc's things 'll suit your minds. So pick away."

"You takes it easy, master," said Toon, as Nosey began to admire the stock. "And you looks dry, too, though you sweats a deal. Will you drink?"

"Yes I will, my chap, and thankee," he replied, taking off his big hat and wiping with a red pocket handkerchief his head and face, which literally streamed with perspiration. "I'se

fond o' a sup a beer, there's nowt like it, hot days or cool, wet or dry. It strengthens a body up; and is, as I may say, a Englishman's nat'ral drink, beer is. Beats cowl warter holler. Here's to yer!" he added with a broad grin on his old Yorkshire face; and then he took a long, strong, deep pull at the quart pot, and seemed powerfully refreshed after his draught.

"You're no friend to the teetotalers, I see, mister," quoth I. "And yet water was made before beer, and men grew strong on it."

"Not i' my time, young man. I never knowed a cowl water drinker who didn't die o' the rot. And as for these d—d tee—tee—tee—it chokes me to think o' the word, much mair to speak it, and I can't get it out; as for them chaps, I say, who goes about given folks the belly-ache and preachin' abstinence from the very thing as 'ud cure it, seems to me they ought to be taen up as enemies to the cuntree, and made to live i' hooss-ponds, sin they're so fond o' cowl water."

Whereupon we all laughed outright, for I knew it was no use to reason with the Yorkshire man, even had I been inclined to do so, which I was not. So I called for a bottle of ginger-beer, when the following discourse ensued:

NOSEY—"What's the price o' this bran new spankin dog collar, mister?"

YORKSHIREMAN—"Two shillin'. Ginger-beer, eh? (turning to me with an expression of visible disdain in his face.)

NOSEY—"That's too much. I don't min' givin' you a bob for it—not that I want it; only it's a purty gimcrack."

YORKSHIREMAN—"Can't take no less. Why, young man (turning again to me), you arn't i' earnest, sure-ly, to call for ginger-beer? It's nub but old stale and wind, arn't ginger-beer! an it 'll blow yer up like bustin'. I think shame on yer—ye a gipsy chap, too—settin' sich a bad example at fair time."

TOON—"Niver mind our pal, mister. He alus do as he likes—and so does we. Take a bob for the dog collar, mister."

YORKSHIREMAN—"Can't do it. Cost me more money."

NOSEY—"Well then, a bob and a pint."

TOON—"Ay, ay! say a bob and a pint. If my little terrier, which was a real black and tan, master, and the best dog in all Yorkshire, though he be dead and buried in Danes' Dyke, the purty fond beautie! if he'd been alive I might ha' made the pint a quart myself, but now he's dead I ain't the heart."

NOSEY—"Come old chap, here's the tin. So ho, there! you waiter dandy, bring another pint."

YORKSHIREMAN—"Well, to wash the thought o' that ginger-beer out o' my mouth and set a good example to your pal there, damme if I don't sell you the collar, so there it be."

MYSELF—"Good, I like an honest man, whether he drinks beer or water. An out-and-out fellow for my money, and no shilly shally."

YORKSHIREMAN—"Yer one o't richt soort I do believe, arter all, young'un. So here's my fist, and harkee! if yer sud hev the bellyache, it may be a warnin' of cholerray mortbus; so gang ye away direckety to't brandy bottle and drink yoursen bleend drunk. It's the best thing ye can do, and the ony cure I knows for't ginger-beer disease. Good day t'ye, men, good day."

So saying the easy old chap walked slowly off to seek other customers.

He hadn't left us many moments when Squire Graham's head groom entered with a downy-looking horse-dealer, and taking a seat before us they were soon engaged in earnest talk. I knew the groom directly by his livery, and so I told my pals who he was. They wanted to treat him forthwith in recompense for the squire's hospitality; but I would not hear of it, for it looked to me rather suspicious that he should be in such company, and I thought that, without playing the eaves-dropper, we might overhear something that would enlighten us as to their business. And so it turned out, for we presently heard the groom say: "Eighty pounds! why I've been offered a cool hundred for her already, and I means to hev one hundred and twenty, if I sells her."

"You'll get a pretty pickin' out on her, Mister Corby, at that rate, and if I bought her she'd leave me no profit."

"Nonsense! she's worth nearer two hundred than one-fifty; and you knows where the market lies for such as her."

"Well I do, that's sarten. But cum now, Mr. Corby be



MASTER GEORDIE AND BIG TOON RESCUING PSYCHE AND THE SQUIRE.

content with a twenty pund note for yoursen and tak' a hundred. I'll make it a hundred. I lost by the last horse you sold me, and you sud gi'e me a chance."

"Well then, I'll split the difference and make it one hundred and ten," said the groom.

"That leaves you thirty pund profit, Mister Corby. The squire says, she's to go for eighty, and you sells her for thirty pund more nor he axes; which is all very well for you, but it does nothin' for me."

"Oh, very well," said the groom, rising in a huff, "if you won't buy her, I know who will."

"Don't be angry, Mister Corby," cried the jockey, now alarmed lest he should lose the horse by his dillydallying. "I didn't say I wouldn't give a hundred and ten; but you'll tip me a five pounder as back money, won't you?"

"Well, I don't mind, as you're a regular buyer and knows how to be discreet and keep a still tongue in your head. Is it a bargain?"

"Done!" was the rejoinder. "You'll give a warranty, and I'll accept it as if I'd bought her for eighty pound."

"Ay, ay! all right."

And so the bargain was completed.

"Well," said Nosey, when they left the booth, "that ere's cool dealin'—that is; an' bangs cock fightin'. What say you, brothers. Shall we see the old squire robbed in this ere way and act dummie?"

"Devil a bit!" replied Toon; "it'd be bad payins back to him for the good beef and almighty strong beer which he was a treatin' of us to this mornin'. He's a old hand that ere groom, and this aint the fust time your jockey an' he has had dealin' together."

"By gom!" said Nosey, "I should like to belk the pair on 'em, and so I would in a brace of shakes, if it warn't for spilling the fun when that groom goes afore the squire on our peachin'."

"Well, you undertake to tell the squire, brother Nosey?"

"Will a duck swim, Master Geordie? As sure as I gived Lankey Bob his gruel arter a dozen rounds, will I tell the squire, in company of my pals now present, afore he goes to roost this Burlington fair night."

"Wait till the mornin', brother!" said Toon, drily; "it'd be a mortal pity to spile Master Corby's sleep, arter sich a hard day's work—and get him sent to limbo jest as he's made a nice little fortin. You've got no marcy i' your bowels, brother Nosey, to be so down on the groom chap."

"Plenty for his needins," replied Nosey; "so put yoursens

in order fur more beef and beer, brothers; fur unto the hall we go."

"I should like to see the horse that'll fetch a hundred and ten pounds as a sly bargain, and leave the buyer a good chance of profit besides," said I. "She must be a rare beast, and I wonder why the squire wants to part with her."

"Too sprity for him, mayhap," replied Toon. "I've know'd a hoss sold for fifty cos he was a leetle mettlesum, as arterwards fetched two hundred, and worth the dubs. I sud like to see this hoss o' the squire's, too. Sull we go?"

"With all my heart," said Nosey, rising, and squelching his wide-awake hat clean over his eyes. "I'm ready."

So we strolled out towards the horse fair, which was held in an adjoining field. The horses stood with their heads tied to the railed fences; some single, in separate stalls; and some in strings of eight or ten, tied or loose, as the case might be. Others again, with blue, red and white ribbons braided into their manes and tails, were being led or ridden by their owners, who were on the look-out for customers.

Some were being tried at their paces, trotting, cantering and galloping over the grass, and through crowds of people who had hardly time or room to get out of their way; whilst the riders hallooed and rattled their whips inside their hats, over the horses' heads, doing their best to scare them into fury and madness. Men and horses, indeed, seemed equally excited; and such a hubbub of oaths and vociferations, and shoutings and chaffing voices, it would be hard to match in any other scene. I have often wondered, on seeing the recklessness and daring, the perfectly mad manner in which horses are ridden at such times, that accidents of a serious nature do not frequently occur. But they are rare; and one old dealer who had attended fairs for forty years, once told me that he never remembered any accident worth calling such, through all that long period of time.

My pals didn't like the appearance of the horses, and it was amusing to hear big Toon's remarks about them. He was up to horseflesh; and twiggid flaws and bad points at a glance.

"There ain't a good horse i' the fair, Master Geordie," he said; "unless we can find that downy Corby wi' the squire's tit. They're all lean or old, or spavined, or broken-kneed, or touched i' the wind, or downright roarers. And lookee! last time I seed this hoss right afore us, he was as white as a sheep's back; and now you see they've changed him into a dirty brown; and cropped his mane and tail, so that his owner wouldn't know him again. That hoss is stole, Master Geordie."

"Stolen! Well, Toon, then why don't you have the thief taken into trap, if you surely know it to be stolen."

"Wus luck! Master Geordie. It's not i' my line to turn thief catcher; and who'd believe a gipsy if I were to make a wag i' the fair about it?"

"Do you know the fellow who has him now?"

"Know him! Ay, many's the long day; and a sorry rogue he be, wi' the evil eye in his head."

Further explanation was prevented by Nosey, who suddenly called our attention to the squire's groom as he came riding towards us on a fine black blood mare.

"Oh, the beauty!" cried Toon, as he got a fair look at her; "oh, the purty beauty! What a head and neck; what clean fore and hind quarters; what a almighty ohest, and fine carcase; what legs and action! I knows her sire, brother Nosey; she was got by the 'Flyin' Dutchman'—no matter the dam—an' she favors him from top to toe, the delicate proud beauty!"

"Shall I bid for her, brother Toon? Oh, ay, I shall bid for her. Look out for the spree. Hey there! you mister! what's the price o' the black mare?"

The groom pulled up a moment, and looked with ineffable contempt at Nosey, as he replied, "Two hundred, sir. Would you please to buy her?"

"Is she sound?" asked Nosey, as if he fell into the trap, and believed the man's civility were real, and that he was anxious to sell the horse.

"Sound as a roach, sir! I warrant her."

"Her price warrants her," said Nosey; "and though she's a fine beast the figure's too high, good man. I wouldn't mind givin' you a hundred for her."

"And pray where would you get the money from, if I was to say done?"

"What's that to you, and be d—d to you," replied Nosey rather sharply. "Will you sell the mare for a hundred?"

"On tick, I suppose," said the groom tauntingly.

"Nō, puppy! Cash down on the nail. Yes or no?" Speak, and mind you be civil this time."

"Well, no! and as for civility, since you've d—d me, I say no I won't, and be d—d to you, mister red nose."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Nosey knocked him off his horse, as clear as if he'd flung him out of his arms over the saddle. The mare took fright, and made a dash forward; but big Toon caught her by the bridle, and almost instantly quieted her. Meanwhile the groom picked himself up and began to show fight; for he was a stout fellow, and no coward. "A ring! a ring!" was the cry of the bystanders; and in a few seconds a ring was formed, and the groom stripped to his buff. Nosey, however, made no preparation of any sort, but stood laughing at his antagonist, who, white hot, put himself into position and stood squaring close to his second, bidding Nosey come to the scratch if he "warn't a coward." A fellow from the crowd came forward and offered to second Nosey, but he refused; and stood still with his hands in his pockets, laughing and mocking the groom, till the crowd could bear it no longer, but cried out "Coward, coward! Go in, groom! Go into him, and win!" Thus encouraged the groom advanced within distance and struck out with his left hand, which was meant for Nosey's right lug, and then with his right, which if it had gone home would have blacked both his peepers; but both blows were stopped, as quick as lightning; and paid back with interest, one, two, three, four; the last a woeful blow which felled the groom, and fairly tucked him up, so that he would come no more.

Nosey then asked him if he'd had enough. "I don't often give sich small change for civilities like yourn, Master Corby," he added, "but I haven't yet done wi' you; and you're welcome to what you've got, by way of a 'stalment. So, good-day till we meet again."

Toon gave up the mare to his second, whilst the groom dressed, and we left the ground; the people making way very respectfully for us as we passed along. They had found out that Nosey, at least, was dangerous, and they admired his pluck.

"I was glad," said I, "that you didn't pound that fellow more. I was afraid, at first, that you would forget yourself and lose temper. I admire your forbearance, and think he got no more than he deserved."

"No more he did, Master Geordie. An' if it had'n't been for the trick we means to play him this evening, he wouldn't a got off so easy. Won't he stare when he sees me and my pals afore the beak, his master, a peachin' on him! Wont he? that's all."

We were once more in the neighborhood of the drinking booths, and in a few minutes Toon called out,

"There's old Hiram's fiddle and leetle Ina's tamborreen. No mistakin' o' that music. Come, brothers, I'm very dry; let's go and drink in the booth, and see what our pals is arter."

We stole in unperceived, and beheld Hiram in his glory, fiddling away at the top of his bent to three or four couples of dancers, whilst Ina played the tambourine. Here, too, was Ikey whirling a braw country lass round and round, and up and down the floor, without mercy, although it was clear that being fat and tight-laced, she had had enough of it, and was suffering a martyrdom of torture. As for the rest, they seemed to enjoy themselves amazingly; and I for my part was much amused with their uncouth movements. As soon as they had finished there was loud calling for much beer—pints and quarts in abundance, and "penn'orths of 'baccor." The "musicianers" must, of course, drink first; and one young man, I noticed, was particularly attentive to Ina, and praised her beauty till I wondered that Ikey, who was close by, did not grow jealous and interfere with his gallantry. Not a bit of it, however; he laughed and chaffed, and smoked, and swigged his beer, as if he cared no more for Ina than a post. The young man was getting bolder and bolder, and finally put his arm round Ina's waist, whispering something in her ear at the same time.

"No, no!" said she, releasing herself good-humoredly from the young man; "that won't do. It's too soon to take a walk, and I can't spare no kisses."

"Whist! whist!" was the reply, as the speaker looked foolishly round about the company; "they'll hear what you say."

"Who cares!" said Ina; "let um hear, an' welcome. Rommany gal niver does what she's a-goin' for to be ahamed of. Hear him, Ikey!" she added, turning to her dusky cousin, who was half buried in tobacco smoke; "this young chap wants me to take a walk along wi' him, and says he'll gie me a shillin' for every kiss he gets."

"Well, why don't you let him kiss away, cousin? I'll stan' by and count um, and pocket the brads."

The young man looked more sheepish than ever and hadn't



THE GIPSIES DENOUNCING THE DISHONEST GROOM.

a word to say for himself, but sat staring across the booth, smoking ferociously, and in evident fear, shame and trembling.

"You hear what my pal says?" quoth Ina, addressing him, and enjoying his distress. "So now, dearie, begin to take the purty kisses, the delicate ripe kisses, at a shillin' a piece, and worth the money." So saying she bent her beautiful head so that her hair swept his cheek, and kept in that posture for a moment, her brown, laughing eyes turned to his, but all to no purpose. The youth was frozen in his seat, nor did he give any sign of thawing until the people near by, who witnessed the scene, set up a loud horse-laugh, and began to taunt him for a simpleton. Then he could bear no more, but rose up on a sudden and rushed out of the booth.

"Well played, little Ina," said I, stepping from my seat and patting her on the back. "But wasn't it dangerous game? Ain't you afraid of making Ikey jealous?"

"What's Ikey to me, Master Geordie? An' if he was ever so much to me, what cause has he to be jealous? Jealous, indeed! an' of a gaw like that! No, no! Master Geordie. All goes free out o' the tents. We has to git our livin's, an' take an' give."

And so I always found it with the gipsies. Nor do I believe that the women ever practise any immorality of the sexual kind, either for love or money. They make what they can out of the bushnies, but they do not sell their persons.

Hiram caught my eyes as I went back to my seat, and in another instant he was climbing over the benches with his wooden leg, giving sundry halloos and whoops by the way, until he had joined us, much to the amusement of the company.

"A merry day, boys! a merry day! and lots of pay, boys, for the piper! So let us drink, till we wink, and here's the chink! Bring a quart! Ho! waiter! And a drop o' summut short—put in it—this minit. Cut your stick—quick!"

The beer was brought and soon drank, but it seemed to have no effect upon the tawnies, and might as well have been water, to all appearance, for that matter. Hiram's fiddle was soon wanted again, and so he had to leave us just as he was about to call for another quart; and I wasn't sorry.

It was now getting dusk, and so we started off at once for the hall, on our way home.

CHAPTER IX.—ACCIDENT BY THE WAY; PEACHMENT OF MR. CORBY.

Just at the outskirts of the town, whilst Toon was whistling a gipsy air, and Nosey was laying down the law and mode of procedure which he meant to follow in the case of the Squire *versus* Mr. Corby, we were suddenly startled by loud shouts and the thunder of horses' feet roaring along the hard road. Turning round we saw a carriage coming toward us, whirled along by a pair of horses at full gallop. In a few moments they would be up to us, and there was no time for deliberation as to what was to be done. So we all stood still by the side of the road, and no one spoke a word, although I saw by big Toon's eye that something was in the wind, and felt sure an attempt would be made to stop the horses, on the part of one or both of my comrades. Nearer and nearer they came, and louder and louder grew the cries; and now they are upon us. Merciful God! it is the squire and my beautiful Psyche, hurrying thus to sudden and violent death! In a moment I was up behind the carriage—into the back seat—into the front seat—the reins in my hands—and behold! dragging at the off-horse's bridle, swings big Toon. He will be dashed to pieces under the fiery hoofs of the mad-deped horses. They shake their necks and bound, and rear; the foam flying over their bodies like flakes in a snow storm. Away they dash, madder than ever. But, hurra! Toon has managed to get one leg round the carriage pole, still holding on to the bridle; and now he vaults to the off-horse's back and seizing the bridle with both hands, pulls at the maddened brute's jaw until the pain masters him and he slackens his speed. Then with his left hand he grasps the bridle of the near horse, and finally bringing both hands short to the reins, he draws the horse's heads close together, and they drop into a smart trot—and the danger is over.

"Thank you, young man! I thank you with all my heart," said the squire, as I gave up the reins; and then addressing big Toon, he said, "That'll do, my man! that'll do; I can manage them now. And mind you don't pass the hall to-night without calling, ecod."

So Toon supped off the horse and ran some distance beside the carriage, fearing his services might be required again. He then fell off and went back to meet Nosey, who was far behind. I would have got out of the carriage, too, but the squire insisted upon my accompanying them to the hall, and his beautiful charge added her wishes to the same effect. She knew me directly as the gipsy who had met her on the heath, and the squire recognized me and Toon as his guests of the morning. So I felt quite at home, although I did not forget to remember my character in her presence.

"Oh, young man!" said the lady, as soon as she had partially recovered from her fright, "how shall we sufficiently thank you and your brave companion? Words are a very poor return for such services as you have rendered us; and I am sure the squire, as well as myself, would be really happy if we could reward you in any way."

"Don't mention it, young lady," quoth I. "It ain't worth thinkin' about. And as for reward, why, you sees, we makes it a rule to do good to them as does good to us, and never thinks o' the charge unless we've got it to pay, and then we keeps our eyes open for the next chance of a bargain, and don't mind givin' a lump or two in."

"Well, that's generous in you," she replied; "and it is doubtless more blessed to give than receive; but the debt is now on the wrong side, and we must make it as even as we can."

"I das' say the purty lady-bird means it all right," said I; "and she'd rather deal out the goodies with her own lily-white hand than tsk 'um; but its hard lines that poor gipsies can't do a good turn without bein' paid for't. Maybe your leddyship don't like to be 'holden to the poor gipsy chaps."

"There you wrong me; indeed you do!" she replied, with warmth. "I am thankful for the meanest service, much more for this of yours."

"Then that's pay enough, my lady, and neither me nor my pal 'ud have any more if you was made of gold inside and out."

Once more our eyes met as I uttered these words, and once more came the mystic recognition. She looked so beautiful, and her large blue eyes shone with such glorious lustre that I could not help betraying the deep emotion that I felt in gazing upon her. I thought she blushed slightly; she was certainly confused, like one who experiences feelings for which she cannot account. All this was momentary, however; and it instantly dispersed, as the squire speaking to the lady replied,

"Let the gipsy lad have his own way, Violet. We may yet have the chance of serving him or his; and if we should not, why then we can still be grateful and remain the gipsy's debtors."

We soon reached the hall, and as the squire drove up to the front, a groom in attendance took charge of the horses, whilst our friend Mr. Jones opened the carriage door, and the squire and the lady alighted. I had already jumped down behind, and was about to retreat, when the squire caught hold of my collar.

"Not so, young man!" he said; "this way if you please." And then addressing the groom he ordered him to be very gentle with the horses. "They have run away with me," he added, "and are still very fretful. You must soothe them down, Tom; they won't bear chafing." He then led the way into the house; Miss Violet, as he called the lady, taking his arm, whilst I followed in the rear, to the utter amazement of Mr. Jones, who could scarcely believe his own eyesight, when he saw the distinguished honor paid to me.

"Show this young man into the library, Jones," said the squire, as we crossed the hall. "I will join you before long." He added, speaking to me. And then addressing Jones once more, he said, "Tell Mr. Thomas to bring up half a dozen of the red seal port." And so saying, he vanished with the lady, and I was ushered into the library.

"I hope you don't bear malice, Mr. Jones?" said I, addressing that gentleman, as he adjusted the old-fashioned chairs. "My pals was a leetle hard on you this morning; but there was faults on both sides, you know; and we ought to forgive and forget."

"So we ought, mister! so we ought. And I bears no malice I assuwers you. But Lord bless me, who'd ha' thworf of

seein' on you agin to night, and a waitin' on you in the squire's own library, where nobody ever comes but Miss Violet. And then to think of the squire's ordering half a dozen of the old stingwo for you and him. Such a thing has not happened before i' my twime. Six bottles! Lord what a drinkwer you must be! which I shouldn't suppose you was able to drink five bottles, to look at you! No offence, mister, I hope?"

"Not a bit of it, Mister Jones. But what makes you think that I'm a goin' for to drink five bottles to my own cheek?"

"Why, you sees, the squire never drinks no more nor one bottle at any twime; and on ordinwerry occasions, only a few glasses."

"And so you thinks I must drink up the difference, do you? Why what a will tub you must suppose me to be, Mister Jones. Howsumiver, you reckons without your host; and as the squire ordered the wine, he can best tell what he means to do with it. What was that you said just now about the pretty lady? Does she live at the hall?"

"Oh! Miss Violet! No, she doesn't live here. She's only on a viswit. The squire be her uncle. She lives at Edwinstow, in Sherwood Forest, where Robin Hood used to go a huntin' and a robbin'—livin' with his men a free wild life, just fur all the world as you gipsies does—and no offence, mister."

"No offence taken where none is meant. I knows old Sherwood Forest like a book, and all the big oaks and pretty birches of Berkland and Bilhaugh, and the white thorn forest of Budby, and the rest of the tree kiddies, and glades, and lanes, and villages, and halls and abbeys. Lord! Lord! how mighty grand the old forest be, hard by Edwinstow! You should see it in June month, Mister Jones! when the gorse is in full bloom, and all the glades is afire with its golden blossoms, and the air is laden with their sweet scent, and the birds is all a singin' in the trees. Many a day has me and my pals tented in that neighborhood."

"I should think you was born there, to hear now you does but talk about it. And it makes me fweel as if I should like to turn a vagerbond gipsy myself almost—that is to say, not quite—for it must be purticularly unpleasant on dwark nights."

"All depends, for that matter, on custom and a man's nateral breedin', you see, Mister Jones. How may they call the young lady, Miss Violet? What's her other name?"

"Pierpoint is her proper family name. And they do say, as I've heerd, that her father, now dead and gwon, poor gentleman, was the true heir to the Manvvers estate and tituel; although I don't know, and it isn't for the likes of me to speak about it."

I knew, however, the whole history of the Pierpoint family. Pierpoint being the family name of the present Lord Manvvers, and one of my dearest friends was intimate with the deceased father of Miss Pierpoint. All this was strange enough, and the singularity of the circumstances in which the present revelation was made struck me very powerfully. Here was another link between us; and Myra's prophecy and my own deep conviction were so much nearer to their fulfilment. So certain was I of it, that although every time I saw this beautiful Violet I felt a deeper and still deeper affection for her—or perhaps I should say a still deeper interest in her, as one doomed to be mine—for I could not be said yet to love her as I have since loved her; so certain, I say, was I that she would ultimately be mine, that I never for a moment doubted it; and all the dramatic accessories which the good Fates seemed to think essential to the consummation of their plot, whilst they interested me in their development, looked so much like poetical artifice, that I sometimes caught myself laughing at the absurdity of the farce. I was chief actor, and stood behind the scenes and knew all about the play; and yet I was supposed to know nothing about it, and to act like a puppet, in obedience to strings pulled by invisible hands. Well, it was all right; and I cared not what drolls I performed nor at what instigation, for I saw clearly that I should be "in at the death," as the foxhunters say.

Mister Jones now left the library, and I began to examine the books on the shelves, which I found to be of a promiscuous character, and not likely to be very attractive to a lady reader. One book I took down out of curiosity. It was "Tom Jones," and I saw with pleasure that it had been well read; although clearly enough not by Miss Violet. It bore the squire's autograph, and his crest was stamped on the inner cover. It was

evidently a favorite, and was thumbed in a most loving manner. I was delighted to meet the dear old book in the squire's mansion; and loved him because I saw he loved it. Matchless book! Prince royal of all novels! The most perfect picture of real life ever presented upon paper! Turning to the table, I found a copy of "Emerson's Essays," with a preface by Carlyle, which had been published only a few weeks. This also was in the course of being read, and well read, for there were marginal marks against many of the most beautiful passages; and in several instances annotations were added, and expressions of admiration, all in a female hand. A pretty "mark," composed of colored silks, and inscribed with the legend, "Lift the Veil," was left in the book between the leaves of the essay quaintly called "Oversoul;" and I had no doubt who was the reader of it. The fact, however, took me altogether by surprise, for up to this moment I had no idea of the character of Miss Violet's mind, nor of her reading. How, indeed, should I? I had as yet been brought into no relations of equality and intimacy with her; and she regarded me in no other light than that of an ignorant gipsy; whilst I looked upon her as a good and beautiful but in nowise as a highly gifted person. Here, however, was evidence that she was something more than an ordinary beauty, and that her intellect was capable of entertaining, if not of originating, great truths and philosophical questions. This book had been my own companion and the almost exclusive study of my leisure hours from the first day of its publication, and a copy of it was now lying in my gipsy tent by the Danes' Dyke. Here was another remarkable link in the chain that surrounded us, and one which I least of all suspected. How I longed for the time when I should speak to her face to face, and without disguise. That time, however, would come shortly, and I had already determined the occasion.

It was now about nine o'clock, and I began to think it long before the squire returned. To wile away the time I looked out of the window upon the park, which stretched away in rich pasturage and fine woodland groups to the rocky cliffs—beyond which the great sea lay weltering in the moonlight. Beautiful roses looked in at the window-panes; the deer were grouped in silent companies under the trees, or in the open pasture land; rabbits were frisking over the lawn, or cropping fearlessly the dewy grass; and in the neighboring copse a nightingale was pouring out her rich, gushing melodies into the listening ear of night, and into my very heart and soul. I opened the window, and sat down on the sill, that I might enjoy the banquet more fully. The air was laden with the perfume of the roses, and I abandoned myself to all these influences, and remained there, I do not know exactly how long, like one entranced. I was suddenly roused, however, by the touch of a light hand on my shoulder. Miss Violet had stolen upon me unperceived, and broke the charm of my reverie by saying:

"I see your familiarity with Nature has not made her presence dull and uninteresting to you. Do you often hear the nightingale?"

"Not i' these parts, young lady," I replied, rising from my seat; "and he be a rare bird, the nightingale be; and I loves to hear him sing. There's no other bird i' the woods and hedges and orchards of England has half so purty a song; jug, jug, jug! and then a tira-lilla, and a wild kind of delight bursting out of his throat, clear and full, and so sweet that the very heavens and all the stars seem to listen to him, and the woods is still, and the air trembles till you can a'most feel it; and a man's heart trembles too, and he wonders what makes that particular bird sing i' that fashion."

"I'm glad you like my favorite bird. He does not often come, as you say, into these regions; but I live in a country where he stays all the summer months, and the old forest is alive with his melodies both by day and night. You've heard of Sherwood Forest, I dare say, and perhaps have camped there."

"Heard of old Sherwood, my lady! Ay, indeed, have I, and many's the day me and my pals has slept in the green lanes 'mong the gorse bushes that grows there. I knows all about the old forest; and have heard the nightingale sing i' the oaks of Bilhaugh when my pals was all asleep, and no foot was astir on the green sward but mine; and no sound was in the

forest glades but his music; 'cept the tu-whit-tu-woo of the night owl, and the distant bark of the old red fox, or the bayin' of the watch dog at the Buck Gates."

"Admirable! Why you are a real lover of Nature, and feel and relish her beauty in a right healthy manner. Do your companions care as much about these things as you do?"

"Not exactly, young lady; though they likes to be out o' doors, and a watchin' o' things. 'Specially on shiny nights, when the game is easy seen. They has an eye for Nature too; for they alus manages to pitch their tents in the purtiest spot they can find; and some on um's no fools I can tell you, my lady, though they be ignorant gipsies and hev no book larnin'."

"That I can very well believe; and I want to know more about you all. Who was that handsome girl, for instance, who told me my fortune at the tents yesterday? I was very much interested in her, although she frightened me a good deal."

"That was my sister Myra, young lady; who is, as you say, a han'some gal, and reads the stars, and knows all things that happen to folks. A real wise gal is Myra; and mighty terrible at times, when the shadow of the Great Name is on her."

"And you think she can tell what is to happen to people in the future—do you?"

"I knows it, lady. Myra's lips never blab witrn lies."

"You heard what she said to me on the green. Do you believe all that will come true?"

"Hush, lady! Do not doubt the words of the Unseen, because they comes through a poor gipsy gal."

"You believe them, then?"

"As I believe in the Great Name."

"It is very strange. I thought it could not be true; and yet her emotion was real, and could not have been affected. Why did she tremble so and seem so unhappy whilst she was speaking to me?"

"She knows best, my lady; her own kin never meddles with her, nor axes her questions at them times."

"But she seemed so unhappy; I should like to speak to her again and try to comfort her."

"No matter, my lady; don't go fur to trouble yourself about her. She be all right again now, I dare be bund."

"Do you think she would see me if I were to go again to the tents? I have already written a note to her, and sent it by one of your people this morning. But perhaps she cannot read writin'."

"Yes, she can read writin', and is mighty clever beside, is Myra; and no common dudkin gal. She reads pottery books, and knows all the big names of the bushnie men, and what they palaver about. She will see the purty lady if she wants to know more about her fortune."

"I shall be very glad if she will. I return to Flamboro' Rectory to-morrow, and when I get her answer I will go and see her."

Mister Jones now brought in the lights, and soon afterwards the wine. And then the squire entered, and Miss Violet took her departure; not, however, before she had again thanked me for the affair of the carriage, and commended me to thank big Toon also.

"Now then," said the squire, "sit down my good fellow, whilst I ring to inquire if your friends have arrived, ecod!"

Mr. Jones appeared in obedience to the summons and informed us that the "gwipsies" were now in the "swervants" hall.

"Show them in here, then," said the squire. And Mister Jones vanished to execute the order in evident consternation.

"Come in men, come in," cried the squire, as big Toon and Nosey stood hesitating at the door. "Your mate's here, you see, before you. Now sit down and make yourselves at home. You shall drink with me to night, ecod!"

"Can't do it, squire," said Nosey, "till I've eased my mind in a thing that consarns your worship to know. Isn't that it, brother Toon?"

"That's the ticket, your worship. You sees we gipsy chaps be true to them as be's true to us; and as your worship did the clean potatoe to us this mornin', we've cumed to pay back the good turn."

"What's it all about, men, what's it all about?" said the squire, a good deal puzzled at their behavior. "Can't you sit

down when I tell you, ecod? Here Jones, fill the glasses. Dry talk's not so good as wet speech. Drink, men, drink!"

"Beg your pardon, your worship," said Nosey; "but it's a matter o' peachment and can't be done on drink."

"What the devil do you mean, men?" cried the squire in an angry tone. "If you've got anything to say, you may as well say it over a glass of good wine as not. I'll hear nothing until you are seated, ecod! that I wont!"

"As your honor pleases," said Toon, whose mouth was watering, I could see, to taste the ruddy liquor. "It's all one to us; my brother here, your worship, the prizefighter as has been in London and knows manners, wished to show his breedin', and thought business should come afore pleasure."

"I don't want to attend to any business to-night," said the squire; "and I won't listen to anything serious. You have done me a service, and I invite you to drink with me; and d—n me if I don't have my own way. So sit down, ecod!"

My pals sat down, therefore, without more ado, although Nosey did'n't half like it, and kept muttering to himself about that "rascal groom" and "peachment," for some time afterwards.

"How's this?" said the squire, raising his eyebrows in amazement, when I pushed the bottle towards him, without drinking myself. "Isn't the wine good, young man, that you refuse to taste it? What's the matter with the wine, ecod man, what's the matter with it?"

"Nothing's the matter with it, squire," quoth I; "the wine's good, no doubt; but I never drinks, and hope your worship will 'scuse me."

"I'll excuse nothing of the sort. A mighty pretty thing, ecod, for a man to refuse his wine! It isn't hospitable to allow it. The hall 'ud tumble about my ears, if I did, and serve me right. Drink, man, drink!"

I stuck to my text, however, and was supported by my pals, who insisted that I never did drink, and couldn't be made to. Whereupon the good squire swore a round volley of oaths, and let the subject drop.

The runaway horses caused much talk, and as the wine operated upon the squire he became quite friendly, and pledged us each and all with hearty good will, in full bumpers. I could see that Nosey sadly wished to broach the subject of the "peachment," and he tried it on more than once; but the squire suspected his intention and choked him off. At last the subject of horse dealing came upon the table, and the squire complained that he had lately been taken in, in his purchases, although he said his head groom was the best judge of horseflesh in the country.

"So he be, squire," said Nosey, taking up the trail; "and a pretty wideawake chap he be, too; and knows how to butter his own bread with his master's butter. I never know'd a bigger rascal in my born days."

"Eh? What do you say, man? Ecod! take care how you speak of my servants, and don't think because you're at my table I'll allow you to slander them. Ecod! a rascal, do you say? Now, what do you mean by that, man? What do you know about Corby, ecod!"

"More nor he'll find good for his innards, squire, I'm thinkin'; I means what I says, and if I don't prove Mister Corby a rascal—that is, me and my two pals here—then I'm no Rommany chal, and big Toon ain't my brother, and I niver licked the Frizzlin Blackie and Lanky Bob."

"Do you tell me this at my own table, man! Damme, if you don't prove it, prove every word of it as clear as claret, I'll have you put in the stocks for a week; damme if I don't! Come man, begin, begin, ecod!"

Nosey, nothing abashed nor intimidated, drank off his wine, rubbed his mouth with his coat-sleeve, stroked down his lank hair over his forehead, and then related in his own way what we had heard of the transaction between Mr. Corby and the horse-jockey that morning. The squire was at first incredulous, but as the tale proceeded and the incidents were particularized, he listened with intense interest, and with rage and indignation in all his features and gestures. Big Toon and myself corroborated it, and then the squire rose and rang the bell so violently that he broke the rope.

Mr. Jones appeared, white as a ghost, thinking no doubt that

the gipsies were in the act of "cwutting" his "mastwer's throat."

"Where's Corby?" roared the squire. "Send him here this moment!" and as Jones retired, which he did in great trepidation, the squire turned to us and said, "Mind now, good men! Mind now, do you hear? Prove this fellow a villain, ecod! Prove it, I say! Do you hear? prove it, ecod!"

"No fear o' that, your worship," said Nosey; "he shall hev it to his heart's content."

"Ay, ay! that's it!" replied the squire; "that's it, man. Only to think of it! this fellow whom I've brought up from a boy, and treated with such uniform kindness—to rob me, ecod!"

"It's a bad go, your honor," said Toon; "and York Castle may bring him to his honesty, if he ain't dead and buried it, as my purty dog Tibby is, i' Danes' Dyke, poor thin'!"

"As for York Castle, your worship," said Nosey, "mayhap that'll be your way of endin' the business, and your honor knows best; but if you should happen to think that a leetle wholesome fibbin' on him 'ud be serviceable, I'm your honor's man. It'll be no sort of trouble, I do assure you."

The library door now opened, and in stepped Mr. Corby, who was not a little surprised when he beheld the gipsies and recognized Nosey. He kept his self-possession, however, admirably; and appeared to have no suspicion of what he was wanted for.

"Did you wish to speak me, sir?" he asked, respectfully bowing to the squire.

"Yes, Mr. Corby, ecod! I do wish to speak to you. Do you know these men?"

"I know no good of 'um, sir. They're always poaching about your worship's grounds when they're in these parts; and I hev heard——"

"No matter what you have heard. I ask you, do you know these men? Have you seen them before? Have you seen them to-day?"

"Why, yes, your worship, if the truth must be told, I saw them in the horse fair to-day; and you big-nosed feller knocked me off the black mare and ill-treated me arterwards: and I meant to have asked your worship for a warrant for him in the morning."

"That's me, your worship," said Nosey, rising in a rage. "I knocked him off the mare, 'cause he was insolent when I offered him a hunderd for her, and I pummelled him arter-'ads because he desarved it, and would uv gived him more, as told him, on'y I hadn't done with him; nuther hev I."

"Ecod, Corby, is that true? Did this man offer you a hunderd for the mare?"

"Belike he did, sir; but where was he to get the money from?"

"And you refused to take it? Now, tell me, did any other person offer you as much as that for her?"

"Lord bless me, no, squire! I couldn't get no more for her than your worship said she was to go at."

"If I put you to your oath, Corby, will you swear that is true?"

"So help me God! squire, it is quite true."

"And you will swear that?"

"I will, your worship."

"Do you remember going into a drinking booth this morning?"

"A drinking booth, squire?"

"Yes, man; a drinking booth, ecod! That's English, ain't it?"

"Oh yes, squire, that's English. No, I don't think I did go into a drinking booth this morning."

"You don't think! Then you have some doubt about it, Mister Corby. Try now and refresh your memory. It was quite natural that you should be dry such a hot day."

"Why yes, as you say, your worship, it was natural that I should want a drink; and now I remember—oh! yes, to be sure I remember now quite well—I did go into a drinking booth. How 'range that I should have forgotten it."

"Did you go alone, Mister Corby?"

"Yes, squire, alone."

"Are you quite sure of that? Your memory appears to be very treacherous. Think again."

"I'm sure I'm right this time, squire; nobody was with me."

"Had you any conversation with any one whilst you were there? Did you meet with no friend?"

"No, your worship. I called for a glass of ale, drank it and left."

"Do you not forget yourself? Did no horse-dealer, or person dressed as such, speak to you in the booth?"

"Horse-dealer! your worship. Oh, no! Nothing of the sort."

"Then you must be mistaken, Mister Corby, about being in the booth at all. It couldn't have been you."

"Yes, I think I was in the booth, squire; at least I'm sure I was."

"Then you must have seen the horse-dealer."

"What horse-dealer, your worship?"

"The horse-dealer you spoke to."

"Spoke to! Oh, yes, how silly I am! I had quite forgotten it."

"Well, now you remember it, tell me what you and he talked about."



THE GROOM SENT TO BRIDEWELL.

"Talked about!" said Mr. Corby, now evidently alarmed, and feeling the meshes about him; "we talked about nothing particular."

"Well, what did you talk about? What did you say to him, and what did he say to you?"

"I said, It's a fine mornin' for the fair; and he said, Yes, it be."

"That was all?"

"Yes, your worship."

"Will you swear that nothing else passed between you? That nothing was said by either of you about purchasing the mare?"

"I really can't remember, squire. You put me out and look so angry."

"Ecod, man! never mind my looks. I want nothing but the truth from you. Was anything said about the mare?"

"I believe he asked me if I would sell her."

"And what did you say?"

"That I wanted eighty pounds for her."

"Did you ask no more than eighty pounds for her?"

"No, squire; and I hope you don't think I would rob your worship."

"Never mind what I think, man. Now will you swear you didn't ask him one hundred and twenty for her, ecod?"

Mr Corby was thunderstruck at this question, and looked at each of us in turn, and then foolishly and hopelessly around the room.

"Do you hear my question, man?" said the squire, becoming greatly excited. "Did you ask one hundred and twenty for the mare?"

No answer.

"Did you receive one hundred and ten for her, and return five pounds as back money?"

Still no answer.

"Did you give a warrant with the mare, and was her price set down in it as eighty pounds?"

Still no answer.

"That will do, Mister Corby. You see I know your tricks; and ecod! you may depend upon it I will punish you for them."

He then rang the bell, and ordered a constable to be sent for from Burlington. Corby was taken that night to the common bridewell; and we left the hall at a late hour, the squire thanking us vociferously for the double services which we had that day rendered him.

"If you should ever get into a scrape," he said, as we parted with him at the front door, "remember where Graham Hall is. Ecod! I must be even with you chaps, justice or no justice."

CHAPTER X.—A TALK WITH IKEY ABOUT INA AND THE GOUDEN GAUDIES.

I SLEPT very soundly that night, and rose early the next morning, intending to walk over to my Burlington rooms before breakfast, to make arrangements for another visit to the Flamboro' fishermen; when I designed to call at the rectory and introduce myself to Miss Violet in my proper character. I went out of my tent therefore, and washed myself at the brook preparatory to the journey. The weather still continued fine, and the morning as usual was very lovely. The larks were up before me, however, and their wild warbling songs seemed to rebuke me for laziness; although my conscience acquitted me on that score, for the sun himself had only risen an hour ago. When I finished my ablutions, I sat down on the great stone hard by, and lighting my pipe, listened with delighted feelings to the singing of these feathered minstrels. I am never weary of the lark's song; it is always fresh and beautiful; and at daybreak, when nature is silent, and no sound of human employment breaks upon its solemnity and repose, it seems to me most touching and an act of devotion; the first ushering notes of the day's orchestral melody. What rapture! what ecstatic delight there is in it! It is wilder and more spiritual than that of the nightingale; and the glorious little creature seems to feel what it sings, creating its own visions as it soars, and following them higher and higher, up to the very gates of heaven. No bird expresses such an intensity of delight as this favored songster. It has no melancholy notes, and as John Paul Richter said of music, it speaks to us of things which in all our lives and imaginings we have not found, and shall not find. And whilst I sat and listened this morning on the stone by the babbling brook, the air was full of these songs, and I watched the careering of the pretty singers with unaffected delight. One of them rose just over the hedge in the adjoining field, within a few yards of me, flying low at first and uttering but few notes; and then rising and falling in gentle sweeps, he reached gradually higher and higher altitudes, until at last he soared away in nearly a direct line, and I lost sight of him. I grew poetical over it, and improvised a poem of which the following are verses:

Up, up, he soars to heaven away,
The bird of lowly nest.
Hark! to his wildly gushing lay!
The dew is on his breast.

He meets the morning in the skies,
Upon his dappled wings.
It seems to rain down melodies
In the glad song he sings.

Over the landscape green and brown,
Bright, golden shadows fall;
But oh! the lark's song cometh down
More golden than them all.

He singeth yet a wilder strain
As nearer heaven he soars;
What visions float within his brain,
That these fresh notes he pours?

Ah! tiny bird! how deep a heart
Within thy bosom dwells!
Would thou its meaning could'st impart,
And what thy flight impels!

Perhaps I ought not to have transcribed these lines, for they are not over good, and the song of the bird was much better, and ought to have inspired better poetry. I do not profess to be a poet, however, and so since they are written and would be written, they may pass for what they are worth.

Whilst I was thus occupied, I saw Ikey coming towards me from his tent, stretching his arms and yawning contagiously by the way. He was surprised to see me up so early, and could hardly believe his eyes, he said, and he began rubbing them until he was nearly blind, in order that he might see clearly.

"And what makes you turn out so early this mornin', Ikey? I haven't yet heard the cock crow down at the farm-yard yonder."

"Ikey's dry, Master Geordie; and he comes to make friends wi' the good brook to quench his throat."

"You drank too much yesterday at the fair, I suppose, Ikey; and the copper wants coolin'."

"Yes, Master Geordie; and I don't know how I got to the tents, for I was mortal drunken."

"More's the pity, Ikey. Why don't you leave off drinkin' beer and keep sober. I'll warrant old Hiram didn't get drunk."

"And, indeed, you may warrant that, Master Geordie. All the beer in Burlington fair wouldn't quench Hiram. He's malt proof, his belly is lined wi' hob nails. I never seed his like. His last drink at the booth of the Cross Keys was a quart o' hot ale mixed wi' a half a pint of shortnin'—and he seed the bottom o' the pot, and no help i' the drinkin'."

"Why, the rascal, tun-barrel that he is, Ikey, he'll be the ruin of you."

"Devil a bit, Master Geordie. Ikey means to draw in his horns. Ina says it won't do; an' she was shameful down on him 'cause he was dundered last night. Ikey means to drink water like you, Master Geordie, all the rest o' the days. And here goes for the morn."

So saying he laid himself flat down on the sward, with his mouth to the brook, and drank long and heartily.

"Good," said I, as he rose and shook himself, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "That's the best thing I've seed you do for a long time, Ikey. Mind you stick to your promise."

"Never fear, Master Geordie; beer's a good creatur, and benefitin' to the stomach and the cockles o' the heart; but Ikey knows a better thin' thar, that."

"What is it, cousin? Tell us what it is."

"Well, I don't mind a tellin' of you, Master Geordie; 'cause I loves you, and so does all the Rommanies. It's Ina!"

"Ina, bolshin, what do you mean? You can't drink Ina."

"There, now, Master Geordie; as if you didn't know what I means. You are a goin' for to be as wicked as Ina, who wouldn't read Ikey's riddle about the purty rifle i' the Nottingham chaps winder."

"Oh, oh, Master Ikey! you're there away, are you? You think Ina'll take on with you if you give up beer, do you?"

"Perhaps she will. Ikey don't know. She's a rum petticoat, and makes me mad sometimes till I could kill her all out, on'y I likes her so I could be scragged for her."

"And did Ina give you good abuse for your drunkenness last night, Ikey?"

"Didn't she, that's all? You should hev heard her! I heard nothin' else, and this mornin' can think of nothin' else."

"Well, Ikey, I'm glad of it. I'm goin' to Burlington to-day and I shall bring her a spankin' pair of gold ear-rings from the jewelry man's when I comes back."

"No don't, Master Geordie, pray don't! She'll be so stuck up and proud about um, Ikey'll hev no chance to get a word

from her if you does buy her them flimsies. Leave her alone, will you, good Master Geordie?"

"Not I, cousin. You ain't worthy to have such a gal as Ina be; and she deserves to know how I esteems her for blowin' on you up for your evil ways."

"But Ikey don't mean to hev the evil ways no more, Master Geordie. He means to be as clear of um as a picked coot. Wait a day or two, an' see if he don't stick to his word. Let Ikey hev a chance to speak to his cousin, and get her to favor him agin' afore you gives her them goud thin's, Master Geordie."

"Well, I'll think about it, Ikey. You keep your word about the beer, and who knows but I may get myself invited to your weddin' with the beautiful gipsy gal in her fine ear-rings, Ikey? Who knows?"

"Who knows? as you say, my han'some brother! And that 'ud be a grand day for Ikey and all the Rommanies! dancin' and singin' and fiddlin'—and such a drinkin' out o' the big cans! An' me and my purty Ina as happy as the leetle birds in the hedgerows. On'y on that day surelee Ikey might get drunk once more, for joy, Master Geordie. That wouldn't be breakin' the word, would it, brother?"

"What else would it be, Ikey, boy? To be sure it would. And I see you ain't strong enough to keep the word you speak yet. And I shall tell Ina she's not to splice you till you are."

"You'll do nothin' o' the sort, brother. If you does I'll tek my darlin' rifle wi' me this minute and down to the Jolly Pirate an' get as drunk as a fool, and travel strait away from these tents to Nottinghamshire, and marry the first potter's trull's daughter who'll say yes to my question."

"No you won't, Ikey; and I shall tell Ina what I said, I would too. You see, as you're my cousin and a good shot and not a bad feller at the bottom—on'y a little wildish and very devilish when the beer's in and the wit's out—I has a likin' for you, Ikey, and don't want to see you ruined, and I wont if I can help it. So try and part company wi' the drink, and you may have Ina for a wife arter all. Do you hear, Ikey?"

"Yes I hears, Master Geordie; and you is like to hev it all your own way. I knows you loves the gipsy hellrakie; but if you meks Ina prouder nor she is, how shall Ikey hope to gain her 'fections? Oh, Master Geordie! You don't know what I feels. Sin' I've had my fancy on her, I've not been the same chap as I used to was. I can't sleep o' nights for thinkin' on her; and a days I'm sometimes like a witched feller; a goin' here and a stannin' still there for no reason at all, 'cept that I happens belike to remember somethin' that she's said or done to me, and that thin' meks my legs go or holds me fast to one spot till I've thought it out. When she's bin kind and smiled upon me, it seems to me as if the airth aint the old place I've knowed these seventeen year, but better and more gooder lookin'; an the sun shines a deal brighter, and the grass looks greener, and the birds sings merrier, and the trees look a mighty deal finer, and seem as if they wanted to talk to me and couldn't; yet they do tell, though I don't know how, nor what they tell; but it seems all right, and we understands one another. Them's the happy times when I could say my prayers to her—the dearie! the darlin' Ina! if I ever was so wicked as for to say the prayers at all, which aint for the likes o' me to do you knows, Master Geordie, because I'se not a Christ lad, and don't belong to them as goes to church, as you does; so I niver prays on'y to the Great Name, and when Ina is good to me, and then she seem's to be the Great Name, and I'se afeared that be wicked too. But them's the happy times. And when she's been a plaguin' on me and givin me bad words and wouldn't tek the partin' kiss, them's the other times, an' I feels savage; and the airth ain't itself no more now nor it was afore, but scowls at me and looks mad; and the sun don't shine when it does shine; and the birds mocks me; and the trees won't speak to me. Then I cusses—which, may the Lord forgive me! and I wouldn't meet a gamekeeper at them times in a poachin' fray, not for a sack full o' hares, worth a crown a piece, Master Geordie."

"Well, it's a long yarn, Ikey; and I don't understand what you've been a talkin' about. What lingo have you spoken in? Is it Rommany?"

"Rommany be d—d! pot it. I thought it was good English—but it's no matter. Ikey knows what it means and wishes he didn't. O Lord! when will a chap's miseries end!"

"Sooner nor you thinks perhaps, Ikey; we shall see. Only stick to your promise, lad!"

"Ay, ay, Master Geordie. But don't bring Ina the fine gaudies to day. Cuss on the gaudies! If the wench gits hold o' them, Ikey's goose is cooked, an there's a' end o' all his happy times."

So saying, Ikey took another drink at the brook, and returned to his tent. Soon afterwards I saw him leave the encampment, with his rifle on his shoulder, taking the dyke route seawards.

(To be continued.)

METEORS IN LAPLAND.—All at once an exclamtion from Braisted aroused me. I opened my eyes, as I lay in his lap, looked upward, and saw a narrow belt or scarf of silver fire stretching directly across the zenith, with its loose, frayed ends slowly fraying to and fro down the slopes of the sky. Presently it began to waver, bending back and forth, sometimes slowly, sometimes with a quick, springing motion, as if testing its elasticity. Now it took the shape of a bow, now undulated into Hogarth's line of beauty, brightening and fading in its sinuous motion, and finally formed a shepherd's crook, the end of which suddenly began to separate and fall off, as if driven by a strong wind, until the whole belt shot away in long, drifting lines of fiery snow. It then gathered again into a dozen dancing fragments, which alternately advanced and retreated, shot hither and thither, against and across each other, blazed out in yellow and rosy gleams or paled again, playing a thousand fantastic pranks, as if guided by some wild whim. We lay silent, with upturned faces, watching this wonderful spectacle. Suddenly, the scattered lights ran together, as by a common impulse, joined their bright ends, twisted them through each other, and fell in a broad, luminous curtain straight downward through the air until its fringed hem swung apparently but a few yards over our heads. This phenomenon was so unexpected and startling, that for a moment I thought our faces would be touched by the skirts of the glorious auroral drapery. It did not follow the spheric curve of the firmament, but hung plumb from the zenith, falling apparently millions of leagues through the air, its fold gathered together among the stars, and its embroidery of flame sweeping the earth and shedding a pale, unearthly radiance over the wastes of snow. A moment afterwards it was again drawn up, parted, waved its flambeaux, and shot its lances hither and thither, advancing and retreating as before. Anything so strange, so capricious, so wonderful, so gloriously beautiful, I scarcely hope to see again.—*Bayard Taylor.*

A TOWN IN A PANIC.—A letter from Ozieri, in the Island of Sardinia, gives an account of the late virulent outbreak of cholera in that town. Such was the consternation with which the inhabitants were seized, that although the municipality offered a large remuneration for the burying of the dead, not one could be found to accept the office. At length the Vice-Syndic, M. Nicolo Taras, and Councillor Ladu, nobly resolved to cure the people of their panic by setting them an example; and they publicly carried a corpse to the burying-ground with their own hands. The experiment succeeded; many people, ashamed of their cowardice, at once offered their services, and every victim from thenceforward received a decent burial. But the difficulties of the authorities did not end here; the butchers closed their shops, and refused to sell their meat except at an exorbitant price. M. Taras again displayed his public spirit in this emergency; he convoked the butchers, and after using every persuasion in vain, at last threatened to send for the whole of his own cattle, and have it slaughtered and sold even below the market price, adding that he was sure all the large proprietors of the place would cheerfully do the same. This threat was sufficient; the butchers re-opened their shops, and sold their meat as usual. The example of this worthy magistrate also encouraged the better class of the inhabitants to aid in alleviating the sufferings of the sick and helpless, and the scourge was at length effectually mitigated by the sanitary measures adopted.



HEAD MULETEER AND MAN.

PECULIARITIES OF MEXICO AND THE PROPOSED NEW AMERICAN TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

THE total disorganization of Mexico, social and political, has called forth the especial attention of the people of the United States, and caused the formal proposition to be made that our government at once proceed to establish a protectorate over the country, for the double purpose of preserving its people from total anarchy, and also to keep European governments, through its madness, from gaining a foothold upon our continent. In many respects Mexico is one of the most remarkable countries in the world; although situated under the tropics, its climate, from the great elevation of its table-lands, is, as a general thing, temperate and healthy; and if taken possession of by the Anglo-Saxon race, would be the first acquisition where it had obtained possession of one of Nature's favored spots for a home. While Mexico presents the greatest inducements for agricultural pursuits, its mining wealth is the source of the greatest attraction. There cannot be a doubt but that she is the central point of the globe for gold and silver, and whatever may be the riches of California, there are still more prolific mines than have been wrought in the modern Ophir

waiting in Mexico for northern enterprise to develop. We feel justified in saying this because her present degenerate citizens, in spite of years of oppression and apparent derangement and destruction of all useful and permanent pursuits, have continued rich in precious metals; and there are still hidden away hundreds of millions of dollars in the coffers of the church, and concealed in the hands of the representatives of prominent families. This vast amount of money is taken from the mines, wrought as a general thing without the facilities of proper machinery, and under every possible disadvantage. What would Mexico be, if possessed by an enterprising population, protected by a settled government, and aided by the mechanical facilities of the present times. A short review of some of the peculiarities of the country, and a history of that portion of it recently acquired by the United States, under the name of the "Gadsden Purchase," must prove interesting at this time, as public attention will soon be turned in that direction, to take cognizance of events that will probably give a new impulse to commercial enterprise, and perhaps make extraordinary changes in our relations at home and abroad.

The history of Mexico from the time it assumed the place of an independent nation has been one of constant change. Cortez took possession of its capital on the 13th of August, 1521, and proceeded to establish a government in the name



MEXICAN BEGGAR.



MEXICAN GENTLEMEN.

of the King of Spain. He was confirmed in his title of captain-general and governor. He was succeeded in 1535 by Don Antonio Mendosa, the first viceroy. Under Spain there were fifty-two viceroys, who with one or two exceptions reigned peaceably. The last was Don Juan O'Donohue, who arrived at Vera Cruz the 21st of July, 1821. During the three centuries while Mexico was thus governed, it may be said, so far as the white population was concerned, to have grown in material prosperity; in all this time, however, the natives were ground down by the most unnecessary and terrible oppression.

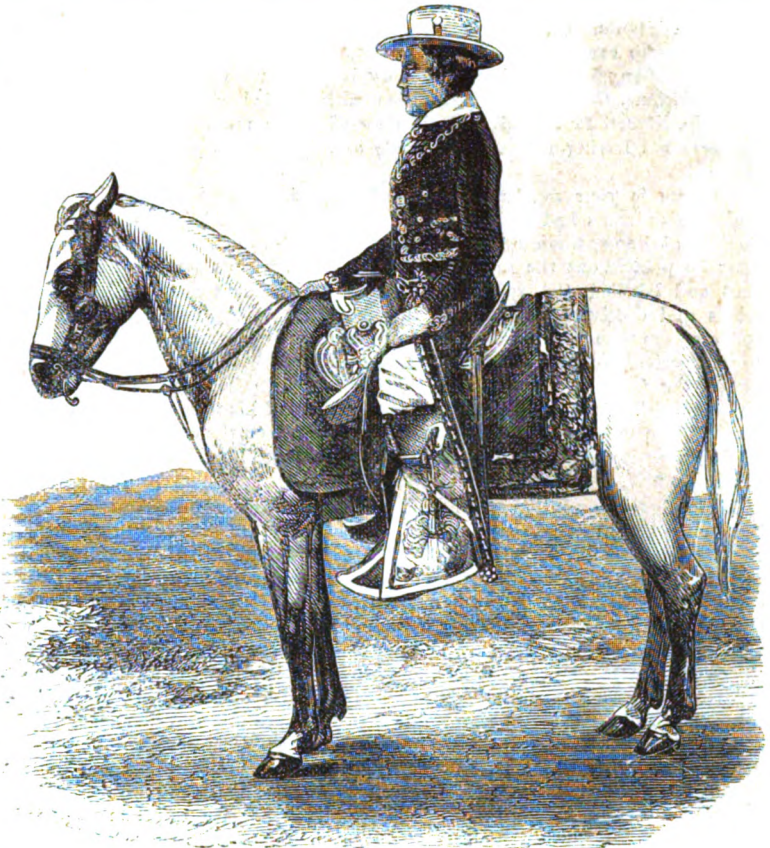
The intestine troubles of Mexico, from which may be dated its steady decline, commenced about the year 1800, when Spain was in the hands of the French, and its king their prisoner. Iturrigaray, at that time viceroy of Mexico, received secret instructions not to obey any orders from Madrid, but to preserve at all hazards the privileges under his authority, for the benefit of the Spanish crown. Accordingly, Iturrigaray issued an appeal to the Mexicans, in which he stated that, their sovereign being no longer at liberty, and the cabinet of Madrid being under the control of the French, he could not consent to compromise himself and those under his authority, by attending to any mandates that should emanate from the French power at the time ruling in Spain, and that he should therefore

continue to govern according to what he considered to be the known wishes of his master, until some happy circumstance might again place that monarch on the throne.

This paper created an intense excitement throughout the province, and the possibility of achieving an independence of the mother country flashed upon the minds of many, heretofore apparently contented citizens; the parish priests who hated the government, because it only appointed monks and Spaniards to offices of dignity and profit, suddenly became inflamed with the idea that they might with other intelligent men of the community obtain preferment, although laboring under the disadvantage of being creoles.

The first revolutionary outbreak against the Spanish government, headed by the village curates, took place in the year 1810. At this time there were fifteen thousand Spanish troops in Mexico, scattered in small detachments throughout the country, and so isolated that union for military purposes was utterly impossible. Under these circumstances a revolution commenced, undetermined in its purpose, but destined to destroy the power of Spain, and place Mexico, unhappily it would appear for her own interests, among the independent nations of the earth. A priest by the name of Hidalgo collected together a considerable mob from among the inhabitants of Durango, who are a finer race than those inhabiting the southern districts. Full of religious enthusiasm for their leader, those people followed Hidalgo, and increased in numbers until they arrived at the gorge at the foot of the lofty ridge which separates the valleys Toluca and Mexico. Here was found the mass of the Spanish army posted on a small mound, defended by six pieces of cannon, and determined to dispute to the last the gorge through which the rebels would have to pass.

Hidalgo, who was no soldier, instead of marching round the Spanish forces, which he could have done, elevated the cross before him and attacked them in front. He is stated to have had eighty thousand followers in his train; his opponents consisted of four thousand Spaniards and about fifteen thousand Indians. The insurgents advanced *en masse*, and the Spanish artillery committed horrible carnage, but the cross in the hands



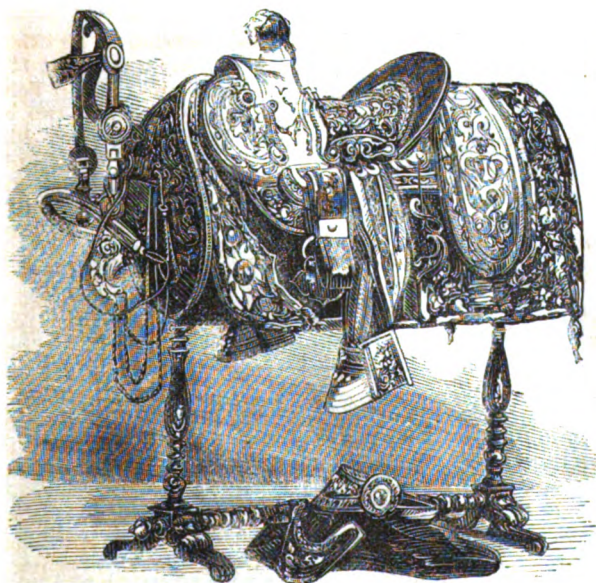
MEXICAN HORSE AND BOY, TRAILINGS, ETC.

of Hidalgo maintained its elevated position, and the resolution it inspired in the hearts of the northern mob overthrew all opposition. Some ignorant creatures rushed upon the cannon and thrust their hats into the muzzles, thinking thus to stop the deadly flight of grape, and when they were blown to pieces hundreds of volunteers attempted to supply their places.

The Spaniards and their allies were defeated and even pursued through the pass, and Hidalgo, evidently to his own surprise, found himself victor, and the city of Mexico, but twelve miles distant and in full view of his army, in his power. Either seized with a panic at the magnitude of his triumph, or unwilling to give up so fine a city to be sacked by his fanatical followers, he suddenly retreated, marched back upon Durango, and after maintaining a desultory war for some time was finally taken prisoner and shot.

The flame of revolution was now fairly in a blaze, the prestige of the Spanish name was gone, and the natives of the country, whites and Indians, all by the constitution on a civil equality, determined no longer to be governed by Spain. Revolutionary leaders sprang up, and after a variety of fortunes lost their power or met with violent deaths; thus disappeared Victoria, thus fell Morelos. In the meantime, Guerrero, a muleteer in his business pursuits and entirely without education, took possession of the abrupt mountain ridges which cover the southern parts of the provinces of Mexico and Valladolid, and commenced a war upon systematic principles, seeming, as his followers said, to be inspired with military knowledge from the Holy Virgin.

He fortified the passes and commanding heights, took copper from the neighboring mines to pay his troops, formed an establishment for supplying his cavalry with saddles and harness, retreated before his enemies whenever they were of superior numbers, and by his superior knowledge of the country under all circumstances, deprived them of water and supplies. To put down so many insurrectionary corps, the Spanish authorities were continually changing in Mexico, and endeavoring to make up for their real weakness by the terror of their sanguinary punishments. They allowed Iturbide to attack the defenceless town of Guanajuato, which welcomed Hidalgo



MEXICAN SADDLE, BRIDLE AND SPURS.

within its borders, and in cool blood murder sixteen thousand of its inhabitants. General Nigreti, a Spaniard, determined to make a severe example of some of the landholders who were suspected of supplying the revolutionary leaders with money and provisions. On his arriving near the wealthy cattle hacienda of Cutio, Nigreti found only the old steward of the premises, the servants having retreated for safety to a neighboring precipice.

"Where is your master?" demanded Nigreti, enraged at finding his victims had escaped. The old man persisted that he did not know, when he was whipped nearly to death, and after he pointed out the mountain retreat of his friends was shot and labelled, "A specimen of the way Nigreti treats rebels and deceivers." Some of the most active Spanish soldiers were then sent to seize those on the rock, and coming so unexpectedly on the party their master had barely time to escape, the farm laborers were seized, taken back to the farm and executed. And these acts were characteristic of his whole career. The monster Iturbide wrote to the viceroy, on the eve of Christmas day, "I have just sent the souls of three hundred villains to hell, in honor of the Virgin."

Gradually the revolution languished, and would have died out but for the heroism of Guerrero; if he could be conquered the royalists had no more to fear. Finally this leader found himself opposed to the cruel Iturbide, who at the head of four thousand choice troops was sent to crush out Guerrero and his men. Guerrero then sent the following message to Iturbide, "You, who are a creole by birth, may become the greatest man in the country by joining the patriots, and now you are but the slave of your employers." This message had the effect to bring the two leaders together. While the conference was progressing Iturbide seized a convoy of four hundred thousand dollars in silver, which he declared Spanish property and confiscated. Identified now with the revolutionary leaders, the united troops commenced their march towards the city of Mexico. The other royalist chiefs saw fit, soon afterwards, to declare for independence, and the Spanish authorities finding their power gone were obliged to capitulate.

At this crisis General O'Donohue, a new viceroy, arrived from Europe, and found the whole of the Mexican territory, except Vera Cruz and the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa, in the hands of the patriots. He advanced into the interior as far as Cordova, and then held a conference with the insurgent chiefs, when finding that he had neither power to enforce, or the hope of conciliating the people, he made what any but the besotted rulers of Spain would have hailed as an advantageous treaty. He argued that Mexico should be independent and governed by its own laws, but that its throne should be occupied by any individuals of the royal family of Spain who chose to come and reside permanently in the country; thus ended Spanish rule in Mexico, after an uninterrupted dominion of nearly three hundred years.

A congress now assembled, but it had no power to raise money, and Iturbide, the head of the army and the real head of the nation, clamored for money; none could be had, for Mexico in spite of its famed mines, is really a very poor country. The army became mutinous, Iturbide dissolved the house of representatives, and caused one to be elected of his own partisans. But money was still wanting, when he dissolved the representatives the second time, and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor, and as such was solemnly crowned. Confusion followed, Guerrero, Victoria and other patriot leaders abandoned the capital and took up arms; the final result was that Iturbide resigned his office and fled the country.

No sooner had he arrived safely in Europe, than he seemed to regret his precipitate departure and returned to Mexico. Landing at Tampico with only one companion, and in spite of his disguise being recognised, he was seized by a personal enemy, and executed with such haste that it took away all sense of impartial justice. Had Iturbide, or any similar man with popularity and energy enough to make himself obeyed, been permitted to rule at this time over the country, with only a show of liberty as a constitution, it is probable that the people would gradually have qualified themselves for other things, and by degrees become sensible of the advantages of a good government, and also capable of maintaining it.

The new constitution was finally declared, a federative repub-

lic similar to the United States was created, all titles were abolished, and the new president was to be elected every four years. The government, however, was in a lamentable state of poverty; the armies were ruined and abandoned, agriculture and commerce, never in the best of times flourishing, completely languished; nothing showed vitality among the people but a love for gaming, cockfighting and intriguing.

Now commenced the decay that has characterized all the Spanish American Republics; the cause will most probably ever be a subject of dispute. Some ascribe it to the fact that the aboriginal population and the mixed races, after the rule of the mother country was thrown off, were allowed to participate in the affairs of the government; others charge it upon the influence of a corrupt priesthood, who, for the sake of power, are willing and determined to keep the people in ignorance, knowing that all amelioration of the masses must be at the expense of the priests' influence. Both of these causes are important elements in the decline of the countries alluded to; but there are political reasons which lie at the foundation and seem to be overlooked.

It must be remembered that Mexico, and all other Spanish American peoples, have constantly endeavored to imitate the representative character of the government of the United States, and with this supposed to be recuperative incentive, they have constantly degenerated since they were relieved from the iron rule of a despotic government. It must be remembered that when the discordant British colonies of North America separated from the mother country, their first impulse was to unite and create a common centre of action. This resulted in the creation of federal power, and the involuntary tendency has been to the constant increase of the patronage and power of the federal executive, until the President has become the most aristocratic ruler in Christendom. In the Spanish colonies, the reverse of this has been the case. Under the rule of the mother country, the form of government was a perfect centralism, and the old vice-royalties of Mexico, Peru, Buenos Ayres, Guatamala, New Granada, Venezuela and Chili were divided into provinces, or intendencias as they were called, merely for local administration. In the struggles which gave birth to them as independent nations, the political impulses which those countries received were towards decentralization; and the warm advocacy of the principles known under our government as the doctrines of state rights, and the involuntary political tendency of those countries have ever been to diminish the influence of the centralizing federal government. Thus the instruments seemingly identical with those which resulted in the independence of the American colonies, in the Spanish colonies have produced directly opposite results; for while in the United States the power of the federal government to repress domestic rebellion has constantly increased, and was never stronger than at present, that of the federal power of the Spanish American States has continually diminished, and was never more impotent to put down revolt than to-day.

While under such influences as these the political fabric in Spanish America has exhibited constant decay, the changes in the social organization have been equally great. The line of separation between the discordant and unequal races that constitute the population, and which under the Spanish rule was kept in constant view, as we have already noticed, has been destroyed; the political and social inducements therefore of the white race to preserve its purity and integrity having been removed, it has gradually amalgamated with the inferior races; and the latter, possessing a numerical superiority of seven millions to one million of white inhabitants, has nearly swallowed up the white race in the course of the single generation which has come upon the stage of action since the era of their independence.

Upon Mexico this sad influence has been, from its peculiar geographical location, more destructive than upon the more southern states. On the northern frontiers of Mexico the white population within the last twenty years, if not destroyed, has been disorganized, being unable to resist the attacks of the savage Apaches, Camanches, Seminoles, and other Indian tribes; sturdy, warlike tribes, who have been driven on the northern frontiers of Mexico by the westward march of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In Sonora, the rule of Mexico is reduced to

a few towns; in Chihuahua, constant sallies of the government troops are necessary to protect the narrow extent of rural population; in Durango, the Indians roam in small parties unmolested over the whole state, and the civilized inhabitants have been compelled to concentrate in the cities and large towns for protection. The wide grazing districts of Coahuila, Leon, Zocatecas and Sonora, are a constant prey to small parties of savages, who drive off the cattle, and carry at their caprice the women and children into captivity.

In the southern part of Mexico a similar state of things exists. General Alvarez, who is a cross between the negro and Indian, has long ruled the state of Guerrero with despotic sway. His own influence, and his recognition of the federal government, have for a long time kept the Pinto Indians and other native races in the vicinity in subjection; but these tribes have recently revolted, and now, at the age of eighty years, he is engaged in a bloody exterminating war, of doubtful issue, with the Indians of Chilapa and Oajaca, who are hounded on by priests and plotters, who refuse to recognise the present federal government of Mexico. The course of Alvarez in this question has produced dissatisfaction among his own people, the Pintos, which will doubtless break out into open revolt after his death. In the eastern and peninsular state of Yucatan the savage tribes of the interior have recovered possession of nearly the whole territory, and the *quasi* whites are driven into the cities of Merida, Sisal and Campeachy, the capital (Merida) having been frequently menaced by a large force of Indians.

Amid all this disintegration and political decay the federal power has grown constantly weaker, until its influence has become powerless to reach the more distant portions of the republic. In the south, Alvarez has long held supreme power; in Sonora, the Gandara family ruled for many years, until recently overthrown by Pasquiera, who likewise pays little heed to Congress or the President. Vidaurri, in the north, has annexed the state of Coahuila to that of Nuevo Leon, where his will is law; and endeavored, a little more than a year since, to perform the same act with the state of Tamaulipas, where Garza governs pretty much as he chooses. In Central Mexico a more formal obedience is rendered to the federal authority, but one that is practically of little import; and amid all their party divisions two great principles emerge. The first asserts that the national decay is owing to the decentralisation of power, and the other that power is still too much centralised. The one principle triumphs, and brings back Santa Anna to the dictatorship, as in 1852; to be overthrown in 1855 by a plan of Ayutla, which installs a new constitution in 1857, decentralising the federal power still more, and placing it entirely in the hands of a single representative chamber, that is to sit permanently, either of itself or through a committee of one representative for each of the states. This again is immediately superseded by the establishment of the dictatorship of Comonfort, who was overthrown and driven into exile while we were writing this sketch.

Under these circumstances the remnant of the white race in Mexico is seeking new blood and a reinvigoration by an infusion from abroad. When the army of the United States held Mexico, General Scott, the American Commander-in-Chief, was tendered a bonus to himself of five hundred thousand dollars if he would resign his commission and accept the supreme power in Mexico. At this time he aspired to the Presidency of the United States, and he declined the offer. When Santa Anna returned to power there in 1853, he drew around him a large number of Spanish officers from Cuba, but took with him no troops. It is said that he looks forward now to an early return to Mexico, and that he will seek to create several regiments composed entirely of Spaniards. On the other hand, Comonfort has turned his eyes toward the United States, and anticipates receiving aid from the ambitious and restless spirits that abound here. The experience of the past, as shown in the expeditions of Lopez to Cuba, Walker to Lower California and Central America, Carvajal to Tamaulipas, and Raousset de Boulbon and Crabbe to Sonora, leads to the belief that, though these have failed, they will be followed by others that will succeed in the future, sustained as the spirit of American filibusterism is by Saxon pluck and Saxon tenacity of purpose.

Passing from the sad view the country presents by its political aspects we find that its social life attracts by its

novelty, and that many things exist calculated to excite interest and create speculation. Certain tribes of natives are remarkable for their waxwork imitations of natural objects; some are distinguished for their manufacture of blankets; others for their ingenious productions in feathers; these things are inheritances of the aboriginal population. The labors of the well trained Spanish artisan, in many instances, have been influenced by the florid taste of the semi-civilized savage, and we have articles of luxury and of domestic necessity, combining the rudeness of the barbarian with the convenient necessities of enlightened life; and to such an extent has this mixture been carried, that the Mexican horse of the present day is really part savage and part of the gentlest blood.

As an illustrative example we therefore select its ponies, and the trappings and the blankets worn by its cavaliers. The pony, or the "Mustang," as it is called, is a descendant of the Andalusian chargers which were brought to the country originally by Cortez and his immediate followers. Many of these "war steeds" in the continual strife which occurred among the chieftains, escaped from human control, and rapidly increased in their new homes upon the ever verdant uplands of Mexico. Degenerate in size, and not remarkable for beauty of form, they nevertheless possess many qualities that make them highly appreciated by those who own them. They are sure-footed, thrive upon little food, and can travel great distances without much apparent fatigue. Our engraving very correctly shows their form and carriage. In connection we give the saddle, bridle and spurs, which are the commonly used trappings of the wealthier classes. These things are remarkable for their ornaments, and are frequently so wrought with silver and gold that they are valued at several hundred dollars. The saddle used by Santa Anna, and found by the American soldiers at his hacienda near Cerro Gordo, had a pommel of silver and stirrups of pure gold; the bit of the bridle and the buckles were ingeniously ornamented with combinations of silver and gold, while the leather included the most costly morocco of different gay colors. In all probability this sumptuous "saddle" was often thrown across the back of a "Mustang," the value of which would not exceed a few dollars. The saddle, bridle and spurs given in our engraving were presents from the President of the Mexican Republic, General Arista, to the then very young Prince of Wales. A superficial glance will show how very elaborate is the labor expended, and what a singular mixture there is of the highest work of civilized art combined with savage taste. By referring to pictures of the Alhambra, and of the old Spanish muleteers, there will be found the original of these Mexican manufactures, the style being no doubt originally obtained from the Arabs. Upon examining the saddle it will be found that the tree, covered with fine embossed leather, is almost entirely hidden under solid silver plates, each of which are ornamented with a variety of arabesques executed with great taste; the pommel is of solid silver, in shape of a lion's head. On the saddle cloth are holsters with silver guards, and ornamented with an elliptical piece of leather embroidered with silver and gold, relieved by a blue ground of silk divided by very minute scarlet fillets. The stirrups are of solid silver, wrought in part with filigree of the same metal. All this harness is protected from the horse's back by a saddle cloth of mazarine blue velvet, richly embroidered in silver and gold. The bit and spurs are of silver, gracefully chased; and the reins, buckles and other parts of the harness consist of fine leather and silver filigree.

The bit is not less worthy of attention, as it is of extraordinary efficacy, and of such mechanical power that the horse obeys at the slightest touch. It is not constructed with a simple hinge, as the English bit, but it has in the centre a lever which acts against the horse's palate. A machine of this powerful character is deemed by the Mexicans necessary to govern the horse; but the same horses, wild from the prairies, are controlled by American hunters with the common bit; the Mexican one is only an evidence of the barbarism of the Spanish people. The circular ornament represents the centre of a blanket or "manga," which is worn by the people instead of a cloak; the style they are worn will be understood by referring to the picture of the Mexican gentlemen included in the series of illustrations.

Travelling in Mexico partakes of a primitive character, what-



MEXICAN ROMISH PRIESTS.

ever may be its accessories. If you have a fine coach you have no road to suit its wheels, so that a less pretentious vehicle will probably suit your purposes better. The usual way is on horse-back, but some few rig up large chairs, either carried on men's shoulders or long poles used as bearers, attached to mules, as shown in the engraving. By this method the sides of hills are easily climbed, and the ordinary bridle paths answer the purposes of progression. From Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico still exist the remains of a fine road, and similar conveniences extend from the capital; but the constant revolutions have left them to decay, and they are rapidly becoming as impossible for the easy accommodation of wheeled vehicles as are the obscure highways of the interior. Merchandise of all sorts are most generally transported on the backs of mules. Large steam-engines and immense boilers have been, piecemeal, thus carried from the sea coast to the gold and silver mines—a task that would seem to the uninitiated impossible. Along all the roads,



MEXICAN WATER-CARRIER.

therefore, in Mexico, are constantly to be met trains of pack mules, consisting sometimes of forty or fifty animals. The leader is gaily dressed, and all covered over with trappings more or less variegated, and made musical by the use of innumerable little bells. The chief muleteer is a man of much consequence on the road, and at the inns his stories are not only listened to with wonder, but he has an absolute command of the host and guests.

Whatever may be the social condition of Mexico, its natural beauties are worthy of the hand of the great Creator. Starting on your journey with the morning light—for if you wait for a set meal you lose the grandest of introductions to a summer day—you pursue your ride "in solitude, yet not alone," following your way along narrow paths, shaded over after the sun is high in the heavens by flowery trees of every kind and color, that load the air with perfume, or arched overhead by the convolvulus in all its varieties, from the little yellow one, no bigger than a golden thimble for the most delicate finger, to the large white one

that might rival the magnolia. Their convolutions, with its tangled growth, embosom the whole country, so that the unsunned rivulets flow cool across your path; and all this is among mountains wild and rocky as those of the Highlands, and infinitely more irregular in their formation. At the top of one steep, rugged hill, you find a breathing-place, and



MEXICAN PORTER.

looking back perhaps gaze upon the far-off Pacific, and faint glimmerings present themselves that will, as you advance, display the Atlantic wave. Charmed with the wonderful variety, the strange contrast of the beautiful and sublime, you ride down a steep hill, through a narrow gully or "wash," so narrow that your knees are in danger from its rough sides, when suddenly there comes behind you a mysterious-looking individual, a perfect specimen of a theatrical scoundrel, buried in a cloak, face hidden by a slouch hat, and altogether romantic, but fearfully



MEXICAN BUTCHER.

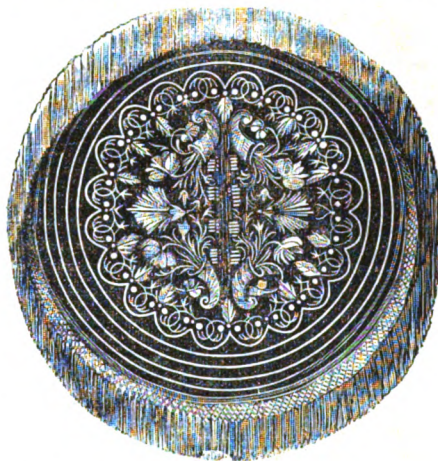
repulsive; he comes pressing on, and you feel that he is a muleteer who has lost his character and has "taken to the road." Fortunately you can show the speaking mouth of a revolver, when suddenly, as if changing his mind to ride you down, he lets you pass out into the open country; your proposed argument of powder and ball has relieved you of the unpleasant effects of being robbed and then murdered on the highway.

Between a great many hundred feet of ascent and descent in the course of a day's ride, it is hard to perceive any general rise of the country, yet almost league by league something of tropical vegetation drops behind. The cocoa trees disappear just beyond Acapulco; gradually there comes a complete change. You pass by constant ascent out of deep, rich valleys, among grand, wild mountains, into one that is a mere barren country, broken into wild mountain passes, where the towns are built of heavy stone, and look as if they were the remains of some ancient fortifications. Such is Chelpansingo, a place three-quarters of a mile square, with long narrow streets closed in by massive stone walls forming one-storey houses, the fronts pierced here and there for a door, but scarcely ever with a window, and if so, only to be blockaded up with heavy iron bars.

It would be wrong to condemn all Mexican inns, yet one might do it without being kept awake for doing injustice to the best. The Meson di San Francisco, is characteristic of all hosteleries. The house and verandah occupy two sides of an inner courtyard, from which stare upon you sundry rooms or cells

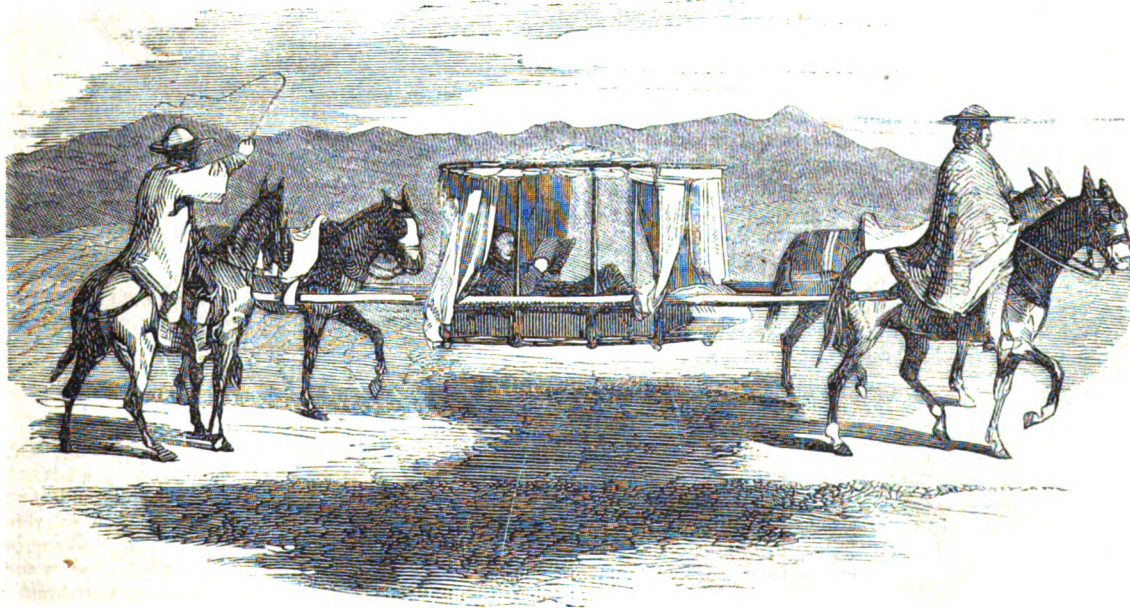
or sepulchres, made more dismal by being designated, like prisons, by numbers. In these rooms you will find three or four old chairs, a rickety table, and a sort of bedstead, covered with leather but not with bedding. The walls present the surface of rough stone, without windows or any exit, except through the folding doors of oak, four inches thick. Getting into one of these terrible tombs, though you may be warm, there comes on you a sense of loneliness and helplessness, that often brings on a cold sweat, although the thermometer may be at "fever heat." The suggestion comes up that privately you may be shut in and forgotten, if nothing worse happens to you. You are always alone, no delightful siesta in a grass hammock rests you; no chatting with a lively muchacha; there is one comfort at least, throughout mid-day not a man is to be seen; occasionally a young girl's curiosity overcomes her timidity, and you soon learn to converse, for women can guess at your meaning, they understand a half-spoken and half-looked expression; the men are always dull and matter-of-fact; if a Mexican inn can be redeemed, it is by an accidental chat with a signoretta.

Having had the sad experience of the Meson di San Francisco, we learned the idea in Mexico of finding lodging for the night



CENTRE ORNAMENT OF A MEXICAN BLANKET.

in some private house. After some refusals, which, like agreeable coquetry, rather excites your appetite, you finally hear, "Si senior, you can stay here if you like." Thereupon the front doors of the house are opened, and you literally ride through the principal apartment, which in all Mexican houses leads into the courtyard in the rear. Under the verandah you



TRAVELLING IN MEXICO.

generally find two or three *senoras* engaged in some pleasant and graceful occupation. The handsomest one is characteristic of her country; she is a dark-eyed girl, the Indian dash in her blood giving fire to the pure Castilian. She strikes you as singular, in the fact that her dark hair, wholly unconfined by comb or ribbon, falls to her waist; add to this the saffron handkerchief round her throat, such as dark-haired gipsies love to use, and you have a charming individuality. Her questions, after an acquaintance permitted such liberties, were proverbially rapid, and she asked a hundred without requiring a single answer. Among the most important was, "Who was our patron saint?" which was more than most Americans can answer. But she must know, and finds the almanac, where the valuable information is obtained, with the same certainty that in our heretical annals we learn, that it will rain about this time, along a column including the entire days of a summer month.

The priests are the true masters of Mexico and its population; not a revolution has ever taken place since the revolt from the mother country, that did not in some way involve the clergy. The original struggle was not for independence, but that the secular orders, composed of the natives, might enjoy a portion of the patronage of the church, at the time entirely monopolized by the Spanish priesthood. Spaniards, however low in birth, or unfit by education and ability, were always preferred to the higher dignities and endowments of the church, but this very circumstance proved eventually to be the ruin of the whole system and of the royal authority itself. Although the people threw off the yoke of Spain, they did not relieve themselves of the influence of the religious orders, and the power of the ecclesiastics merely changed from the hands of the foreigners to the possession of the *creoles* of superior education and ability.

The reverence with which the clergy are treated throughout the republic, and the immense revenues they derive from their parishioners, is almost incredible. In the capital and other large towns, the intercourse with foreigners has had its effect upon the sway of the worthy fathers, but in the villages and remote districts they are despotic, and do pretty much as they please.

On one occasion an epidemic was raging in the city of Mexico, when an image of the Virgin, painted of a dark brown color to please the Indians, was carried with great pomp through the streets, to stop the progress of the fever. The carriage was drawn by a marquis, one of the first men in point of wealth, family and intelligence in the whole country. About the same time an "American horse-tuner" was stoned by the mob for his sudden cures of various horses, and the populace of Pueblo served in the same way some heretical steeds, sent out by the Mexican envoy, in order to improve the native breed.

The fees paid the clergy at marriages, christenings and burials are heavy enough, but they do not form a tenth part of their lucrative perquisites. Not a hut or a garden, a pigsty or a footpath can be used until blessed and ornamented with a cross. Each separate working in the mines, each heap of stones, and every utensil must be similarly honored, with the addition of fresh nosegays of wild flowers and branches every morning. In every part of the country, when the sound of the muffled bell is borne on the breeze, it is universal to kneel, and strangers are expected to follow the example. The *fiestas* and half *fiestas* are of such frequent occurrence, that at least two working days out of the six are lost to labor; and it would be no difficult matter, by riding about, to have the delectable pleasure of attending a feast every day in the year; for each village and hamlet has its own peculiar season of festivity, in addition to those regularly established on the calendar.

The lower classes of the community in many places still maintain that disbelievers have tails as a punishment for their sins, and a gentleman who early immigrated to Mexico, said it was amusing to witness the anxiety with which some one watched when a European went bathing or dressing. It soon began to be suspected that either this statement was false, or that the wicked had the power to conceal the appendage; at last the idea became scouted as a fable, and the good old *padres* acknowledged that for some purpose or other, beyond their comprehension, the Almighty had condescended to make heretics like other men.

How long will the leaden power of the clergy continue? has

long been a question cursed by persons writing about Mexico. As early as the year 1828, the state of Guadalupe took the strong resolution of depriving all establishments of their incomes, and paying the priests from the public purse and by the voluntary contribution of the people; but this law occasioned popular commotions, and was so strongly opposed by the central government, that it was never carried into execution. In Durango and other parts of the country, similar ideas have been entertained, but never with any practical effect. Among many publications which have issued from the press, documents have appeared which showed that while the nation was bankrupt, the clergy collectively had a revenue of thirty millions a year. To interfere with their church revenues has always been fatal to any administration that has attempted it, and although much has been accomplished towards this result, yet from Santa Anna to Comonfort, the church influence has invariably overthrown any power that attempted to interfere with its prerogative.

In every Mexican church, monastery, convent, palace, house, hovel, hacienda, or rancho, the traveller will not fail to observe an image of "the Virgin of Guadalupe." Many men receive the name of "Guadalupe" in baptism, and almost every woman has it added to the others she receives from her parents or her sponsors. A saint whose tutelary influence is at once so national and so curious, deserves especial mention in the notice of a country over whose people she is supposed to exercise a mysterious dominion. The story told of the Virgin is implicitly believed by the great mass of the people, and the wonderful picture mentioned in the tradition, adorned with precious stones, is now preserved in a massive gold frame in the collegiate church of Guadalupe. On the 12th of every December, the anniversary of the miraculous visit, the people pour forth from the capital to the sacred shrine, to witness the rites instituted in honor of the saint. To impress the common people and Indians with the profound importance of what is done, the highest functionaries of the government are generally present, and often the president himself, who vies with the most fanatical of those about him in his devotions.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN MARY OF GUADALUPE.

Tepuyacac is a small mountain situated about three miles south of the city of Mexico, the southern side of which is an inaccessible precipice. Its ascent, by whatever point, except that of the pathways made to facilitate the journey, is extremely rough and stony. The whole surface is covered with the wretched vegetation peculiar to all sterile places. The name of the hill, which is Indian, signifies the abrupt extremity, and this bluff terminates all the hills to the north of the capital. It is a singular fact, that under the aboriginal inhabitants, this place was celebrated as the residence of the mother of the false gods which presided over the religious ceremonies of the inhabitants.

On Saturday, December 9th, 1531, says the legend, an Indian recently converted, of pure and unblemished morals, but of humble birth, at early dawn heard, upon attaining the brow of the little mountain, sweet and harmonious music, as if of little birds. The ravishing tones and exquisite melody arrested his steps. On looking up he saw a white cloud surrounded by a rainbow, and in its centre a most beautiful lady, who calling with a sweet and gentle voice, addressed him in his own language; and told him that she was the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, and she commanded him to go to the bishop and tell him that it was her will that a temple should be built upon that spot, in which, when completed, she would show herself a pious mother towards him, his nation, and all who should call on her in the hour of need; to which she farther added, "Be sure, my son, I will repay all you do for me; I will render you famous, I will endow you with benefits for the diligence and labor you display. Now, my servant in whom I delight, thou hast heard my desire, go thou in peace."

The Indian promptly obeyed, and went to the palace of the bishop of Zumanaga, who had long resided in Mexico, and was known as the protector of the Indians. The prelate heard him with surprise, and prudently recommended him to return on some other occasion. The Indian sought the mountain, found the Virgin, and gave the answer he had received. He was again urged to see the bishop, and to tell him that he must build a temple upon the very spot. The bishop listened with great

attention to this second message, but still doubtful demanded that the messenger should ask some sign from the holy lady, by which it might be known she was really the Mother of God.

The Indian, with intrepid confidence, replied that he would ask whatever the bishop desired; when the latter, observing that he was not abashed, but offered to ask for the sign, ordered him to go, but meanwhile secretly dispatched confidential members of his family to follow the Indian, and observe to whom he spoke on his arrival up the hill of Tepuyacao. They did so, but when they arrived near the place of their destination the Indian disappeared, and when he could not be found after a diligent search, the spies returned and desired to have the Indian punished for an impostor.

After some neglect on the part of the Indian, who met the Virgin according to appointment, although he disappeared so suddenly from the sight of his followers, the Virgin sought still another interview, and informed the Indian that she would give him the sign required by the doubting bishop. To obtain this the Indian was requested to go upon the summit of the mountain, and fill his blanket with flowers and bring them to the Virgin. This he proceeded to do, although he knew the mountain-top yielded nothing but weeds and thorns. Arriving at the appointed spot, he was surprised to find a *bed of roses, odorous and wet with dew*. He cut and placed in his blanket as many as he could carry, and disposed of them as commanded. Upon their receipt the Virgin arranged them in the blanket and said to the Indian, "These flowers are the sign which I wish you to take to the bishop, in order that he may build a temple on the spot: show them to no one until you arrive in the bishop's presence."

The Indian, after arriving at the bishop's palace, informed the various members of the family that he wished to speak to the prelate, but he was not permitted to do so, all being determined to see what he had in his blanket. After a severe scuffle, finding that it was only flowers wet with dew, and admirable for their beauty and fragrance, they thrice attempted to see them, but were not able to do so because of the powerful hand of the Virgin; finally the flowers suddenly became identified with the material of which the blanket was made, and appeared to be interwoven with the fabric.

As soon as the prelate was informed of this circumstance, the Indian was ordered instantly to enter his presence. As the Indian opened his blanket to show the bishop, the flowers fell off, and then appeared the image of the Most Holy Virgin miraculously painted upon the garment. At this wonderful sight the bishop and those about him fell on their knees and adored with veneration. They were struck with the beauty and freshness of the flowers, flourishing in the midst of winter, but much more by the heavenly beauty of the image before them, from which they had no desire to withdraw their eyes.

The bishop finally rose and untied the knot that suspended that sacred cloth from the Indian's neck; he took it to his oratory, and hanging it up with the greatest possible respect, gave thanks to God for so striking a miracle; and thus he became the treasury and depository of the richest jewel in the crown of America.

On the following day, the bishop and a large multitude visited the hill in order that the spot might be ascertained where appeared the Virgin. The Indian, however, becoming confused, a spring gushed forth to identify the place. The report of the miracle now rapidly spread abroad; all the town's people, running tumultuously to the palace of the bishop, clamored to have the image exposed to the adoration of the public, and to gratify them he caused it to be borne to the cathedral church, where over the high altar it rested until the completion of the building upon the spot where the Virgin first appeared. To the new edifice it was transferred in December, 1533, which event has ever since been celebrated as the shrine of the image of the HOLY MARIA DE GUADALUPE.

The modes of travelling in Mexico are various and most primitive. A well constructed road, two hundred and sixty-four miles in length, once existed between Vera Cruz and the capital, but it has been permitted to go to decay; and between the injuries of time and revolutions it is almost impassable, in the ordinary sense of the term. Coaches run on this road drawn by an extra number of horses or mules, but the trip is unsafe,

for between ruts and highwaymen few get through in safety. A soft covered sofa, called a *litera*, carried on poles, which serve as shafts to a mule in front and another behind, is often made use of in the mountainous regions; but by far the most agreeable and expeditious is horseback riding, accompanied by a number of mules bearing your baggage.

There cannot be said to exist, in the republic of Mexico, anything which has the slightest approach to what we understand by the term "society," which arises from the fact that women are not permitted to exercise the slightest influence over the male part of the population. The men, with very few exceptions, are destitute of education. France, England and Holland are often spoken of as revolted provinces of Spain, and in spite of all their experience, the "North Americas," that is, the citizens of the United States, are never referred to except as barbarians. A book in the hands of a Mexican gentleman is never seen. They talk very little, and often pay visits of hours without uttering ten words. A cigar is the inseparable companion and comforter, and it may be also called a necessary disinfecting agent, for the smoke you involuntarily inhale displaces more unpleasant odors. Lawyers smoke while reading documents, and priests during prayers in the church service. Visitors who intrude at your dinner hour quietly draw a chair up to the table, and while you eat they puff. Amusements invariably consist of cock-fighting, billiards and gambling of every description, a vice which is indulged to a degree that cannot be realized except by an eye-witness. Gaming with them is the republican touchstone, for it levels all ranks, and destroys all distinctions; a most perfect equality prevails in knavery as well as in excitement. It is no uncommon sight to see a governor of a state, a general of division, bet his dollar against a man whose only covering is a blanket full of vermin. Intemperance does not prevail among the better part of the white population, but the Indian and Lepero make it a point of honor and religion never to be sober when they can possibly be drunk.

The Mexican women retain, in a degree at least, those characteristics of beauty peculiar to their mothers of Spain, though much degenerated, not only in expression but in bearing. From some unfortunate peculiarity of the climate, the women, particularly of the lower classes, early lose their beauty; this is true to an unaccountable extent. Their hair is long and black, and rarely seen in ringlets. A lady seldom pays a visit to another, such conduct being looked upon as an indication of vulgar curiosity. They go to mass in the morning, to the theatre at night, and the interval is passed in idleness at home—the hours dangled away by inhaling the smoke of cigarettes, or possibly varied by a ride on some public square. The ceremonies peculiar to the old grandees of the Alhambra seem to have been inherited by these degenerate descendants, for nothing can exceed the complication of a common leave-taking.

It is no uncommon thing in the large towns to meet "beggars on horseback," and some hire a stout fellow to carry them in baskets from house to house. The water-carriers are prominent persons, as the facilities to procure the refreshing beverage are not as plentiful as in more northern countries; they can be seen threading their way along the mountain sides in search of springs, and then again in the highways doling out the precious liquid at a stated price. The butchers are remarkably slovenly in their manner of preparing meat for sale, and seem to make no distinction between animals fat and animals poor, nor do their easily pleased customers. Such a thing as a roasting piece is never seen, the whole carcass is indiscriminately cut into strips, and every part sells for the same price; in the boiling and stewing the meat receives, and in the plentiful seasoning of red pepper, good, bad and indifferent viands all taste alike. With these hastily sketched peculiarities of Mexico we must content ourselves, to make room for a description of the proposed new Territory of Arizona, the last purchase by the United States from Mexico, just at this moment attracting the attention of the entire country.

THE PROPOSED TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

The proposed new territory of Arizona, better known as the "Gadsden Purchase," is bounded north by the Gila river, which separates it from New Mexico; on the east by the Rio Grande, which separates it from Texas; on the south by Chihuahua and Sonora, Mexican provinces; and on the west by the Colorado river, which separates it from Upper and Lower



SHARPENING INSTRUMENTS.

California. This great region is one hundred miles long by about fifty miles wide, and embraces an area of about thirty thousand square miles; the cost of this immense tract to the United States was ten millions of dollars. At the time of the acquisition there was scarcely any population, except a few Mexicans in the Mesilla valley and at the old town of Tucson in the centre of the territory. The Apache Indians, superior in strength to the Mexicans, have long since extirpated every trace of civilization which once existed, and now roam unmolested as sole possessors of what was once a thriving Mexican Spanish province.

As early as the year 1687 an enterprising Jesuit missionary explored the country and encouraged the introduction of families, premising as a reason the discovery of gold and silver so marvellous "that the result would be such as had never been seen in the world." As might be supposed, the reports of these immense possessions of mineral wealth induced a rapid settlement of the country. There are laid down on a map printed just a century ago, more than forty towns and villages, some of considerable size. Santa Cruz and its tributary valleys teemed with an agricultural and mining population; thousands of enterprising Spaniards cultivated the rich valley of San Pedro, and scattered settlements flourished at every suitable stream and spring at the foot of the mountains toward the Rio Grande. "All these missions and settlements were founded in fertile valleys, and near streams and springs which produced luxuriant crops of wheat, corn and beans; and in many parts grapes and other foreign fruits were cultivated." The mission church of San Xavier del Bac is the only one of the many that remains. It is a massive building of great size and beauty, and magnificently ornamented within: the different things which adorn the altar cost over forty thousand dollars. The Indians

in the vicinity of these missions were first reduced to obedience by the Jesuits, and then to slavery by the Spaniards. The notes from which these facts are taken mention, in the connection, the localities of more than a hundred then well-known silver and gold mines, which were successfully wrought by the Spaniards.

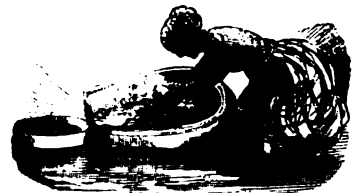
The missions and settlements were repeatedly destroyed by the Apaches, and the priests and settlers massacred or driven off, but they were re-established, the destruction being only partial. The cruelty and selfishness of the Spaniards increasing, the Indians were finally nerved to desperation; they had been forced to labor in the mines without adequate food, were oppressed in every possible way, when sending their emissaries among the unconquered tribes, a concert of action was induced and the whites were over-

come; the devastating career of the Indians was not checked, and to-day there is scarcely a trace left, except in the heaps of ruins, of the populous character and high civilization that once existed. The labors of the Catholic missionaries among the Indians are visible in the superior civilization of the Papagos and the Pimos, who live in villages, cultivate crops of corn and wheat, and who have the Christian and human elements of good faith and charity, quite equal to the degenerate Mexicans who live in their vicinity; for we learn that four of Crabbe's unfortunate party, murdered by the Mexicans near Sonora, and by them denied a decent interment, were carefully buried by the Papagos, with every mark of sorrow for their untimely fate.

The agricultural resources of Arizona are sufficient to sustain a large mining population, and afford abundant supplies for the great immigration which will follow the development of its mineral resources. The whole valley of the Gila, more than four hundred miles in length, can be made with proper exertion to yield plentiful crops. The Pimos Indians, who live in villages on the Gila, one hundred and seventy miles from its mouth, raise large crops of cotton, wheat and corn, and have for years supplied the thousands of emigrants who traverse the territory *en route* to California. These Indians manufacture their cotton into blankets of fine texture and beautiful pattern, which command a high price.

They also grind their corn and wheat, and make bread. In fact, the Pimos realize in their everyday life something of our ideas of Aztec civilization. A town will probably grow up just above the Pimos villages, as there is a rich back country, and the streams afford a valuable water power for running mills.

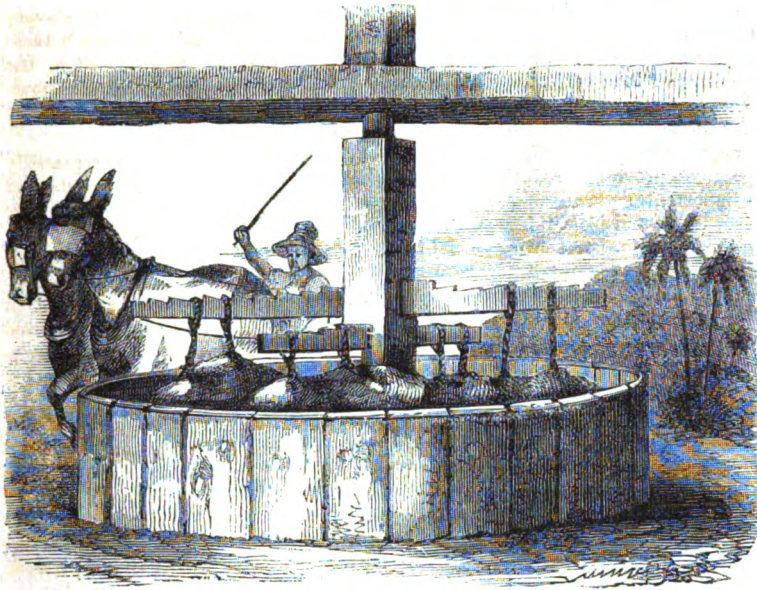
The valley of the Santa Cruz traverses the territory from south to north, the river disappearing near the town of Tucson, and probably finding its way to the Gila, as a subterranean stream. This valley, of the richest land, is about one hundred miles long, in many places of great width, and has on each side of it many rich valleys of limited extent, watered by streams from the mountains, which flow into the Santa Cruz. The valleys and ranches of Arivaca, Sopor, Calabazas and Tucson are those at present most thickly settled. These produce all the fruits known to a southern clime, grapes, wheat, corn and cotton in great abundance. The San Pedro river and valley is also one of great richness, and is reported by Lieut. Parke as



INDIAN METHOD OF GRINDING CORN.



PRIMITIVE ORE GRINDING MILL.



IMPROVED ORE GRINDING MILL.

capable of sustaining a large population. The Valle de Sauz, still farther east, more limited than the San Pedro or Santa Cruz, can be made available for a considerable population. The Mimbres river also can, by a small outlay, be made to irrigate a large surface and supply a moderate settlement. The various springs laid down by Gray, Emory, Parke and Bartlett, will all afford water for small settlements, and their supply can be much increased by a judicious outlay of money. The Rio Grande valley is very rich, and in places of great width. The Mesilla valley already contains a population of about five thousand souls, and there is ample room for many more.

In addition to the produce of Arizona, the immediate vicinity of the agricultural region of Sonora affords an abundant market for all necessary supplies, including sugar, which is manufactured by the Mexicans from the cane in great quantities. Guyamas, which one day will be ours, is one of the largest ports for the shipping of flour on the Pacific coast north of Chili. It also exports several millions in silver annually, which finds its way direct to the English market. Under an intelligent system, the Sonora mines would yield a hundred millions a year, and the supply is inexhaustible. If any reader doubts this statement, let him refer to the statistics of Humboldt, Ward and Wilson, most unquestioned and valuable authorities. Both Humboldt and Ward note the fact that the silver deposits grow richer as they are traced farther north. There can be no doubt that the most extensive and valuable mines, both of pure silver and silver mixed with copper and lead, are within the limits of Arizona.

Humboldt gives it as his opinion that since the year 1805, Mexican mines have yielded \$2,027,955,000. The mineral wealth of the lands on the "Gadsden Purchase" is fully equal to, if not more abundant than, the mines in Southern Mexico, which have afforded the world in forty years such a vast amount of the precious metals.

The population of the new territory of Arizona is at present not far from eight thousand, and is rapidly increasing. The Mesilla valley and the Rio Grande are probably the most thickly populated, containing about five thousand people. A majority of the Mesilla inhabitants are Mexicans, but they will be controlled by the American residents, whose influence will be constantly on the increase. The Santa Cruz valley, in which are situated the towns of Tucson, Tubac, Tumacacari, and the mining settlement of Sopori and others, is, next to Mesilla, the most thickly settled. Tucson was formerly a town of three thousand inhabitants; but the majority have been driven off by the Apache Indians. It is fast becoming a thriving American settlement, and will before long be a place of more importance than ever. Real estate is already held at high rates, and the erection of buildings shows that American energy is about to change

the face of the last half century. Tubac had been completely deserted by the Mexicans. It has been re-occupied by the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, and now boasts a population of several hundred. The Calabazas valley is also fast filling up with an American population, and another year will see the whole centre of the territory dotted with settlements. Many of the fine claims on the San Pedro river have already been located by emigrants under the general pre-emption law, but until protection is afforded to the settlers, but little progress will be made in agricultural pursuits. The Apache Indian regards the soil as his own, and having expelled the Spanish and Mexican invader, he feels little inclination to submit to the American. A small settlement of Americans is growing up at Colorado city, opposite Fort Yuma, at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. This point is destined to be one of great commercial and pecuniary importance. Situated at the present head of navigation, at the point where the overland mail route crosses the Colorado, and where the Southern Pacific Railroad must bridge the stream, it is a necessary stopping-place for all travel across the country.

Here are transhipped all the ores coming from the territory, which find their way to market down the Colorado to the Gulf of California, thence by steamer or sailing vessel to their destination. Here all supplies of merchandise for the territory are landed, and from this point forwarded to their various owners. A thriving commerce has already sprung



CARRYING WATER OUT OF A SHAFT.

up between the Arizona and San Francisco. In almost any daily paper in San Francisco may be seen vessels advertised for the mouth of the Colorado. Two steamers find active employment in transporting government stores from the head of the Gulf of California to Fort Yuma, and goods to Colorado city for the merchants of Tucson, Tubac, Calabazas, and for the mining companies. Should the exploration of the upper Colorado by Lieut. Ives, of the United States army, now in progress, prove successful, Colorado city will become still more important, as the surplus products of the valleys of New Mexico, Utah, and California to the north, will all find a market down the Colorado. Property in this new city is held at high rates, and by the last San Francisco News Letter is quoted at an advance. The population of Arizona Territory has much increased within a few months by emigration from the States. The massacre of Henry A. Crabbe and his party by the Mexicans, at Cavorca, created a desire for revenge throughout all California. Companies have been formed, and large parties are settling in Arizona, near the Mexican line, with the ulterior object of over-running Sonora, and revenging the tragedy in which was shed some of the best blood of the State. The appropriation by the last Congress of two hundred thousand dollars for the construction of a wagon road from El Paso to Fort Yuma, and the two mail contracts, semi-monthly and semi-weekly, which involve an expenditure of nine hundred thousand dollars per annum, will afford employment to a host of people, and draw at once to the neighborhood of the route an active and energetic population. The new wagon and mail route traverse the territory of Arizona throughout its entire length. Along the mail route, at intervals, military posts will be established. These and the necessary grazing stations will create points around which settlements will at once grow up, and the country, now bare, will show everywhere thriving villages. The Southern Pacific Railroad, which will be built because it is necessary to the country, will necessarily find its way through Arizona.

The population of Arizona exceeds to-day that of Washington Territory, and is far greater than was that of Kansas, Minnesota or Nebraska at the time of their organization. In five years a state will be formed on the remote frontier. The establishment of a firm government will extend the protection of the United States to American citizens resident in the adjoining Mexican provinces. This protection is earnestly demanded. Englishmen in Sonora enjoy not only perfect immunity in the pursuit of business, but are encouraged to settle in the country. Americans, on the contrary, are robbed openly by Mexican officials, insulted, thrown into prison, and sometimes, without even a trial, put to death. This state of things has so long existed that the name of American has become a by-word and reproach in Northern Mexico, and the majority of the people believe that the United States have neither the power or inclination to protect her own citizens. The influence of a territorial government, with the tide of American emigration which will surely follow it, will very soon change the tone and temper of those Mexican states.

We give some spirited pictures illustrative of the manner mining has been heretofore carried on in Arizona, and we may add in most of Mexico. The primitive character of the mechanical appliances create surprise that there should ever have been silver enough found to pay expenses, yet the reward, owing to the exceeding abundance of the ore, has been immense.

The mines of Mexico which have yielded the owners the most princely fortunes, have been carried on in many instances to the enormous depth of one and two thousand feet, and yet have yielded an annual return varying from one hundred thousand to one million in the course of twelve months, and in some instances even larger sums. These mines are wrought with the rudest appliances and without skill or enterprise. *The water was carried in raw hide sacks, on the backs of men, up ladders made of notched logs, from the bottom of the mines to their mouths.* The heavy ores were raised in the same laborious manner.

The ores, when raised, were crushed in mills wrought by mules, the mills consisting of heavy rocks fastened by hurdles to revolving arms of heavy timber. The waste by this process must have been nearly equal to the amount realized. And yet the enormous wealth of Mexico was computed by Humboldt at an incomprehensible sum.

As an evidence of the richness of the mines in Northern Mexico, we cite one in Chihuahua that was opened in the year 1737, and yielded for nearly eighty years over a million and a half annually. The district was gradually abandoned during the last years of the last century, on account of the incursions of the savage Indian tribes; but in 1791, it possessed a population of six thousand inhabitants, with seventy-three haciendas for reducing metals, and one hundred and eighty smelting furnaces. All these are now in ruins, and the produce during the last thirty years has been little or nothing; the whole receipts of the provincial treasury of Chihuahua having amounted to ten million seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand and ninety-six dollars, from 1791 to 1825; but the possibility of restoring the mines to what they were is, in the opinion of the natives, undoubted.

The precious metals seem to increase as you proceed northward. It is on record at Durango, that Zumbrano, who was the proprietor of all the principal mines of Guadalupe and San Dimas, paid, as the king's fifth, upon the silver raised from the mines, between the period of their discovery (in 1784) and 1807, when he died, eleven millions of dollars. These immense riches were derived principally from five great mines, La Candelaria (at San Dimas), San Juan Nepomuceno, Cinco Senores, La Abra and Tapia; of one (La Candelaria), the regular returns for five years prove that the annual profits never have been less than one hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, while in some years they amounted to two hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars. The ores of the mines during the whole of this period, appear to have produced from five to six marcs per carga (of three hundred pounds), and often to have yielded twenty and even thirty marcs. Indeed, nothing of a quality inferior to the first could have covered the expense of extraction; as when the Candelaria had attained its greatest depth, three hundred varas (eight hundred feet), the water was still brought up from the bottom of the mine in leathern buckets upon men's shoulders.

The great German mine of Arevala stands upon another little hill, nearly opposite the town of that name. It enjoyed no sort of celebrity until the beginning of this century, when it fell into the hands of the present proprietor, Don Antonio Revilla, who, after working it for some time in an obscure way, was fortunate enough, in 1803, to fall in with a Bonanza, or mass of rich ore, which enabled him to carry on his operations upon a larger scale. In 1811, from one part of the level called "El Divino Pastor," he obtained, in seven weeks, a clear profit of two hundred thousand dollars.

The Biscaina vein had been worked, almost uninterruptedly, from the middle of the sixteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the two principal mines (El Nacal and La Biscaina), which, in 1726, had produced five hundred and forty-two thousand seven hundred marcs of silver (four million three hundred and forty-one thousand six hundred dollars), were abandoned in consequence of the difficulty of keeping down the water with the imperfect machinery employed in those days. The mines were then only one hundred and twenty varas in depth, and the known richness of the ores in the lower levels induced an enterprising individual, Don Jose Alexandro Bustamante, to "dismantle" them anew, and to attempt the drainage by the Adit of Moran, a part only of which he lived to complete. On his deathbed he bequeathed his hopes and his works to Don Pedro Tereros, a small capitalist, who had supplied him with funds to continue his operations, and who, sharing in all Bustamante's anticipations of success, immediately removed to Real Del Monte, and devoted his whole remaining fortune to the prosecution of the enterprise. From the smallness of the capital invested, the work advanced but slowly, and was not completed until the year 1762; but in the twelve succeeding years, Tereros drew from his mines a clear profit of six million dollars, or about one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling. He obtained the title of count by the munificence of his donations to the Court of Madrid, and never was title more dearly bought; entirely at his own expense, he presented Charles III. with two ships of the line (one of a hundred and twelve guns), constructed at Havana, of the most costly materials, and accommodated him besides with a loan of one million of dollars, no part of which has yet been repaid. He likewise built the two great

haciendas of San Antonio and Regla, which cannot, together, have cost less than one million two hundred thousand dollars, (two hundred and forty thousand pounds); and he purchased landed property to such an extent, that even in the present depressed state of agricultural interests of Mexico, the revenue of the present count exceeds one hundred thousand dollars; and ought, in more favorable times, to amount to nearly twice as much. This rich mine was discovered in the spring of 1826, by two brothers (Indians), by name Arauca, to one of whom a little maize for tortillas had been refused upon credit the night before. In two months they extracted from their mine two hundred and seventy thousand dollars; yet in December 1826, they were still living in a wretched hovel close to the source of their wealth, bare-headed and bare-legged, with upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling in silver locked up in their hut.

The wonderful power to build up a town by the discovery of mines is illustrated by Catorce, 24° latitude, in the year 1773. It is impossible to conceive a more bleak and desolate spot than that upon which these famous mines are situated—the very summit of a mountain ridge, inaccessible, even at the present day to anything but mules, without provisions or water, or resources of any kind; yet in three years after their discovery, it had a population of five thousand souls, and the town now contains sixteen thousand inhabitants. The fame of its riches brought crowds of settlers from Guanajuato, Zacatecas and Sombbrero; and notwithstanding all the local disadvantages which I have enumerated, these settlers have remained. But the mines of Catorce possess all the properties which characterize those of the north; they all began to be productive almost at the surface, and all yielded ores of a quality unknown in the neighboring districts of Zacatecas and Guanajuato.

The owner of the mines of Santa Ana and San Geronimo (Capt. Zuniga), after living upon their produce during his whole life, bequeathed by his will four millions of dollars, the greatest proportion of which was left to pious institutions. The mine of La Luz, which was "denounced" in 1804, and is still in full work, has given to its present proprietor, the Licenciado Gardoa, the estate of Mal Paso, near Zacatecas, for which he paid seven hundred thousand dollars, and a million of dollars capital: the best ores, during this time, have sold, according to the registers of the mine, at three hundred and forty and three hundred and eighty dollars per carga, of three hundred pounds.

An English gentleman (Col. Bourne), who has been long a resident in Mexico, in conjunction with Mr. Escalante, the representative of the state of Sonora in the senate, are about to open a mine. They have taken up contracts for Arizpe about 30° north latitude, in a situation possessing great local advantages, a fertile country, the vicinity of two large rivers, and a communication by water with the Pacific. The mines themselves were formerly celebrated for their riches, and the capital required to bring them again into activity is very small. Col. Bourne says:

"The specimens which I have seen of the ores extracted from them almost induce one to adopt the theory, that the proportion of silver contained in the ores increases as you advance towards the north; a theory which is very generally believed at present in Mexico, and which is certainly confirmed by the superiority of all the northern ores to those of the richest districts in the south.

"The idea probably originated in the discovery of the famous *Bolas de Plata* (Balls of Silver) of Arizona, in the beginning of the last century, which was, and probably still is, believed in Europe to be one of those fables with which mining countries always abound. But the attention of the present government of Mexico having been drawn to the subject, a search was made in the vice-regal archives, by order of the president, for the correspondence which was known to have taken place respecting it in the year 1736."

This correspondence Capt. Bourne has seen, and he has in his possession a certified copy of a decree of Philip V., dated Aranjuez, 28th May, 1741, the object of which was to terminate a prosecution, instituted by the royal fiscal, against the discoverers of Arizona, for having defrauded the treasury of the duties payable upon the masses of pure silver found there.

The decree states the weight of the balls, sheets and other

pieces of silver discovered (*bolas, planchas, y otras, piezas de plata*) to have amounted to one hundred and sixty-five arrobas, eight pounds (in all four thousand and thirty-three pounds); and mentions particularly one mass of pure silver, which weighed one hundred and eight arrobas (two thousand seven hundred pounds); and another of eleven arrobas, upon which duties had been actually paid by one Don Domingo Asmendi, and which, as a great natural curiosity (*como cosa especial*), the king states ought to have been sent to Madrid.

The decree ends by declaring the district of Arizona to be royal property, as a *Criadero de Plata* (a place in which, by some natural process, silver was created); an idea to which the flexibility of the metal, when first extracted, seemed, in those times, to give some color of probability; and by directing it to be worked upon the royal account. This put a stop to the enterprises of individuals: the district was deserted; an attempt to send a sort of colony there failed; and, in a few years, the very name of Arizona was forgotten. The country fortunately is now in possession of the American people, and must soon attract the attention of the world for its mineral wealth, paling even the wonders of California by its untold treasures.

COOKERY.—Cookery is an art belonging to women's department of knowledge; its importance can hardly be over-estimated, because it acts directly on human health, comfort and improvement. When studied, as it ought always to be, for the sake of the duties involved, it is an art that confers great honor on those who understand its principles, and make it the medium of social and domestic happiness. The table, if wisely ordered, with economy, skill and taste, is the central attraction of home; the lady who presides there, with kindness, carefulness and dignity, receives homage from the master of the house, when he places at her disposal the wealth for which he toils. The husband earns, the wife dispenses; are not her duties as important as his? If this truth were acknowledged and acted upon, by giving the science of domestic economy a prominent place in seminaries for female education, we should soon witness great improvements in household management. Miss Sedgwick has asserted, in one of her useful books, that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add, that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of morals, philosophy and human happiness, the more importance she will attach to her station, and to the name of a "good housekeeper." It is only the frivolous, and those who have been superficially educated, or only instructed in showy accomplishments, who despise and neglect the ordinary duties of life as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient clearness of reason to see that "domestic economy" includes everything calculated to make people love home and feel happy there. One of the first duties of woman in domestic life is to understand the quality of provisions and the preparation of wholesome food. The powers of the mind, as well as those of the body, are greatly dependent on what we eat and drink. The stomach must be in health, or the brain cannot act with its utmost vigor and clearness, nor can there be strength of muscle to perform the purposes of the will.

DANCING FANATICS.—A family named Brisson, at Valenciennes, consisting of two brothers, one married, two sisters, and a child five years of age, were, a few months ago, quietly seated at supper. All at once one of them, seized with some sudden vertigo, jumped up and began talking most incoherently, and all the other members of the family being attacked in a similar way, did the same. They then all began dancing, and afterwards stripped themselves of the whole of their garments, singing, as they did so, sacred hymns. They next took the child, tied him to a ladder as if to crucify him, and then stuck pins into the fleshy part of his person, continuing to dance and sing all the while. Their next exploit was to ascend the roof of the house and pour water down the chimney to extinguish, as they said, the fires of purgatory. At this moment the neighbors interfered, and released the little boy, who was insensible from his sufferings. The cause of the sudden madness has not been ascertained.

"THE DEAD MARCH IN SAUL."

We sat within the house of God :
In storm without the clouds were flying,
Louden the rain fell on the sod,
As heavy tears above the dying.

The organ from the dark-roof'd aisle
Roll'd in full surge, then retreating,
Swept us away a little while,
Music like spray about us beating.

We cast ourselves upon its sea,
We floated in harmonious motion ;
Now high on billowy melody,
Now low upon a stirless ocean.

Hark ! like the roll of muffled drums,
The strong triumphant death-song pealing !
Then spirit-like around us comes
One flute-like sob, as if revealing

Where the lone mother in hush'd room
Kneeleth, her dead boy's picture kissing ;
And, though faith smile above his tomb,
Feels that from her life's life is missing.

In Jeeu's name she veils his head
With boyish mem'ries, then, low bending,
Lights hope's clear star above the dead,
Bright as a sword its chief defending.

He died, young hero, when the war
Was rolling in triumphant billow ;
His last smile was of her afar,
Ere resting on his battle-pillow.

"Tell them I died above my guns,
Fighting them while a pulse was beating ;
Fast from each vein my life-blood runs ;
I die in peace, the foe retreating."

On surg'd death's music clear and strong,
The salt tears through our heart-cells flowing
God ! for each note of that proud song
We felt how grand a debt was owing—

To the sad mother, as she prays
That God will guide her in her sorrow ;
To the young widow, o'er whose days
Of broken hopes dawns grief's to-morrow.

Oh fear not ; ye shall see him shining
An angel with immortal smile ;
Though more than life ye are resigning,
Grief such as yours can wait awhile.

THE MARRIED BACHELOR.

"I was married once, sir, for three days."

Poor little man ! with what sympathy—I may almost say, with what affectionate sympathy—did I regard the unfortunate Frenchman, his cup of bliss dashed so rudely from his very lips. Those eyes, now sparkling—almost wildly, I imagined, with the juice of the grape (indulged in first, perhaps, in moments of despair and agony)—how many tears of bitter misery must they have shed ! that heart, so open and ingenuous as I had found it, how often must it have almost ceased to beat in choking fulness beneath that yellow waistcoat ! Such and similar were the thoughts that rushed in a moment through my brain at his last words.

I had met my companion at what mine host of the Singe Rouge at Calais was pleased to call the *table-d'hôte* ; and a small acquaintance had sprung up between us : it was sympathy, I suppose—his English agreed so well with my most execrable French. Of course he of the volatile nation had commenced the intimacy ; and I must say I speedily got to like him. His troubles appeared to have pretty well agreed with him : he was a punchy little fellow, with a jolly nose, and looked a very Puck behind his richly-colored meerschaum, as he said,

"Well, monsieur shall hear my history ; but I warn him 'tis a sad one. Know, then, my name is Jules Canard, my age is fifty, and I am a bachelor."

Down went my sympathy, and up went my curiosity, with a jerk of corresponding velocity. "A married bachelor !" thought I, "that's rather odd."

"My father dying," he continued, "left me a fortune of ten thousand francs, with which I traded to so good purpose

that in a few years I had multiplied each franc by ten ; on discovering which, intending to cheat Fortune of any opportunity of turning round upon me (a dirty but favorite trick of hers), I determined to quit trade, turn gentleman, and live at ease. But fortune had me too tight to let me slip off unobserved ; she suggested that it was my duty as a prudent merchant to make every arrangement for the future ere I shut up shop ; and among sundry other little items desirable for retired felicity, I found jotted down upon my list—a wife.

"This idea being a new one, took my fancy. I began to sigh after a cherry lip and pretty ankle, to compose verses addressed to no one in particular, and to indite most flattering replies by return of post. I'll not detail to you, monsieur, all my endeavors to obtain that which I so ardently desired, but in vain, till chance decreed that I should meet Estelle. Ah !" burst out the little Frenchman, "you never saw, you never can imagine—"

I might have told him that I thought I could easily ; but *n'importe*, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba ?" So he turned up his eyes, made a vigorous attack upon his Burgundy, and went on uninterrupted.

"Monsieur, I was one day seated on a bench at Père-la-Chaise—thither I had repaired to indulge in my delightful anticipations—when a slight and graceful figure in deep mourning drew near me. Her veil was down, so that her face was hid ; but I felt at once that she was young and beautiful. Scarcely had she passed me, when, sinking on a neighboring tombstone, she burst violently into tears. I rose immediately, judging her to be a mourner, whom religion bade me leave alone with her sacred grief ; when a movement on her part suggested to me that illness might be the cause perhaps of her emotion. I approached her, therefore : 'Are you ill, mademoiselle ?'

"Alas, no, monsieur," she answered almost inaudibly, 'except in spirit.'

"Exquisite being !" I exclaimed, putting my arm round her unresisting form, and leading her to the seat I had just quitted, 'what is your sorrow ? Confide it, I entreat, to one who would console and succor you !'

"Well, monsieur, it was the old, old story here in France—marriage without love. Estelle was an orphan ; it was her father's grave that lay before us ; her mother, poor, was consequently heartless. She was courted by a rich old man ; and her surviving parent had besought her, for her sake, to accept his offer. Duty and filial affection had conquered aversion and disgust, and they were to be married in four weeks. Such a tale, told between bursting sobs, by such a being and in such a place, would have moved the hearts even of the stones around us, had they any to be moved ; and it did mine, you may be sure. Her veil, too, in her agitation, had accidentally become for an instant displaced, and I caught a momentary glance of the countenance beneath. It may have been imagination—I have since thought indeed it must—but in that glance I saw an angel. 'And what, Estelle,' I cried, 'what is the sum this old *chiffonnier*, this huckster, bids for you ?' 'A hundred thousand francs,' was the reply. In a moment I was at her feet. What prompted me I know not : I saw nothing, I considered nothing ; but for that passing glance, I had not even seen her face ; I had but felt the pressure of her hand, and I was conquered. I did not so much as ask whether the aged villain had a rival, nor how far his pretensions were inferior to my own ; I only thought the moment had arrived, and I must seize it.

"A hundred thousand francs !" I cried. 'Estelle, I will outbid him by five thousand. For this I've toiled these fifteen years ; for this I have endured fatigue and penury, hoarding each centime, grudging almost my daily food—for thee, Estelle. Thou art the vision that has urged me to ply my task by day, that has been the subject of my nightly dreams ; unseen, unknown, thou hast been my guardian spirit, and now at length we meet—here, at the very moment you most need my aid. Estelle, dearest Estelle, upon my knees before you—' Monsieur, it is enough ; I rose a happy man."

"Rather premature, though, M. Canard, was it not ?"

Monsieur C. replied to my suggestion with that unanswerable reminder, "Sir, you forget ; we are in France. With you cold

blooded Englishmen it might be premature—it would, I know; but what was I to do? A twofold inducement lay before me—to succor helpless virtue in distress, and to possess myself of the object of my desires without a troublesome and perhaps eventually fruitless search. The opportunity now offered, and I embraced it, and also my Estelle; and believe me, monsieur, never did I feel such contentment as at that moment when, raising her veil, she turned her tearful eyes upon me, and pointed to her father's grave. Thither once more I led her; and there, above the ashes of that departed grocer, I swore fidelity to her, his child. She was very fair, monsieur; not quite so young perhaps as I had thought at first, but under thirty certainly, and I was forty-five."

My friend paused here again to light his meerschaum, and seemed about relapsing into a reflective mood. "Well," said I, as I refilled his glass.

"Well," he continued, "it was then arranged we should proceed at once to the maternal residence of my Estelle, there to see her mother, and invoke her blessing. It was in a narrow but respectable locality, such as might well be occupied by small retired tradesmen or their families; and the house at which we stopped was one of the humblest. We were admitted; Estelle passed in first to prepare, as she said, her mother—our mother—for the interview. I was not, however, long kept in suspense.

"Heaven bless you, my children!" cried the old woman from her easy-chair as filially we knelt before her. "You, young man—for you have saved my child from misery, perhaps from death; and me, her mother, from remorse and sorrow. You, Estelle; for you have found a friend as well as a protector, a lover as well as husband. Happy children!" cried the crone again, "Heaven be with you!"

"She seemed very old and feeble, in mind as well as body; and I was watching her as she kept muttering something to herself, in the hope of seeing her sink off to sleep, and so leave Estelle and me a quiet *tête-à-tête*, when suddenly *notre mère* aroused herself once more.

"To business," she exclaimed, "to business, my dear children. M. Canard, what is the sum you offer for Estelle?"

"A hundred and five thousand francs, madame," I answered coldly; for I did not like the commercial tone assumed by the old lady.

"But to me," she cried testily, "how much am I to look for?"

"A churlish answer mounted to my lips; but a glance at the burning face of my Estelle, as she stood covered with grief and shame, checked me at once.

"You, madame," I replied as gently as I could, "shall have no cause for discontent. The mother of my wife shall be cared for as my own; a yearly income, paid as you may please, shall be at your disposal."

"This, however, did not seem to satisfy *notre mère*. She desired, with all the indelicacy of superannuated avarice, that I should pay her, then and there, a given sum—ten thousand francs, no less. This I peremptorily declined; my finances, I urged, would not endure such a sudden diminution. I had not realised my stock as yet; in short, I had not so much in hand. At this confession even Estelle looked almost lowering; but a few words cleared up the doubt that, for the moment, had rested in her ingenuous mind. "No," she thought, "what adventurer would seek out me, a poor, friendless, helpless woman?" and she dismissed the suggestion as one unworthy of herself, of me. So at least did I translate the varied shades of emotion as they passed across her lovely face. The mother, however, was less generous; she persisted in her first demand—so firmly too, that even my Estelle appeared to think it best to humor her, entreating me to yield. What was to be done, monsieur? I proposed a compromise. "It is well, madame," I cried; "on our wedding-morning you shall have your money;" and I intimated that it was a payment once for all. Even to this the hag demurred; but if she had a will of her own, I had one also. A bachelor occasionally has, monsieur," said my friend with a particularly knowing look; "and so I gained my point.

"It was then arranged—the old woman for the sake of her money acquiescing—that our civil marriage by the mayor should

take place on Thursday in the coming week, and the religious ceremony three days later; Estelle insisting on the delay, that Sunday being the festival of her patron saint, she said. Impatient as I was, to so sacred an excuse I could but yield; and I passed the ensuing days with my betrothed (having first, of necessity, realised a portion of my property), selecting her wardrobe, paying her accounts, and adding almost hourly gifts."

M. Canard again paused, lost in meditation and the smoke of his tobacco.

"At length the day arrived, and we appeared before the mayor. The customary declarations made, the registers were signed, and it required but the blessing of the church to make my happiness complete. But '*l'homme propose*,' &c.; and I had yet three days to wait. How I strove to kill those days; how early I retired to rest, how late I rose to take my morning meal! Meanwhile I closed my shop, and abandoned myself to an idle life. I steered clear of the old lady, however, and walked with my Estelle through the most busy streets of Paris, entering many a shop, and making purchases at each. Her taste was truly charming, a little perhaps above her contemplated station, as I thought; but what of that? Should I not be proud of so beautiful a wife in this shawl or that mantilla, made as they seemed expressly to exhibit her lovely figure and contour?

"Her charities, too (at my expense), appeared to know no bounds.

"Jules, you know my poor old pensioner, Manon?"

"Not in the least. What of her?"

"I took leave of her yesterday, and found her bathed in tears.

"Alas!" she cried, "madame" (she was the first who called me so, dear Jules), "what shall I do? My only son, my comfort, my support, will to-morrow lose his liberty unless he can procure five hundred francs." What was the result, monsieur? I found Estelle, in the fulness of her heart, had promised I should lend them, without interest too. I gave them her at once, and confess I grew tired of pulling out my purse so often. At this rate, thought I, I must keep shop another year or so. Yet how could I refuse Estelle?

"At length the three days passed, and Sunday came. It was, I well remember, a wet and miserable morning, such a wedding-day! I rose betimes, however, and dressed myself once more in all my finest clothes. Before I was half through, I heard the voices, loud and angry, of people ascending the stairs, and drawing towards my door. At the first knock, I hastily threw my dressing-gown around me, and prepared to open. What voice was that I now distinguished? Could it be? it was, Estelle's! In an instant she was in my arms; her bridal dress spattered with mud and rain, her beautiful face suffused with tears. "Save me from this wretch!" she cried in broken accents, as an enormous *huissier* strode into the room, and laid his hand upon her.

"Monsieur, excuse me, this lady is my prisoner."

"And excuse me, monsieur," cried I, looking fiercely up at him, "this lady is my wife!"

"As you please, monsieur," said the big *huissier* coolly. "My business is with you then. A debt," he continued, "a trifling matter of ten thousand francs;" and he looked about the room as if to take a mental list of my effects.

"Coquin!" I cried, enraged. Then turning to Estelle, who had sunk weeping on a seat, "And you, madame, what have you to say to this?" But instantly relenting at the sight of her pale face and streaming eyes, "Estelle, forgive me!" I exclaimed passionately, throwing myself at her feet. "Tell me, Estelle, is this—can this be true?"

"Alas, M. Canard," replied my beloved, her bursting sobs choking her utterance, "it is indeed too true. Poverty is a bitter lot, monsieur, starvation a sharp pang; a daughter's heart a tender one. May you never feel what I have suffered. I could not work, I would not steal, I dare not die. I ran in debt; it was a crime, I know, and with so little prospect as I had of payment, as bad as theft. M. Pierre knew of my distress, and on the promise of my hand relieved it, discharging all my obligations; but now I have forsaken him for you, he turns upon me, arrests me, as you see, and I—" Estelle could

proceed no further, and I felt a very culprit for my impatience with her. 'But enough, monsieur,' she said at length, with difficulty rising from her chair; 'I should have told you this before; that it was due to you I know: I feared to do it, and am justly punished. Fare you well.'

"The large *huissier* stepped up and laid his hand once more upon Estelle. He seemed to touch her gently though, or I should have knocked him down, or tried it.

"'Stay,' I cried; 'it is your first deceit, Estelle, and may it be your last. In the law's eye I am your husband, and responsible. Here is your money, monsieur le *huissier*;' and I counted out the notes with an agitated hand. The fellow examined them, and coolly put them in his pocket, wrote me a discharge, and was making off.

"'One moment, if you please,' said I. 'You have been kind enough to bring this lady here, do me the favor to escort her safely home again. I would do so myself, but——' I glanced at my unfinished toilette in excuse. 'In an hour we shall meet again, Estelle.' I kissed her hand, accompanied them to the street, then returned and resumed my preparations.

"'A pretty morning's work,' thought I as I passed the razor round my face. 'If Estelle turns out as costly a wife as she has already proved a mistress, farewell to my retirement and domestic happiness, for at least the present. Ah, ah, my little shop! it strikes me you and I are to be acquainted yet for many a day. Mothers, wardrobes, pensioners, and *huissiers*—' A gush from the razor cut short my meditation, and turned the current of my thoughts.

"At the appointed hour I was at the church, and found I had arrived the first. 'Of course,' thought I, 'impatient lovers always do.' I stood within the porch, safe from the rain, whence I could see every approaching vehicle. At length after a long delay, a *vigilant* drew near, and stopped at the entrance to the church. Three young girls in white alighted; then the bride. I was about to precipitate myself to the coach door, when a young man anticipated me, and handed out the blushing demoiselle. It was a bride indeed, but not Estelle. Impatience was consuming me, and I hated the young *gamin* and his *fiancée*.

"Well, monsieur, hours passed, and at noon the church was closed. Then, in a frenzy, I left the sacred edifice, and rushed headlong towards the residence of my Estelle. I flung open the well-known door, and almost fell over three small children.

"'What do you want?' asked the eldest, a sturdy handsome fellow, ten years old, but as bouncible and brawny as an infant Hercules.

"'Estelle, Estelle,' I cried, scarcely hearing and less heeding the question of the child.

"'Estelle—that is mamma,' he said, as cool as possible.

"This time I heard and heeded him. I dropped into a chair and glared at the three children with eyes of flame. The two youngest, girls—the living pictures of Estelle—turned and fled in terror, leaving Hercules to fight it out alone. The truth seemed bursting on me all at once; I seized the chair, and was about to hurl it at his head. I looked upon him once—his face, his form—the *huissier* all over. Monsieur, I can remember nothing more.

"That very evening the little shop re-opened, and commenced again a steady trade. Many a sympathising friend dropped in, and many a stranger, too, to hear the tale. At first of course I was averse to tell it; no man likes to paint himself an ass; but soon I found such monstrous lies were going abroad, that I was glad in self-defence to publish my own story. Twenty times a-day I had to tell it, as I have told it now to you; and after the first smart was over, I found my profit in it. I, Jules Cénard, was getting a celebrity, and in consequence my shop was well attended. It was many a day ere I dared count my losses through Estelle; but when at length I ventured on the task, and weighed them with what I had subsequently gained, I almost found the balance in my favor. And so began and ended my first—and, I know it, my last—courtship too.

"I saw Estelle again, and often see her now; but not a word have we exchanged, you may be sure. She looks as bewitch-

ing as ever, and almost as beautiful, or she and her accomplice should ere this have visited the galleys at Toulon—the one for bigamy, the other fraud. I need scarcely say her *huissier's* name was one unknown upon the public registers, though not perhaps on those of the police. I often feel inclined to poniard him; but my soft heart tells me he is Estelle's husband, and prudence whispers I am four-foot-six, while he is six-foot-four!"

THE PINE FORESTS OF NORWAY.—It is well, indeed, for the inhabitants of these northern climes that they have such an abundance of wood; for there being no coal, the country would be otherwise untenable for man during the long winter. Besides, not only is it so universally employed in the construction of houses, that I question if there are fifty in the whole country built entirely or chiefly of any other material (and those only in the largest towns, and of recent date); but it is also used for a thousand purposes, for which one who has not visited Norway would hardly think it could be made available. By a dexterous manipulation it is rendered the universal substitute for ropes; the rowlocks of the boat, tethers of the animals, springs for closing gates, and innumerable other things, are formed of it: and I have even seen light poles used as stays for the masts of the sailing vessels on the Mjosen. Then the felling, and sawing, and transmission down the streams of such wood as is employed in commerce, afford a very considerable source of employment to a large portion of the natives. The "travels of a Norway deal," before it reaches its destination, would astonish many that unthinkingly tread upon it in a London floor. Felled perhaps in the primeval forests of central Norway, the trunk is dragged over the hardened snow in the following winter to the nearest stream; in readiness to be floated down as soon as returning spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Gotha or the Glommen, to be finally floated into the timber-yards of Christiania, or Drammen, or Gothenborg. It is usual for the principal merchants of those towns to hire from the proprietors in the interior the privilege of cutting trees in the forests the best suited for their purpose, at the rate of about two shillings for each dozen; besides paying for the labor. They are marked, and sent down in the manner described: and at different stations of their route, there are persons appointed by the respective merchants to assist them over the different obstacles they have to encounter. These men may often be seen, when the rivers are in flood from the melting of the snows, with long hooked poles in their hands, directing the timber over the fosses, and along the tortuous channels: their labor is severe, and they are usually paid one mark (or ten-pence) a day, without victuals; or half a mark, if provided with food. Few laborers are paid so well in Norway, except during the height of harvest.

DANCING ELEPHANTS IN BURMAH.—The larger animal, a tall lean tuskier, was more accomplished. The words of command were bawled into his ear by the mahout, and were accompanied apparently by a great deal of comment or explanatory discourse, whilst at every sentence the elephant responded by a loud grunt of assent, which was intensely comical in effect. His great step consisted in alternately lifting each fore leg, and flourishing it with a circular sweep, before putting it again to the ground. Not the least amusing part of the performance lay in the gestures of the mahouts, who on each side went violently through the actions and dances which they intended the elephant to imitate, shouting and encouraging, and urging and braving him, as he increased the speed and awkward agility of his movements in accordance with the stimulation applied. At last the hind legs also came into play. They were flung up alternately in the air like the legs of a kicking horse, but in a slow, disjointed and inappropriate manner, that seemed to have no connection with the more rapid *pau* that was going on among the fore legs. The grave aspect of the old elephant's head and eye, all the time that his limbs were going through these unwonted gambols, was very comical, and the whole was certainly a piece of admirable farce, which drew laughter from English, Bengalees and Burmese.

THE RUSSIAN SERFS.

ONE of the subjects that just now most pre-occupy the German press, and generally that of all the north of Europe, is the probability of the emancipation of the Russian serfs. The *Elberfelder Zeitung* has lately given several details upon this project, and amongst others, it would be seen that the following points are almost definitively conceded :

First, the serf may marry freely, whether his master consent or not, or he may refuse to marry when his master insists upon his marrying. Secondly, no corporal punishment to be inflicted save upon the sentence of a tribunal. Thirdly, the master to be prevented from taking a serf from the plough, in order to transform him into a private servant. Fourthly, the serf to be authorized to refuse to leave his place of residence at the master's behest.

These four points seem to be at present the limit of what will be done in the way of emancipation ; and however we may revolt from the notion of any individual's personal freedom being so restricted, it must be confessed that more than this might, perhaps, be scarcely prudent for the government to do all at once, and without transition. Ever since the peace, the one overruling pre-occupation of Alexander II. has been this question of emancipation. For years—long before his father's death—the present czar has had his mind's eye fixed upon this, and upon all the questions of interior administration that are so important to a country like Russia ; but this advent to the throne in the middle of the war left him, at first, no time to devote to any other considerations save those of obtaining the most honorable peace that could be brought about. The peace once signed, the czar has taken to heart, and most seriously so, the reforms to be introduced into the internal policy of his empire, and those who have all his life been admitted into his closest intimacy, pretend even that his general health has severely suffered from the intensity of his reflections upon what must be the course pursued in order to aid the progress of the nation over which he rules.

There is also no slight degree of exaggeration in all that it is the fashion to say and write upon serfdom in Russia. No doubt the condition of a serf is not to be compared to that of a free man ; but it is neither so abject nor so unprotected a one as the demagogic scribes would have their readers to believe. There is a control over the landed proprietors, that out of Russia, few people are perhaps aware of. In every province is a personage called a *maréchal de la noblesse*, who is a kind of justiciary ; when a peasant, or a number of peasants, have to complain of their lords, they apply to this "marshal of nobility," and put the cause in his hands ; he convokes several of his colleagues (sometimes ten or twelve), and they sit in judgment on the lord. Their decrees are frequently so severe that they go the length of depriving the proprietor of the administration of his estates, and award him only a pension upon his revenue. For more than a quarter of a century there has been no complaint that the marshals of nobility had shown themselves too lenient to the landowners. All this is an imperfect form of justice, still it is a guarantee for the peasant, and if you add to this the prevalence of the *abrok*, or system of liberation by payment, in nine-tenths of all Russian estates, you will see that those writers exaggerate, who paint the serfs of Russia as "subject to treatment which likens them to beasts of the field."

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

A SHIP arrived, and landed on the Isthmus some eight hundred, after a fair voyage from Hong Kong, where these poor devils of the flowery kingdom had unwittingly sold themselves to the service of the railroad, perfectly ignorant of the country whither they were going, and of the trials which awaited them. The voyage was tolerably prosperous, and the Chinese bore its fatigues and sufferings with great patience, cheered by the prospects of reaching the foreign land, whither they had been tempted by the glowing description of those traffickers in

human life, who had so liberally promised them wealth and happiness.

Sixteen died on the passage, and were thrown into the sea. No sooner had the eight hundred survivors landed, than thirty-two of the number were struck down prostrate by sickness ; and in less than a week afterward, eighty more laid by their side. The interpreters who accompanied them attributed this rapid prostration to the want of their habitual opium. This drug was then distributed among them, and with the good effect of so far stimulating their energies, that two-thirds of the sick arose again from their beds and began to labor. A Maine opium law, however, was soon promulgated, on the score of the immorality of administering to so pernicious a habit, and without a regard, it is hoped, to the expense ; which, however, was no inconsiderable item, since the daily quota of each Chinese amounted to fifteen grains, at the cost of at least fifteen cents. Whether it was owing to the deprivation of their habitual stimulus, or the malignant effects of the climate, or home sickness, or disappointment, in a few weeks there was hardly one out of the eight hundred Chinese who was not prostrate and unfit to labor. The poor sufferers let the pick and the shovel fall from their hands, and yielded themselves up to the agony of despair. They now gladly welcomed death, and impatiently awaited their turn in the ranks which were falling before the pestilence. The havoc of disease went on, and would have done its work in time ; but as it was sometimes merciful, and spared a life, and was deliberate, though deadly, the despairing Chinese could wait no longer : he hastily seized the hand of death, and voluntarily sought destruction in its grasp.

Hundreds destroyed themselves, and showed, in their various modes of suicide, the characteristic Chinese ingenuity. Some deliberately lighted their pipes, and sat themselves down upon the shore of the sea, and awaited the rising of the tide—grimly resolved to die—and sat and sat, silent and unmoved as a storm-beaten rock, as wave rose above wave, until they sank into the depths of eternity. Some bargained with their companions for death—giving their all to the friendly hand which, with a kindly touch of the trigger, would scatter their brains, and hasten their doom. Some hung themselves to the tall trees by their hair, and some twisted their queues about their necks, with a deliberate coil after coil, until their faces blackened, their eye-balls started out, their tongues protruded, and death relieved their agony. Some cut ugly, crutch-shaped sticks, sharpened the ends to a point, and thrust their necks upon them until they were pierced through and through, and thus mangled, yielded up life in a torrent of blood. Some took great stones in their hands, and leaped into the depths of the nearest river, and clung with resolute hold to the weight which sunk them, gurgling in the agonies of drowning, to the bottom, until death loosened their grasp, and floated them to the surface, lifeless bodies. Some starved themselves to death—refusing either to eat or drink. Some impaled themselves upon their instruments of labor—and thus in a few weeks after their arrival, there were scarce two hundred Chinese left of the whole number. This miserable remnant of poor, heart-sick exiles, prostrate from the effects of the climate, and bent on death, being useless for labor, were sent to Jamaica, where they have ever since lingered out a miserable beggar's life.

THE MISTRESS OF A FAMILY.—The house-mother ! what a beautiful, comprehensive word it is ! how suggestive of all that is wise and kindly, comfortable and good ! Surely, whether the lot comes to her naturally, in the happy gradations of wifehood and motherhood, or as the maiden-mistress of an adopted family, or—as one could find many instances in this our favored country—when the possession of a large fortune, received or earned, gives her, with all the cares and duties, many of the advantages of matronhood—every such woman must acknowledge that it is a solemn as well as happy thing to be the mistress of a family.

If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated.

SIDON.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF SIDON.

Two cities of the ancient world, resembling each other in vigor and decline, are often associated together in Scripture. When the Israelites invaded Canaan, Sodom bore the epithet of great; it claimed higher antiquity than Tyre, which is called "a daughter of Sidon." Sidon, now called Saïde, is situated twenty-five miles north of Tyre; it lay upon the border of Zebulun, and fell with Accho (Acre) and other towns to the lot of Asher, which tribe failed to take possession, but mingled with the inhabitants. The luxurious indolence of the Sidonians passed into a proverb; the invention of glass is attributed to them. In Solomon's temple it was said "that none were skilled to hew timber like the Sidonians." They were infamous for their worship of Ashtaroth, and medals have been found with a Greek inscription to the Sidonian goddess, agreeing exactly with the account of the "Mooned Ashtaroth," whom Solomon in his old age was seduced to worship.

Because Sidon seduced the Israelites to idolatry, there was an especial judgment pronounced against her, "Behold, I am against thee, O Sidon; for I will send unto her pestilence, and blood into her skirts." From these words we are led to expect that there awaited Sidon some great internal calamity. In the third century, B.C., Darius Ochus, king of Persia, laid siege to her on every side, and becoming by treachery master of the city, several hundred of the principal inhabitants having been cruelly murdered, the remaining ones fired it, when forty thousand men, besides women and children, perished in the flames. There were vast riches in Sidon

when this calamity happened, which being all melted down by the flames, Ochus sold the ashes of the city for great sums of money.

Having passed into the hands of the Greeks, and then to the Romans, we meet with allusion to Sidon in the time of our Lord, when he refers to the mournful state of these two cities, Tyre and Sidon. During the Crusades Sidon met with various reverses. Saint Louis of France built a fortress, which is still standing on a hill to the south of the city. The stranger who visits it in its present state, will seek in vain any of those vestiges of its former grandeur which the description of ancient historians would lead him to expect, and which, indeed, are still to be seen in most of the celebrated cities of the East; all now wears a modern aspect, and that, too, of the least enduring kind. The place is reserved for a port. The old mole which ran into the sea at a right angle, and which was of no great capacity at any time, has been filled up with rubbish and earth, to prevent the Turkish galleys from making their murderous visits to the place. The mole, having been destroyed, all ships that take in their burthen here are forced to ride at anchor under shelter of a small ridge of rocks, a mile distant from the shore on the north side of the city. Pocoche says there are great ruins of a fine port, the walls of which were built of stones twelve feet in length, which is the thickness of the wall.

Saïde, the modern Sidon, is supposed to contain ten thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are Mahometans. The number of Jews is estimated at five hundred, and the Christians at one thousand. The peasantry are employed in cultivating the mulberry tree, which is very abundant and of a good quality. The interior of the city is described as most wretched and gloomy, but the immediate vicinity is picturesque and laid out in groves and gardens, which abound in fruits of various kinds. The present town extends along the shore for the space of a half mile. Towards the sea is an old castle, said to have been built by the crusaders of France; and the ruins of another running out at the extremity of a ledge of rocks, with arches, tend to give the harbor a picturesque appearance, particularly when a few of the native vessels are seen behind the ledge. Mr. Madan considers that there is no forming an adequate idea of the appearance of Saïde, except from the sea, whence our view is taken.

About half way between Saïde and Sour (Tyre) are very extensive ruins of towns, which once connected these two cities; but of these ruins there is scarcely one stone left on another. They consist chiefly of lines, raised even with the soil, the foundations of houses, many stones irregularly scattered, a few cisterns with half defaced sculpture upon them, and at a considerable distance from the path there are at one spot several low columns, either mutilated or sunk considerably in the earth. These relics show, that in peaceable and flourishing times there must have been on the road many smaller towns, delightfully situated on the seashore. In Sidon, eighteen centuries after Christ had preached the Gospel in its coasts, and Paul had visited its infant church, a Christian missionary has to mourn that he found little encouragement for the dissemination of the Divine Word; in fact, Christianity was really unknown. Such are the revolutions brought about by time.

AN ARKANSAS "NOATIS."—In a recent tour through one of the wildest and most sparsely settled regions of Arkansas, I arrived at the ferry on Cache river. A little log-house grocery stood on the near bank, about fifteen steps from where the flat lay, tied to a snag in the edge of the water. Several bear skins, deer skins and coon skins were nailed up to dry against the walls of the grocery; but the door was closed, and no bar-keeper, ferryman or other person was in sight. I halloed at the top of my voice some half a dozen times, but no one answered. Seeing an advertisement on the door, I read as follows:—"Noatis: Ef enny boddy cums hear arter lickor, or to get Akross the River They can ges blo Thiz here Horne and ef I dont cum when my wife Betsy up at the House hears the Horne a bloin shele cum down and sell the lickor or set em Akross the River ime guine a Fishin no credit a when ime away from Hoem John willon NB. them that cant rede will have too go too the house arter Betsy tant but half a mile them."

Vol. II., No. 6-23



SPRING-TIME VOICES.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

How long the dreary Winter
Extends its chilling reign!
The snow-robed earth, so coldly pure
Will't e'er be green again?
We watch the flitful sunbeams,
For omens glad they bring;
The blue-birds chirrup on the boughs,
Sweet voices of the Spring.

The noise of rushing waters,
The busy insects' hum,
The lengthened morn, the shortened night,
Proclaim that Spring has come!
We hail these pleasant omens;
Glad dreams of hope they bring;
Ye thrill our hearts with Summer warmth,
Sweet voices of the Spring!

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Accomplishments are to the more solid parts of education what a handsome frame is to a good picture: they add to the beauty and perfection of the character—where it possesses something yet more beautiful in solid acquirements of mind, and graces of heart. But where they are the best parts of a girl's education, they lose half even of their beauty, and almost all their value. Not for a moment would I undervalue any accomplishment: every art, every language, every acquirement of whatever sort, is valuable to a woman; not only because it gives her occupation and home enjoyment, but because it is another security against misfortune. But then, every accomplishment we begin must be carried out to some definite purpose; which at present is far from being the case. Drawing, to be useful, must be taught and learnt in a very different way. A knowledge of the rules of proportion, of light and shadow, of the principles of coloring, of geometry; these should be the subjects of a course of lessons in drawing. As it is, nothing is really known; and were a party of young people recently from school asked by what rule they would effect the arrangement of a group of haymakers in a field, so that they should all appear to be at different distances, hardly one out of the number could reply. Yet a knowledge of drawing is essential in every educated being; and, doubtless, as art progresses and people begin to understand what education means, it will become a part of the lessons in every village school. May we speedily witness the advent of that day.

A STRONG SYMPTOM.—"Is Miss Blinkins at home?" asked Mr. Saunders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door. "Yes, I b'love she is, sir." "Is she engaged?" "An' is it engaged you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, an' it's engaged I b'love they are, sir."

DIGNUM and Moses Kean, the mimic, were both tailors and intimate friends. Bannister met them under the Piazza, in Covent Garden, arm-in-arm. "I never see those men together," said he. "but I think of a play of Shakespeare's." "Which of them, Parolot?" "Why, Nicodemus for Nicodemus," he replied.

MY NOSE.

FAR away back in the days of early childhood I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the remark, in a suppressed tone, "Poor child! she has a nose!" Whether it was expected of me to have been born without this appendage I couldn't exactly understand; especially as in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances I saw that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of shade over my early years, and the first mortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years, and at a child's party a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to extricate me from "the well," imprinted a kiss upon the end of my nose amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, angry flush shot through me, and from that time forth the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed "a nose" never left me.

Why a machine for the compression of extensive noses should not be put into practical operation I was at a loss to conceive, and that it should one of these days be attempted I was fully determined. When, therefore, I read Miss Bremer's "Home," it was the disappointing overthrow of a long cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of her admirably arranged plan for reducing the size of her nose, and went off and cried myself to sleep in a paroxysm of despair.

My nose was a never-ending source of amusement to a family of cousins, who gave me no peace of my life. There were five of them—all girls, all handsome, and full of life and spirits. I was very fond of them, and I believe they were of me; but they never would restrain their jokes at my expense. Poor things! They were motherless; and if they sometimes lacked the refinement and sensitiveness of those more favored, I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Althorpe was a barrister, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived at young ladyhood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls—Celestine, the eldest, was a perfect type of southern beauty. Slender, symmetrical, with beautiful dark eyes and moonlight face—a picture to be studied. Then came Anna, who always played "Rowena" in all the tableaux; a tall, graceful blonde, with an air and manner so distinguished, that on entering a room at any assembly there was always a murmur of "Who is she?" Emma was a piquant little thing, with the look of a ripe peach; her cheeks were so downy, with the rich color glowing through the olive tint.

Matilda was my especial favorite; and I, who have always been an ardent admirer of beauty, would often gaze upon her in a kind of wistful rapture. Bright, laughing and lovely, she was seldom ever still for two consecutive moments. I have watched her dip her head in a basin of water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of auburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of conscious beauty. Those large, laughing brown eyes were always sparkling with merriment; her mouth was the nearest approach to a ripe cherry that I have ever yet seen, and her nose was just sufficiently *retroussé* to give an expression of archness to the face. Add to this the exquisitely fair complexion that accompanies auburn hair—pale, except when emotion called the color to her face, or a kiss pressed on her cheek gave it the appearance of a fresh rose-leaf—and you have a lengthy but truthful description of my cousin Matilda. I never saw any one half so beautiful.

Last of all, there was Hilly; who having been handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's for a name, was christened by that lady, "Hildegard." Hilly was the baby, a perfect imp of mischief, but with such a way of throwing herself on one's protection that she always came off as the injured party. Very deep violet eyes, with the reddest of red lips, and the brightest of complexions, and very brown hair, had my little cousin Hildegard.

Any one of those girls had sufficient attractions for half-a-dozen ordinary belles; then what was poor I, with my unfortunate nose, to do among five of them? Precisely what I did: feel like the Beast, to which they all played the part of Beauty, and wonder what was ever to be done with my nose.

Uncle Althorpe lived at some distance from us, and one day, after I had left school, and considered myself a young lady, I received the following characteristic letter from Matilda:

"For goodness' sake, Becky (I had the name of Rebecca added to my nose), do come and see us! I suppose you hadn't the least idea where we had located for the summer; but you can't think how delightful and romantic it is! I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that wouldn't be half so charming as to be in this old mansion. It is said to be haunted, too! A queer old woman, Miss Eleanor Pyott, who had outlived all her family, owned this place, and died lately. A nephew used to live with her, and people supposed that the place would be his; but they couldn't find any will, and all the connections went to law about it. Of course none of them could live in it until it was settled on whom it belonged; so papa has taken it for the summer, and here we all are! It's the queerest place you ever saw; do come at once. There is a portrait of Miss Eleanor here, and it looks just like you—she has the funniest nose!"

This is but an extract from my pretty cousin's rather incoherent letter, and by the time I had finished the epistle I was pretty well mystified. But Uncle Althorpe soon made his appearance, on purpose, he said, to escort me to Pinehurst, and Hilly sent me a saucy message to "pack up my nose without delay."

I was not long in making preparations; and with much curiosity to behold the old mansion, I set forth with Uncle Althorpe.

"I suppose," said my uncle, when we were comfortably settled in the railway carriage, "that the girls have been frightening you with all sorts of stories about the place?"

"No, sir," I said, "I am not easily frightened."

"No?" said my uncle, looking at me with additional respect: "well, I have always heard that a long nose indicated a clear head."

My poor nose again! Why couldn't he let it alone?

"The girls are half beside themselves with fear," he continued; "there is a story that the house is haunted; there's a walled-up room; a gentleman once shut up his daughter there for loving a young officer; and she walks about at night and all that! Have I frightened you?"

"Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in ghosts."

"That's a sensible girl!" said my uncle, emphatically: and he seemed to be considering this, for he said very little more during the journey.

I kept an eager look-out for a glimpse of the house; but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and then my uncle's carriage conveyed us to Pinehurst, a distance of two or three miles.

The carriage stopped at an ancient gateway, and the first sight of the place filled me with ecstasy. The house was entirely out of sight, hidden by the trees, and as we approached it through a noble avenue I gloried in the dense retirement around us. Once in the avenue, we seemed shut in from the world; and the broad walks, the sloping lawn, and the aristocratic silence, were all exactly to my taste. I had a passion for mystery, and my uncle's summer residence was exceedingly mysterious.

There was the house, and on the broad steps stood the five Graces waiting to receive us. Oh, that grand old hall! It did my heart good to see it. Everything was lofty and spacious, and as the old-fashioned furniture had been left undisturbed the room presented a perfect picture of a century ago, and claw feet, lions' heads, and all sorts of queer designs started upon me from all directions. But my five cousins would not allow me much time for a quiet survey.

"Why, Becky!" exclaimed Matilda, after regarding me with considerable astonishment, "you've really grown pretty!"

"So you have!" chimed in Hilly; "I declare your nose hardly shows at all!"

This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was too small to be seen, but only that the monstrosity of it was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

"I like to look at your mouth, Becky," said Celestine, graciously.

I had rather a decent mouth.

"What have you been doing to make your eyes so bright?" asked Anna, by way of adding her contribution.

"Well!" exclaimed Emma, "you've left me nothing to say; but I prophesy that Becky will cut us all out yet."

I was beginning to feel extremely foolish, when Uncle Althorpe turned me gravely round, and surveying me from head to foot, remarked, "Stature average height; figure good, neither fat nor lean; hair very passable; eyes fine, a straightforward, honest look in them; nose—but that is a prohibited subject; mouth just what a mouth should be; chin very pretty—I love to see a pretty chin; complexion delicate, yet healthy; expression modest, but sensible. You'll do."

"Do what?" I inquired.

"That remains to be seen," said Uncle Althorpe, and he vanished to read his paper, and was heard no more that evening.

We girls sat and talked until twelve, and by that time I had become pretty well acquainted with the history of Pinehurst.

It had belonged to the Pyott family from time immemorial, and a proud and aristocratic family they were, who had always been considered the very cream of society. But the family had all died out, with the exception of an elderly maiden lady, who lived there alone in her grandeur until she adopted a nephew, the only child of a sister who had made what the world calls a *mésalliance*.

This Miss Eleanor Pyott was the talk of all the country around, and every one had something to say about her stately bearing, which they pronounced exactly that of an old dowager duchess. Every fibre of her heart seemed twined about the old place, and she refused to have the slightest alteration or improvement made in it. The Pyotts for generations had dined in that dining-room, slept in those chambers, and held courtly receptions in those drawing-rooms; and as one generation of Pyotts went out and another generation came in, they followed tenaciously in all the ways of their ancestors.

I was speedily shown the portrait of Miss Eleanor; a very grand old lady indeed, with a long, sharp nose, delicate complexion, and hair done up in old-fashioned puffs. I was rather struck, myself, with the likeness which I bore to the portrait; but I would not acknowledge this to my cousins.

Miss Pyott never walked beyond the precincts of her ancestral mansion; when she had occasion to go farther she rolled aristocratically along in an old-fashioned carriage, driven by an ancient coachman, who considered a quick pace decidedly plebeian. The old lady always looked like a portrait of one of her ancestors descended from its frame; rich, coffee-colored lace ornamented the heavy brocades in which she attired herself, and she sported a muff that would have extinguished any ordinary woman.

But the story of Pyott Denmore, her nephew, interested me most. From early childhood he had played in these broad avenues, roamed through the wooded paths, and made those empty chambers resound with gleeful notes; he had listened with deferential attention to Miss Eleanor's long stories of this and that ancestor, and faithfully promised her to keep up the old mansion in its original style when she should be gathered to her fathers; and now in his matured manhood, when he could fully appreciate the value of the bequest, he was turned away as one who had no right there, merely because she, whose heart was set on installing him as master of the old house, had neglected to commit her wishes to writing. It was very hard, I thought; and in spite of Uncle Althorpe's learned arguments, I persisted in denouncing the injustice of the law.

Fortunately, however, for her nephew, Miss Eleanor had the good sense to give him an education calculated to make him depend upon his own resources.

"You can't think what a charming person he is," said Anna, confidentially. "We have never seen him; but we hear he has lovely dark eyes, and such a sweet smile!—just the style I like; and if he succeeds in getting his property, we are all going to set our caps at him."

Hence it was agreed that if he regained the old house, he would also come into possession of a lovely wife; for that any one of my beautiful cousins should not succeed in winning any man upon earth never entered my head. My unfortunate nose looked larger than ever as I gazed upon my reflection while undressing for the night.

Matilda and I occupied the same room, and she amused herself with relating to me all the various alarms they had experi-

enced, with the benevolent intention of frightening me. But I remained perfectly unconcerned, while my cousin involuntarily trembled, and behaved like the veritable little coward she was.

Several times during the night was I compelled to rise from the couch and explore the apartment, in order to allay her tremors. Now it was the huge fireplace, in which something was certainly moving—then the moon sent an unusual light into the room—and next a mysterious tapping on the window-pane had to be explained. This somewhat puzzled me at first; but I soon discovered that the branches of the trees, which were very near the window, were continually driven by the wind against the glass, and thus produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward; and in the midst of these alarms I could have explored the whole house alone with perfect serenity.

I enjoyed life at Pinehurst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and so enraptured was I with the place, that in consequence of this and my resemblance to the portrait, it became quite a standing joke with my cousins to call me Miss Eleanor Pyott. Now this was not agreeable; I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore, they urged me to don some old bonnet that had been discovered at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declined affording them this gratification, for which they teased me daily.

The walled-up chamber, which was regarded with a mixture of horror and curiosity, was soon pointed out to me. It was in a sort of wing that joined on at the extreme end of the mansion, and looked out upon the densest part of the grounds. Being in the second story, a narrow flight of steps led up from the outside to a low door that opened directly into the room. This was never unfastened, and the one window was tightly boarded up. I regarded this spot with longing eyes, and often proposed an exploration of the haunted apartment; but this Uncle Althorpe decidedly opposed, alleging that as he was only a temporary tenant he had no right to penetrate into these carefully guarded recesses.

One day my cousins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of my resemblance to Miss Eleanor Pyott, and I retired to rest at night in no very pleasant frame of mind. Matilda was soon asleep, but I lay awake thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wondered if Pyott Denmore would ever be restored to what I considered his rightful position.

I was restless; and finally I rose from the bed, and lighting a candle, proceeded to view Miss Eleanor's portrait. The more I looked, the more I became convinced that I did look like it; and the desire came over me to attire myself in that ancient dress and compare notes. Hilly had caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned things in the back part of a deep closet, and thither I accordingly repaired. A faded dress of stiff brocade, that had evidently seen long service, soon replaced my white wrapper, and having rolled my hair into puffs, à la Miss Eleanor, I donned a green *calèche*, and almost trembled at my reflection in the glass.

I looked at the portrait again, to be sure that it was really I, and not the old lady stepped from her frame; and then unhesitatingly directing my steps towards the walled-up room, I determined to see if it were possible to effect an entrance there.

It was a ridiculous expedition; but I walked gravely on through the silent passage until I came to a little entry that opened into a closet. Carefully guarding my candle, I peered around in search of some outlet, for I knew that this closet was at the end of the house near the mysterious chamber.

The narrowness of my quarters caused a rattling in the capacious pocket of my dress, and drawing forth a roll of paper, I grasped it tightly for future investigation. My candle was not brilliant enough, or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the closet. This was secured by hooks, that were noiselessly unfastened, and then I found myself in a small room, from the further end of which seemed to proceed a light.

I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire into the cause of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded tremblingly forward. I could not have told what

I expected to see, but I certainly was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes.

The room into which I entered led to a large one, and in this, seated by a table, was a gentleman, completely absorbed in the perusal of some old yellow letters. His face wore an expression of sadness as he sat there; but I could see that he was very distinguished-looking and quite young.

The situation in which I found myself was extremely embarrassing—alone there, at midnight; but instead of retracing my steps, I stood spell-bound, staring at the occupant of the mysterious room.

Presently he turned and saw me. His face grew white, as he exclaimed in a husky voice, "Am I dreaming! Merciful Heaven! that nose!"

This unprovoked attack upon my much injured feature quite exasperated me, and without stopping to consider what I did, I threw the paper in my hand at the speaker and glided back to my closet. I thought that I heard a heavy fall; but now thoroughly alarmed at my own imprudence, I hastened, breathless and panting to my room.

My cousin still slept; and divesting myself of my masquerading attire, I sat down and pondered over my singular adventure. As I had told my uncle I did not believe in ghosts, and the gentleman whom I encountered had given full evidence of being a living man, I fully believed it to be Pyott Denmore; though how he came there, and for what reason, I could not tell. I had evidently impressed him with the conviction that he had been visited by his Aunt Eleanor; and with a sort of mischievous glee, and a little inward trembling, I retired to bed, wondering what would come of it.

I half feared to go to the breakfast-table; but nothing was said of the performance of the night before; Uncle Althorpe looked perfectly unconscious of the scene that had been enacted, and I began to breathe freely.

My cousins teased me during the day for being so unusually silent; but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholy-looking gentleman, and I wondered what had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the thicket that was immediately under the boarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and I almost asked myself if I had not imagined the whole affair.

Uncle Althorpe went to town every morning, and returned at night; and always, on his appearance, he was besieged with a host of questions respecting Pyott Denmore's case. The usual reply was that it was standing still, as everything in law always is; but on the evening succeeding my promenade he made his appearance with a countenance that was a perfect series of notes of exclamation.

"What is it, papa?" was demanded, in five different keys; but an unaccountable trembling seized me, and I remained silent.

"The strangest story I ever listened to!" said my uncle, at length, in a solemn manner. "I cannot possibly account for it."

"Why," exclaimed the volatile Emma, "has old Miss Pyott appeared to her nephew, and told him, in a sepulchral voice, where to find her will?"

"Something very like it," was the reply, in a tone that drew five eager faces closely around him.

"Denmore's story," continued my uncle, "began with an apology. It seems that the walled-up room is not walled-up at all, but only boarded, and to one acquainted with the locality it is very easy to effect an entrance, unperceived, from the outside. Knowing, he says, that it would not interfere with the arrangements of the family, he has been accustomed to spend hours in what is called the haunted room; and there he loved to sit, thinking of the past, and devising means to prove his lawful claim to the beloved house. Last night he discovered, in an ancient secretary, some old letters written by his mother to his aunt before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading them for at least an hour, when suddenly a rustling sound attracted his attention, and the figure of his aunt Eleanor stood in the doorway. She seemed to gaze upon him inquiringly, and her hand grasped a roll of

paper. But at the sound of the exclamation, which he could not suppress, she immediately started, and throwing the paper towards him, vanished from his sight. He lost his consciousness for a time, and when he recovered he found himself lying on the floor, where he must have fallen. Although a man of great strength of mind, it is impossible to persuade him that he did not really see his aunt Eleanor; and the strangest part of it is, that, when he came to himself, the roll of paper was there before him! and what do you think it proved to be?"

"The will!" whispered several awe-stricken voices.

"Actually the will," said my uncle, "which says beyond all doubt, 'I give and bequeath to my nephew, Pyott Denmore, the old family mansion with all its appurtenances; and after a few legacies to servants and dependents, the whole of her property, personal and real estate, goes to the said Pyott. So you may prepare to change your quarters as soon as possible.'"

The girls looked anything but unwilling, and a sort of subdued horror pervaded the party.

"Now don't be such fools," said Uncle Althorpe, "as to suppose that Miss Eleanor really appeared in *propria persona* to her dreaming nephew; if he believes it, that is no reason why I should; and it is my opinion that some old family servant has managed to discover the will and invest it with this little air of mystery. I shall make diligent inquiries in the village, and I have no doubt that it will turn out just so—don't you agree with me, Becky?"

"No, sir," I replied abruptly, without a moment's reflection.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle, "have the girls then infected you with their ridiculous fears? Where is all your boasted courage?"

I pretended to be absorbed in a book; but I could see that my clear-headed uncle was observing me closely through his spectacles.

"Well, papa," said my cousin Celestine, "are we to obtain a sight of this hero and ghost-seer before we vacate his establishment?"

"If nothing happens to prevent it," replied my uncle, "we shall be favored with his company to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening!" Such a state of excitement! All the next day my five cousins were discussing the respective merits of various hued dresses; and one might have supposed from their conversation that, instead of spoiled beauties, they were unattractive girls who had never had a beau in their lives.

Hilly, who was but sixteen, was gravely advised by her elder sisters to be sweet simplicity in white muslin, with a sash tied behind; to which that damsel retorted by declaring that I ought to present myself before Mr. Denmore dressed as Miss Eleanor Pyott. This took place at the breakfast-table.

"Why?" asked my uncle, sharply. "Does Becky bear so close a resemblance to Miss Eleanor when dressed in her clothes?"

"So they choose to imagine," was my reply.

"Then they have had no means of proving their supposition?"

"Not the slightest," said I, as unconcerned as possible.

Uncle Althorpe gave me another penetrating look, and then departed for the day.

In the evening came Mr. Denmore, and one glance satisfied me. I had seen that face before.

My beautiful cousins were presented to him in succession, and I brought up the rear. I saw his look of admiration, as his eyes turned from one lovely face to another; and when they fell upon me he started visibly, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

Uncle Althorpe was watching us, and as he said, "My niece, Miss Entwick," Mr. Denmore bowed low, and his voice had a faltering tone of tenderness that I knew was called forth by thoughts of the departed. It was decidedly uncomfortable, this looking so much like somebody else; and as soon as I could politely do so, I left Mr. Denmore's presence, and watched him from a distance.

He was a fine-looking man; not handsome enough to be distinguished for his beauty, as far as mere features were concerned, but he had a good look, and his face wore an expression of mingled resolution and sweetness, which I had always admired and seldom seen. He interested me, and at the end of

the evening I was fully convinced that he deserved the term "gentleman," in the widest sense. A thoroughly polished gentleman, unobtrusive, yet attentive, one who has acquired an entire forgetfulness of self, was a character I had very rarely met with. I had rather a contempt for men in general, and I studied Mr. Denmore as a pleasant discovery.

When he left us his eyes again rested on me with that tender yet melancholy expression; and rather piqued that I was made a sort of escape-valve for thoughts that were busy with another, I hastened up stairs.

My little cousin Hilly was laughingly boasting of Mr. Denmore's attentions.

"Talk of words indeed!" exclaimed Emma, as I entered, "words are nothing—I believe in looks, and here comes the magnet for Mr. Denmore's eyes. I'll tell you what it is, Becky," she continued, "I don't like it at all—for when he bade me good-night, he looked at you; and when he bade you good-night, he looked at you. It is not fair."

"What a pity it is," I said, rather bitterly, "that you don't all look like Miss Eleanor Pyott!"

At this outbreak, Hilly tenderly embraced me, and they all declared their unbounded affection; but I felt provoked at the world in general, and went moodily to bed.

Mr. Denmore kindly insisted that my uncle should occupy the mansion during the full time for which he had engaged it; we were therefore just as comfortable as before, with the addition of a very agreeable visitor.

He had a habit of staring at me that was by no means pleasant; but as his conversation was most frequently addressed to my little cousin Hilly, I could not construe this into anything flattering. He often asked questions, too, that struck me afterwards as being very peculiar. One night, after gazing at me for a time, he inquired if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr. Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible. But one evening, just at sunset, as I stood beneath the boarded window, whither I had a habit of straying of late, Mr. Denmore suddenly appeared beside me.

"Have you ever visited the haunted room?" he asked, abruptly, fixing upon me what I imagined to be a most penetrating gaze.

"No," I replied, without thinking; "that is—yes," I stammered—"let me go, Mr. Denmore!" for he stood directly in my path.

"Where did you find the will?" he continued, without heeding my request.

"In the pocket," I replied, mechanically. I felt that I was behaving like a fool, and I made a strange effort to recover my dignity; but it failed, and I burst into tears.

Mr. Denmore took my hand with respectful tenderness and led me to a rustic seat that stood near.

"I owe you more, Miss Entwick," said he, "than I can ever repay. I only desire to have this mystery explained. How could you contrive to make yourself so exact a personation of your aunt—all save the wrinkles? You did not mean to be cruel in thus exciting me?"

"Why, how could I know you were there?" I replied, with some spirit; for I was quite provoked at this absurdity.

"True," he replied, with a smile at his own unreasonableness; "but I am most anxious to hear the story."

I told him the whole foolish affair, from beginning to end; but interrupting me as I dwelt upon my own folly, he declared that he fully believed me to have been heaven-sent; and that but for "my folly," as I was pleased to call it, the will would most probably never have been discovered.

There was an embarrassing pause, and I rose to go to the house; but Mr. Denmore detained me.

"You have already done me an inestimable favor," he began; "but I have still another to ask."

I now thought myself conceited, and tried to remember my nose; but I could not help imagining what he meant from his manner.

"Rebecca," he whispered, "will you promise to brighten with your presence the old mansion you have been the means of restoring?"

"I thought," I replied, in confusion, "that Hilly——"

"Miss Hildegard is a very pretty child," said he, "and I have had most delightful conversations with her, of which you were the subject."

"I!" I exclaimed in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, you," he replied, pressing the hand of which he had somehow contrived to possess himself. "I loved you," he continued, "the first time I saw you, for your resemblance to one who has been to me more than a mother, and through your little cousin I have become better acquainted with you than you imagine. All that she told me confirmed my first impression; and the discovery of your 'masquerading folly,' to use your own words, has filled me with the deepest gratitude. But you have not answered my question?"

What followed is of no consequence to anybody but myself; suffice it to say that in proper time my uncle and cousins were duly informed; but they perversely refused to be astonished. They all declared that they had had a presentiment of this from the beginning, and Uncle Althorpe mischievously asked if he had not prophesied that I would "do."

When Mr. Denmore followed me home to be inspected by those more near and dear to me, he passed the ordeal with credit; and no very long time elapsed ere I was installed mistress of the old mansion.

Strange to relate, none of my five beautiful cousins has ever married, while I have gained a prize which I believe any one of them would willingly have appropriated. I do not regret my masquerade, and I have become reconciled to my nose: for I believe that had it been different I would never have found my husband.

LATEST INFORMATION ABOUT LIONS.

It is a belief very commonly entertained that the lion is the fiercest and most formidable of all wild animals—the recognized superior of all the rest—the "king of the forest," in which he prowls with undisputed sway, devouring whatsoever seems good in his own eyes and agreeable to his appetite. It may not be generally known that once upon a time a lion and a Bengal tiger were brought together in an amphitheatre, to try their prowess in single combat, and that the tiger killed the lion; and that when the tiger was subsequently pitted against a buffalo, the buffalo killed the tiger. This, however, is a fact on record, which we have met with somewhere in the course of our miscellaneous reading. Other facts have recently become known to us through Dr. Livingstone's Travels in Africa, which will probably tend to depose the lion from his prescriptive supremacy as monarch of the wilds. As these present may be considered the latest information about lions, and are minutely illustrative of their habits and relations with other beasts of the forest, it may not be uninteresting to such of our readers as have not seen Livingstone's work, if we here extract and shape them into a continuous description. It will be shown that the lion is by no means as formidable as is usually supposed, and that, so far from being superior to all other animals, he holds among them a comparatively subordinate position.

"When a lion is met in the daytime," says Dr. Livingstone, "a circumstance by no means unfrequent to travellers in these parts, if preconceived notions do not lead them to expect something very 'noble' or 'majestic,' they will merely see an animal somewhat larger than the biggest dog they ever saw, and partaking very strongly of the canine features; the face is not much like the usual drawings of a lion, the nose being prolonged like a dog's; not exactly such as our painters make it, though they might learn better at the Zoological Gardens; their ideas of majesty being usually shown by making their lions' faces like old women in nightcaps. When encountered in the daytime, the lion stands a second or two gazing; then turns slowly round, and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder; then begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a grayhound. By day there is not, as a rule, the smallest danger of lions which are not molested attacking man, nor even on a clear moonlight night, except when breeding; this makes them brave almost any danger; and if a man happens to cross to the windward of them,

both lion and lioness will rush at him, in the manner of a bitch with whelps. This does not always happen, as I only became aware of two or three instances of it. In one case a man, passing where the wind blew from him to the animals, was bitten before he could climb a tree; and occasionally a man on horseback has been caught by the leg under the same circumstances. So general, however, is the sense of security on moonlight nights, that we seldom tied up our oxen, but let them lie loose by the wagons; while on a dark, rainy night, if a lion is in the neighborhood, he is almost sure to venture to kill an ox. His approach is always stealthy, except when wounded; and any appearance of a trap is enough to cause him to refrain from making the last spring. This seems characteristic of the feline species. When a goat is picketed in India for the purpose of enabling the huntsman to shoot a tiger by night, if on a plain he would whip off the animal so quickly by a stroke of the paw that no one could take aim. To obviate this, a small pit is dug and a goat is picketed to a stake at the bottom; a small stone is tied in the ear of the goat, which makes him cry the whole night. When the tiger sees the appearance of a trap, he walks round and round the pit, and allows the hunter, who is lying in wait, to have a fair shot.

"When a lion is very hungry, and lying in wait, the sight of an animal may make him commence stalking it. In one case a man, while stealthily crawling towards a rhinoceros, happened to glance behind him, and found to his horror a lion stalking him: he only escaped by springing up a tree like a cat. At Lopepe, a lioness sprang on the after-quarter of Mr. Oswell's horse, and when we came up to him we found the marks of the claws on the horse, and a scratch on Mr. Oswell's hand. The horse on feeling the lion on him sprang away, and the rider, caught by a wait-a-bit thorn, was brought to the ground and rendered insensible. His dogs saved him. An English gentleman (Captain Codrington) was surprised in the same way, though not hunting the lion at the time, but turning round he shot him dead in the neck. By accident a horse belonging to Codrington ran away, but was stopped by the bridle catching a stump; there he remained a prisoner two days, and when found the whole space around was marked by the footprints of lions. They had evidently been afraid to attack the haltered horse, from fear that it was a trap. Two lions came up by night to within three yards of oxen tied to a wagon, and a sheep tied to a tree, and stood roaring, but afraid to make a spring. On another occasion, one of our party was lying sound asleep and unconscious of danger, between two natives behind a bush; the fire was nearly out at their feet, in consequence of all being completely tired out by the fatigues of the previous day; a lion came up to within three yards of the fire, and there commenced roaring instead of making a spring; the fact of their riding-ox being tied to the bush was the only reason the lion had for not following his instinct, and making a meal of flesh. He then stood on a knoll three hundred yards distant, and roared all night, and continued his growling as the party moved off by daylight next morning.

"Nothing that I ever learned of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. It possesses none of the nobility of the Newfoundland or St. Bernard dogs. With respect to its great strength there can be no doubt. The immense masses of muscle around its jaws, shoulders and forearms proclaim tremendous force. They would seem, however, to be inferior in power to those of the Indian tiger. Most of those feats of strength that I have seen performed by lions, such as the taking away of an ox, were not carrying, but dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground. They have sprung, on some occasions, on the hindquarters of a horse; but no one has ever seen them on the withers of a giraffe. They do not mount on the hindquarters of an eland even, but try to tear him down with their claws. Messrs. Oswell and Vardon once saw three lions endeavoring to drag down a buffalo, and they were unable to do so for a time, though he was then mortally wounded by a two-ounce ball."

This singular encounter occurred on the 15th of September, 1846, and is thus described by Major Vardon in a letter to Dr. Livingstone:

"Oswell and I were riding this afternoon along the banks of

the Limpopo, when a water buck started in front of us. I dismounted and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up and after going a little distance stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from the two-ouncer crushed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed as soon as I reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffalo and gaining on him at every stride, three lions leaped on the unfortunate brute; he bellowed most lustily as he kept up a kind of running fight; but he was, of course, soon overpowered and pulled down. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions on their hind legs tearing away with teeth and claws in most ferocious style. We crept up within thirty yards, and kneeling down blazed away at the lions. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One lion fell dead almost on the buffalo; he had merely time to turn towards us, seize a bush with his teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws. The second made off immediately, and the third raised his head, coolly looked round for a moment, and then went on tearing and biting the carcass as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load; then again advanced and fired. The lion made off, but a ball that he received ought to have stopped him, as it went clean through his shoulder-blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. It is not often that one bags a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes. It was an exciting adventure, and I shall never forget it. . . . The buffalo had, of course, gone close to where the lions were lying down for the day; and they, seeing him lame and bleeding, thought the opportunity too good a one to be lost."

In attacking an animal, the lion generally seizes it by the flank near the hind leg, or by the throat below the jaw. Dr. Livingstone considers it questionable whether he ever attempts to seize an animal by the withers.

"The flank is the most common point of attack, and that is the part he begins to feast on first. The natives and the lions are very similar in their tastes in the selection of tit-bits; an eland may be seen disembowelled by a lion so completely that he scarcely seems cut up at all. The bowels and fatty parts form a full meal for even the largest lion. The jackal comes sniffing about, and sometimes suffers for his temerity by a stroke from the lion's paw laying him dead. When gorged, the lion falls fast asleep, and is then easily dispatched. Hunting a lion with dogs involves very little danger as compared with hunting the Indian tiger, because the dogs bring him out of cover and make him stand at bay, giving the hunter plenty of time for a good deliberate shot.

"Where game is abundant, there you may expect lions in proportionately large numbers. They are never seen in herds; but six or eight, probably one family, occasionally hunt together. One is in much more danger of being run over when walking in the streets of London, than he is of being devoured by lions in Africa, unless engaged in hunting the animal. Indeed, nothing that I have seen or heard about lions would constitute a barrier in the way of men of ordinary courage and enterprise."

The lion's "roar," which we have been accustomed to hear described so wonderfully awful and terrific, turns out to be no-wise very remarkable. Dr. Livingstone laughs at the "majestic roar of the king of beasts" as a piece of bombastic exaggeration.

"The same feeling," he says, "which has induced the modern painter to caricature the lion, has led the sentimentalist to consider the lion's roar the most terrific of all earthly sounds. It is, indeed, well calculated to inspire fear, if you hear it in combination with the tremendously loud thunder of that country, on a night so pitchy dark that every flash of the intensely vivid lightning leaves you with the impression of stone-blindness, while the rain pours down so fast that your fire goes out, leaving you without even the protection of a tree, or the chance of your gun going off. But when you are in a comfortable house or wagon, the case is very different, and you hear the roar of the lion without any awe or alarm. The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud, yet he never was scared by man. To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle.

On my mentioning this fact some years ago, the assertion was doubted; so I have been careful ever since to inquire the opinion of Europeans who have heard both, if they could detect any difference between the roar of a lion and that of an ostrich; the invariable answer was that they could not, when the animal was at any distance. The natives assert that they can detect a variation between the commencement of the noise of each. There is, it must be admitted, considerable difference between the singing noise of a lion when full and his deep gruff growl when hungry. In general the lion's voice seems to come deeper from the chest than that of an ostrich; but to this day I can distinguish between them with certainty only by knowing that the ostrich roars by day and the lion by night."

A fact which will probably surprise most people is that the lion "seldom attacks full-grown animals; but frequently, when a buffalo-calf is caught by him, the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him." In more than one instance Dr. Livingstone met with the carcass of lions that had all the appearance of having received their deathblow from a buffalo. He thinks it questionable that a full-grown buffalo is ever attacked by a simple lion. "The amount of roaring heard at night on occasions when a buffalo is killed, seems to indicate there are always more than one lion engaged in the onslaught." He states, as a circumstance known to him, that a herd of buffaloes on one occasion kept a number of lions from their young by the males turning their heads to the enemy, while the cows and the young ones remained quietly in the rear. "One toss from a bull," he says, "would kill the strongest lion that ever breathed." We are told further: "Lions never go near any elephants, except the calves, which when young are sometimes torn by them: every living thing retires before the lordly elephant, yet a full-grown one would be an easier prey than the rhinoceros; the lion rushes off at the mere sight of this latter beast."

The lion may be considered as deposed, then, from his reputed supremacy in the forest. He has been reigning by a false title, or rather, he has only been said to reign, while in fact he is a mere freebooter, making havoc where he can, but having, meanwhile, to keep a sharp look-out to his own safety, lest some stronger brute than he should bring him to an untimely end. Nevertheless, he is very far from being a harmless animal. When pressed with hunger he does sometimes kill men, and even eat them—provided he encounters one alone, and without arms to defend himself. He is likewise a dangerous creature to attack, as if he cannot get of the way, he stands at bay and springs upon the nearest comer with stupendous fury. The reader has probably heard that Dr. Livingstone had once an encounter with a lion, of so serious a character, that, while narrowly escaping with his life, he bears the effects of it to this hour in a disabled arm. While living as a missionary among a tribe of the Bechuannas, the cattle-folds of the village were several times visited by lions in the night, and thus many of the cattle were destroyed. To put an end to these ravages, the people, at Livingstone's suggestion, turned out to hunt the enemy; it being well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint, and leave the scene of the disaster. "We found the lions," says our traveller, "on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now-closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village; in going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before; but this time he had a little bush in front. Being

about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little, till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder; but at this moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been a paroxysm of dying rage. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the fray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb."

MEDICAL SCIENCE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Our sister was early taught to read, knit and spin, and also needlework; but as she grew up she became tender and distempered by ulcers and breaking out in her limbs and other parts of her body. And for her remedy our father sent her to several doctors at great cost, but not much to her recovery. Some called her distemper the king's evil, and her parents were advised to send her to London to be touched by King Charles II., which was then supposed to work a remedy for that distemper; and accordingly they sent her, when she was about the age of sixteen years, and in a month's time made a journey to London in the spring, and was touched by the king, and had a token of gold, about ten shillings value, to wear about her neck, as the custom was then, but found not much benefit by it, her distemper continuing to dry up and break out at sundry seasons. And indeed the custom of the king's touch seemed to be but the remains of a Popish ceremony, which has been disused since King James abdicated the crown, in 1688; but how far a conceit may aggravate or cure a distemper, is doubtful to determine.

DR. SHARP, of Oxford, had a ridiculous though a very common habit of prefacing all his sentences with the words, "I say." An undergraduate having mimicked this peculiarity, the doctor sent for him to give him a jobation, which he began thus:—"I say, they say, you say, I say I say;" when, finding the ridiculous combination, he concluded by bidding him quit the room.

TRANSCENDENTALISM is two holes in a sand-bank—a storm washes away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes.



OUR PICTURE GALLERY: WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HAVING in our previous numbers given a short sketch of those veteran *litterateurs*, Leigh Hunt and Samuel Rogers, we append now one of William Wordsworth, as a fitting corollary, since the three illustrate to a great extent the French revolutionary epoch of English poetry. In the first, we have the man of nice taste, graceful fancy and wonderful adaptability, equally excellent in the essay, sonnet, epigram and narrative poem—filled to overflowing with the good things said and done by the greatest minds of his time. To Leigh Hunt may be applied,

I am not the rose, says the Persian song,
But I have dwelt beside it

Indeed, to use a somewhat fanciful metaphor, he was perfumed to the utmost with the aroma of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Hazlitt, and other friends of note.

Rogers was different altogether—he was not an appreciator—his favorite principle was *nil admirari*; but we do not dilate upon him here, since our February number contains a truthful sketch of that Nestor of literature. The third of this group, Wordsworth, was of a far higher nature. The others were men of talent—he was a poet of power and originality. It is, however, more as the man that we intend to deal with him, since his works remain for the examination of posterity, while his personal traits and individual peculiarities are fleeting day by day. Let us, therefore, while the opportunity remains, fix the fading image in pen and ink.

Let us describe him as he appeared twenty years ago. In person he was tall—about five feet ten or eleven inches in height—large and bony; indeed, he had a gaunt, dreamy, unwashed, neglected look. It was a wonderful contrast to see him by the side of Moore; one might be likened to a half moulting, melancholy eagle, whose eye glowered in the sun, but sickened at gaslight; while the other was a brilliant plumaged humming-bird, redolent of song and pleasant repartee. The one perched himself at the side of some old downy vulture, who listened to all his laments and quotations, the other buzzed about like a bee; or, to please the gardeners, we might compare Wordsworth to a careless garden, and the other to a trim parterre. To return from metaphors to the man: nothing ever seemed to fit Wordsworth. Had his garments been put on with a pitchfork, they could not have fitted him worse. Dressed almost invariably in black, his trowsers always were a little too short, showing a common checked sock, a sort of isthmus between a large pair of shoes and their extremity. He maintained

that he would as soon stand in the pillory as wear a coat that exactly fitted him. Indeed, we think he would have exploded like gun-cotton, had he been put into a tight suit. On one occasion we accompanied him to a tailor he had been recommended to by Mr. Spring Rice's butler. It was a dark, dingy shop in Fenchurch street, a few doors from Grace church. The day had threatened rain, and the old poet, therefore, travelled with a venerable umbrella, somewhat between a green and a brown, and evidently large enough to cover half an acre. This he grasped as Apollo is represented by Apelles, as grasping his thyrus; or as Jupiter, his thunderbolt; or as Neptune, his trident. Drawing from the innermost recesses of his coat a huge pocket-book which he had tied to his braces with a piece of string, taken from a bundle of quills, lest he should leave it behind him, or an attempt be made by the Mercuries of London to pick his pocket, he excavated a card from its depths, and after carefully comparing the number and the name painted over the door with the address on the card, he gave a subdued grunt of satisfaction and entered the shop, which was a long, narrow room, ending in a sort of inner apartment, dimly lit by a skylight. In this inner sanctum several gentlemen were seated, *à la Mahometan*, working their arms in a very peculiar fashion; in point of fact, they were at their devotions to that Juggernaut of human sorrow, the needle. Not to put too fine a point upon our description, they were tailors in the act of incubation, or hatching breeches by the aid of stitches.

Having carefully selected the master spirit of this "ninth part" of a human establishment, the great poet deliberately prefaced his intention of giving him an order by a severe cross-examination; at last, morally, mentally and spiritually convinced he was the real, undoubted Simon Pure, he recited, in prose, an ode on the advantage of cash, and the tragic effects of credit. The worthy snip, who was even a more matter-of-fact man than our poet, than whom, by the way, a more matter-of-fact man never lived, soon came to the conclusion that his tall, old, ungainly, would-be customer, was decidedly crazy; and he therefore, more by way of humoring him, than from anything else, commenced measuring him for a complete suit, telling his clerk to register the measures. But if he were in doubt before, it vanished as he progressed; for while the dimensions of the coat were being taken, the grand old bard of Rydal Mount, after an emphatic warning as to the stability of the stitches, suited his action to the word, and gave a practical illustration of its necessity. Striding up and down the long narrow store, he commenced flinging his arms about him, like the wings of Don Quixote's windmills, and taking almost a league at a step, he cried: "This is the way I walk in the country." Having carefully taken the order for two suits—one black and the other salt-and-pepper—doubly strong stitched, and receiving the poet's express commands that he was to send the bill up to him at his friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Montague, formerly Spring Rice, for whose butler the aforesaid snip made garments at cash price; and above all, especially cautioning him not to leave the parcel without receiving the money in exchange, we were about leaving the store, when the proprietor, in a whisper, said: "Will you be good enough to step into the back shop?" We went, and were amused by his saying in a half whisper, "Shall we attend to this order, sir?" As we looked evidently indignant, he said, with that ninth part of a deference only a tailor can assume, "Excuse me, sir, we thought the gentleman was mad, and you were his keeper." "Mad!" we exclaimed; "that, sir, is Mr. Wordsworth, the Poet Laureate." After a bushel of apologies, we left the ninth part of a human presence, and accompanied the old poet in a stroll through London. This was by no means a pleasant pilgrimage, for he would stand before any old-fashioned house and indulge in a variety of philosophical reflections, generally ending by reciting one of his own sonnets. At last we reached that fine building, the new post-office, Saint Martin's-le-Grand, opposite to which is the well-known tavern of the Bull and Mouth, now called, we understand, the Queen's Head. From this celebrated house, which was the resort of cavaliers in

RYDAL MOUNT, WESTMORELAND, THE RESIDENCE OF WORDSWORTH.



the days of Cromwell, when John Milton lived nearly opposite in Jewin street, and where he used to sit smoking his pipe, the mail coaches formerly started in the old days of highwaymen, long before horses gave way to steam, and fifty miles an hour took the place of twelve.

We took advantage of a grand oration on England's greatness, which the old poet addressed *vis-a-vis* to the Grecian front of that fine building, to suggest the propriety of visiting the old tavern to take a glass of ale and some cheese. He cordially consented, and we entered at the side door in Bull and Mouth street.

We were soon seated in one of the snug boxes of the coffee-room, and speedily had a pint of port and a sandwich for ourselves, while a glass of ale and some old cheese for the great poet were placed before him.

During our pleasant lunch he talked of Coleridge and his fondness for Bristol ale-houses; he also dwelt with unction upon the Salutation tavern in Newgate street, where he was once taken by Lamb and Coleridge, who stayed there so long, that he refused to drink anything more except water, lest they should have nobody to pilot them home. When we came away, he warned us emphatically of the danger of entering these places, making an exception in favor of the Westmoreland ale-houses, where, he said, the ale was excellent, because weak, and where, he added, the air took away the ill effects of the draught. From whence we strolled up Holborn, then into the Strand, passing through Chancery lane, till he asked to go to Westminster Bridge, on which, in 1801, he composed his magnificent sonnet to London, commencing:

Earth has not anything to stand more fair;
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by
A scene so touching in its majesty.

Of all earnest men, we have never met one more thoroughly individual than the great, good, simple-hearted author of Peter Bell.

Indeed, he carried this simplicity to what some people would call twaddle, and others primitive emphasis. A friend of ours, addicted to publishing volumes of poems to give away to his friends, having told him that he intended dedicating one to Miss Marion Healey, a niece of Talfourd, the author of *Ion*, the old poet solemnly warned that charming young lady that, as the author in question had a wife who was devotedly attached to him, such a proceeding was calculated to shipwreck the happiness of a most amiable woman, and begging as a personal favor she would not allow it. This ignorance of the world grew upon him to so great an extent, that at last he might almost be pronounced childish. It is not necessary to multiply anecdotes illustrating this feature of his mind, but we will give an instance communicated to us by Miss Margaret Gillies, the artist, so favorably known to the public by her admirable portraits of some of the leading literary men of England.

At an evening party, a niece of Lady Farquhar, whose grounds join the poet's, said, in the thoughtless gaiety of girlhood, "I saw you, Mr. Wordsworth, this morning, before any were up, flirting with my aunt on the lawn; and then how slyly you stole away by the back entrance!" This alluded to a gate made to connect their gardens, to save a *detour*, as the families were on very intimate terms. The words had scarcely passed her lips before she saw her error. Wordsworth looked solemn and distressed at his wife; his wife looked muffled horrors at their daughter Dorothy, who seemed as much horrified as her parent at this thunderbolt at her venerable father's moral reputation. Speech came to the poet first. Assuming his favorite attitude, he turned solemnly to Miss Gillies, and said, as though he were a grand inquisitor putting the fatal question, "Miss Gillies, you are young and lovely. You have been alone with me repeatedly in solitary spots, beyond the reach of the human voice, and I now ask you before this company, fearlessly, if I have ever acted towards you in a manner unbecoming a Christian and a gentleman?"

Miss Gillies had a hard matter to avoid laughing in the old bard's face, but knowing what literal people the Wordsworths were, she answered in full accordance with the family spirit, and having considerable tact she managed somewhat to repair the mischief the young lady's *mal apropos* banter had made.

Once in company with a friend, he took a cab from Leaden-hall street to Russell square, where they were both engaged to dine. When the conveyance stopped, Wordsworth, who knew the legal fare to a nicety, put his share of it into the driver's hand, leaving his associate to do the same. His friend, however, not aware of this peculiarity, paid the full amount to the man, not having seen Wordsworth give his money. The Jehu jumped on his box and drove off. When the poet discovered the imposition, as he termed it, he wanted his friend to give chase to the flying charioteer, and recover the overcharge, which of course he declined doing. At dinner that day he regaled the company with a denunciation of the rascality of cabmen and the extravagance of young men, the latter being aimed at his companion for refusing to pursue the cabman from Russell square to Heaven knows where, after eightpence, which, if he had caught the man, it would have required a regiment of grenadiers to have wrested from its wrongful possessor.

How little a great man is appreciated in his own neighborhood, whether it be in New Jersey or Westmoreland, Mr. Mackay gives an instance of. On his first visit to Rydal Mount, he inquired at a neighboring village the way to Wordsworth's house. One old woman, who was standing at her cottage door, didn't know, so she called another, who was inside to come out. When she appeared, Mackay repeated the question.

"Mr. Wordsworth? Yes, I know who you mean; it's the old crazy gentleman who walks about these parts mumbling pottery to himself. That's the road, sir; don't you be afraid of him, sir; he's perfectly harmless!"

The undue attention Wordsworth paid to the merest trifles, was a striking trait in his character. He would correspond perseveringly with the secretary of a railroad company, concerning the overcharge of a few shillings in the carriage of a parcel, and he would walk a dozen miles, and call at a dozen houses, to recover an old cotton umbrella not worth a shilling. The importance of paying attention to these small matters had doubtless been forced upon him by early poverty, and by the manly independence and strong integrity of his character.

Exact himself, he exacted exactness from others. There was no "give and take" in his nature. He was emphatically an upright man. He related the most trivial event, as though every word was on oath. An occurrence became a religious form in his mind. This rendered his recital of any occurrence very tedious, for if his recollection failed, which it did very often in his later years, he would pause midway in some most interesting reminiscence, to satisfy himself whether it was number twenty-seven or number twenty-eight, in such a street, that he first saw a boiled leg of pork, and having ascertained that, he would again pull up before he stated whether it was hot or cold. He told everything under oath. If you asked him what the time of day was, he would warn you not to place implicit confidence in his watch, or to consider him morally responsible for the exact hour, as watches sometimes were not to be depended on; indeed, his own, he freely confessed, had once gone astray, by which Mrs. Wordsworth had overboiled the finest leg of mutton that ever was put into mortal pot. Nevertheless, on this understanding, he would not hesitate to say that it was four minutes, some seconds, more or less, to twelve o'clock. We remember listening in our youth, with almost breathless interest, to a discussion between Coleridge and Wordsworth, on the nature of truth. It occurred in the very room, at Mr. Gillman's House, Grove row, Highgate, in which, six years afterwards, the almost inspired author of *Christabel* breathed his last. Not Ben Jonson and Shakespeare were more unlike than were these two great English poets. Coleridge, misty, dreaming and vague, yet universal as creation, with a brain never reposing for one instant in any fixed spot of principle, logic, conclusion or philosophy; ever travelling onwards, and yet without any apparent, definite destination, reminding those who studied him deepest, of the definition of space, "whose centre was everywhere, and circumference nowhere;" gifted with so vast a range of thought, that De Quincy questioned if there had ever existed an idea in the human mind, from Adam to the youngest man then living, which had not, at some time or other, passed through the brain of Coleridge. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was immoveable in his opinions—a thorough finality man

—dogmatical in their expression and unyielding in their maintenance. Science was ignored by him, if it clashed with his doctrine, and human progression was chained, like Prometheus, to the rock of orthodoxy, which, of course, was his own doxy, while that of his opponent's was the heterodoxy; although the great poet of Rydal Mount offered in his own person a remarkable instance of the instability of human opinion. In his youth he was a fierce Jacobin. He told us that during the French Revolution, he walked up and down, one night, the road near Ambleside, in Westmoreland, to await the London mail, to gather tidings of that grand movement. Such was the anxious excitement of his mind that, the roads being hard with frost, he laid down to put his ear to the ground that he might catch the first sound of the coach wheels. On its arrival he got his newspaper from the guard of the coach, and hurried to his cottage to read the intelligence. It contained the storming of the Bastille. Unable to control his exultation, he went into his garden, and in the solitude of midnight solemnly extemporized an anthem to the God of freedom, for the coming dawn of human regeneration. The self-blindness of Wordsworth to this total change in his own convictions, and the lesson it taught of tolerance for the opinion of others, was almost ludicrous. We are, however, wandering from the grand passage of arms between the two poets. Coleridge maintained that fact was not truth; indeed, that very often it was the reverse, and that a man might relate a fact so exactly it became a lie; moreover, that what appeared fact to one man, did not appear fact to another. For instance, a cannon ball and a circular plate both appeared the same at a distance; so that either the ball was deprived of its roundness, or the thin circular plate invested with it: the flat and the round, in short, appeared the same.

Wordsworth met this by saying, that it was a mere ocular delusion. Coleridge overturned this by proving it was no ocular delusion, so far as the flat object was concerned; and, therefore, if the eyes were so easily deceived as to be unable to distinguish between two facts before them, why not the mind, more especially the mere language in describing them. As an illustration, he related an anecdote demonstrating that even the very exactness of a fact may be, by its phraseology, set down as false. When he was secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, then Governor of Malta, a conflict took place between some sailors and some soldiers.

The governor selected the most serious of the jack tars, and demanded his account of the dispute. Jack stepped forward, hitched his trowsers, turned his quid, scraped his foot, all in best sailor fashion, and opened his broadside of fact with, "Please your honor, me and my messmates were sailing along under an easy press of canvas, the houses on our lee, when the enemy bore in sight; we made signals for them to tack, when the lubber in advance cried, "Port your helm, ye lubbers, or we'll pour a broadside into your midships!"

"That will do," observed the governor, "you may stand down;" saying mentally to himself, that man is unworthy of belief, for who ever heard a soldier use such nautical phrases? He therefore resolved to get the truth from one of the red coats. Calling a soldier on the stand, he requested his version of the affair.

"We were marching in single file" (commenced the man), "when we saw the enemy rapidly advancing in a broken and irregular manner. One of their vanguard, when within ten paces, cried, "Halt, while we march past, or we'll fix bayonets and charge!"

"That will do," returned the bewildered governor, "it is impossible to get the truth from any of you, so I'll punish you all. There's no believing a word either of you say. Who ever heard sailors talk about marching and fixing bayonets?"

The unfortunate Sir Alexander Ball little knew what his want of psychological science had entailed upon him, for Coleridge assured us that, on the evening of that day, he had, in a most convincing essay on the nature of evidence, entirely enlightened the governor, and never had, quoth he, seven hours been more beneficially bestowed, or more gratefully received! There, of course, was no question both accounts were substantially correct; but being clothed in the peculiar slang of

each profession, the fact was lost in the transposing of language.

While we are on this point, let us relate a retort of Theodore Hook's, although it rather belongs to a sketch of Coleridge than Wordsworth.

Shortly before George Canning's elevation to the Premiership of England, he gave a dinner party to several of his literary friends, among whom were invited Coleridge, Hook and Sidney Smith. Coleridge coming in very late, was asked by the host the reason.

The great philosophical poet, without directly replying, commenced in his half-chaunting but highly impressive manner to descant on the glories of Spain; gave a brilliant sketch of Boabdil, on which name he said Ben Jonson had most unjustly and irreverently founded that of Bobadil in his comedy of Every Man in his Humor, as Shakespeare had, in an equally unjustifiable manner, taken his name of Falstaff from Sir John Fastolfe, a most valiant knight of Henry the Fifth's time. He then gave an animated account of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, paying a just and eloquent tribute to the numerous works of magnificent architecture scattered by that dusky race over the land of orange groves, olives, chivalry, sherry and Spanish liquorice. This naturally led to a dissertation on the *salique* law, which Coleridge disapproved of, principally on account of Queen Elizabeth, which paved the way for a graphic analysis of the Peninsular war. Then wound up with a majestic eulogium on the Duke of Wellington, who had restored the military prestige of England to the full blaze of the Marlborough glories. He finished finally by observing, "All these brief remarks were suggested by my meeting, on my way to our host's entertainment, two of those Peninsular heroes upon whose stalwart breasts glitter the Waterloo medal!"

Theodore Hook, raising his hands and eyes to the ceiling, ejaculated, "What an escape we have all had! Only think if Coleridge had met an entire regiment!" The ignorant impatience of fools to listen to men of genius is to be deplored. We know one who is so lost to decency, and the due cultivation of his mind, that, having once asked a dramatist to dine with him, he never repeated the invitation, because after dinner his guest merely took from his pocket a tragedy in five acts and, about seven thousand lines and obligingly read it to him. It is, perhaps, an error "to cast pearls before swine."

Sheridan, who was fond of cracking a joke at Cumberland's expense, relates, that on one occasion that somewhat prosy playwright asked some four or five critics to stay with him at his country-house from the Saturday to the Monday. As he was known to possess an excellent wine-cellar and larder, his invitations were cordially accepted. After the Saturday's dinner, Cumberland took advantage of their manifest satisfaction at the lavish supply of wine, liquors and cigars on the table, to commence reading a play he had just finished. He had got through four acts, when, perceiving some of his guests asleep, he closed his manuscript, saying, "With your permission, my dear friends, I will read the fifth act at breakfast tomorrow!" After this they had another bottle and went to bed. Next morning, having waited some time for his guests, he told his butler to inform them that breakfast was waiting. He was told they had all risen early that morning and taken the first coach to London, with the solitary exception of the musical critic of the *Post*, who was as deaf as a post. The prospect of the fifth act had been too much for them—they had fled! "They little know what they have lost," said the dramatist to his butler; "that last act is magnificent, and you shall hear it!"

We will dismiss this point with an emphatic instance of the untiring philanthropy of tragic authors. Some years ago a New York dramatist of considerable genius accompanied a friend to see him off to California. There being an hour's delay, the pair resolved to take a stroll on the Battery till the steamer was ready, and thus enjoy the luxury of a farewell, which might be for a day or for all time.

When they had seated themselves on one of those benches—which seem placed expressly to teach young engravers how to cut or disfigure wood—the dramatist took a roll of paper from his pocket, and saying, "This is an excellent opportunity for

reading my new play to you." He, therefore, commenced one of those fossil elaborations called a legitimate drama. When he had got to the end of the third act the bell sounded—up started the California passenger—hasty adieus were exchanged, the dramatist put the manuscript play into his pocket, took out his handkerchief; his friend rushed on board the vessel, and in half an hour one was steaming through the Narrows while the other was walking up the Broadway. It is to be chronicled that the voyager declares to this very day that he owes much to that tragedy, for although the passage to California was a very rough one, he was never sea-sick. "No," said he, "having stood those three acts, nothing afterwards could make me sick."

Some five years afterwards, by one of those coincidences which now and then happen, the aforesaid poet was walking up and down the Battery, with that very play in his pocket, when a weatherbeaten man, who had just landed from the Tennessee, approached. "My dear Jones," cried the dramatist. "My dear Smith," replied the voyager. "How odd," returned the poet; "it is just five years since we parted on this very spot; and how fortunate, I have got that very play in my pocket. Let us sit down—this is the identical bench—I'll now read the fourth and fifth acts. Let me see, I left off at—

Thus do I vindicate a freeman's rights!

[Stabs the tyrant.]

Ah, here it is!" So saying he completed the play. Nothing will ever convince the returned Californian that his poetical friend had not been the entire five years pacing up and down the Battery awaiting his coming. He intends, if ever he revisits the Golden State, never to return. This, perhaps, may have been the reason why Hume makes one of his chief characters say in his tragedy of Douglas,

For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

Possibly a young Scottish bard might have been waiting to read some verses on the Relief of Lucknow to him.

Wordsworth was equally fond of reading and reciting his verses, more especially his sonnets; his manner was stately and emphatic; his voice, although somewhat partaking a little too much of the *basso profundo*, was most impressive. Charles Mackay, during his late stay in New York, said that when he presented a letter of introduction to the old bard of Rydal, the latter said, "Mr. Mackay! Mr. Mackay? I do not remember to have heard your name before, though my friend says in his letter you are a poet. I have never read any of your verses—nor do I suppose I ever shall—for everybody writes what they call verses now-a-days, and I make it a point never to read any poetry but my own and Milton's, for if I were to begin there would be no end to it." The grand old high priest of the mountains, however, made up for this apparent *brusqueness* by the cordiality of his reception, and the author of *There's a Good Time Coming* (stolen, by the way, from *Rob Roy*), soon recovered his *bonhomie* and self-conceit.

There is no question that the isolation of Wordsworth's life had a great effect upon his mind, and narrowed down into a greater depth what he might have spread over a broader surface had he mingled with the world. It was his fate to marry a cousin who was remarkable for her matter-of-factness and puritanism; he was also "dumped down" (to use a homely phrase) into a nest of dowagers and old maids, with whom he passed his days, and with whom he became an oracle. He was also born a poor gentleman, or rather, to be more exact, he was the son of one of those half genteel persons called stewards, his father being agent to the late Earl of Lonsdale, one of the meanest of men. At Mr. Wordsworth senior's death, the old nobleman delayed paying the balance due to the poet's father so long that he paid the debt of nature himself first, since death would neither wait nor call again, but like a true bailiff took his body in execution. His son, the present Lord Lonsdale, on coming to his estates paid the amount, and remained the poet's fast friend throughout their long life. In 1814, Wordsworth, who had recently published *Peter Bell*, received from Fox, then Prime Minister of England, the appoint-

ment of distributor of stamps, which he retained till 1842, when he resigned it in favor of his eldest surviving son, William, who still retains it. This office brought him in about two hundred pounds per annum, a deputy doing the duty, which is almost nominal. While we are mentioning his son, let us glance at the rest of his family. His only surviving children were William and Dorothea, afterwards Mrs. Quillinan. She died before the poet. Mrs. Wordsworth still, we believe, survives. For many years there was domesticated with him his only sister Dorothy, so often referred to in his poems; indeed, there are several of her productions incorporated in Wordsworth's published works, with the preface "written by a lady." This sister when young was very handsome, and engaged to be married to Coleridge, but he, with that infirmity of purpose which rendered his life so burthensome to himself, broke off the engagement. It is supposed this disappointment preyed upon her mind, for soon afterwards she showed signs of a deranged intellect, and the rest of her life was a harmless state of insanity. Wordsworth's care, love and untiring devotion to this sister, was far more beautiful and touching than his greatest efforts in poetry. Seldom, indeed, has so great a poet been so good a man. He combined the sanctity of the prophets of old with their inspiration. It is not to be wondered at that such a man was not genial; he was perfectly oblivious to wit; he had a dim perception of a retort, because he recognized its point and terseness; but fun, or even humor, was lost upon him. We might as well expect an elephant to dance the tight-rope, or a bishop climb a liberty pole in full canonicals. But as there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the heroic to the burlesque, the very solemnity of Wordsworth bordered at times on buffoonery. At a dinner party given by Talfourd, the author of *Ion*, the old poet was present, in company with Moore, Sidney Smith, Barham (the author of *Ingoldsby Legends*), and other celebrated literary men. The conversation turning upon wit, Wordsworth broke abruptly into it, as was generally his habit, with, "I don't think I can be called a witty man. Indeed, I don't remember that I was ever witty but once in my life." This of course drew from all a demand to hear this special witticism. With a good-humored chuckle, prophetic of triumph, he said, "Well, well. You must know I was standing some years ago leaning over my gate at Rydal Mount, when a man came up and said, 'Sir, have you seen my wife pass this way?' Whereupon I said, 'My good friend, I was not aware till this minute that you ever had a wife.'" Here the poet paused and laughed. When his auditors found that the story was done, they actually roared with laughter, which of course the primitive-minded old bard accepted complacently as a tribute to his wit.

It must be remembered that a man of less simplicity and earnestness of character could not have performed the work that Wordsworth did, or in modern jargon, fulfilled his mission, which, judging from its results, was to restore English poetry to nature and truth!

In many respects Wordsworth may be called the Martin Luther of modern poetry, since he was the first to break through the thralldom of the Pope and Dryden school. When Wordsworth commenced to write, nature was almost banished from poetry. The lackadaisical and conventional ruled the hour; the moon was Cynthia or Luna; the sun was Jove's son, Apollo or Phœbus, or any other *alias* he might have in the criminal and poetical calendar; the stars were known as the daughters of night. Simplicity was banished from the realms of song, until the whole range of poetical language became little better than a vernacular of classical slang. Wordsworth, like all reformers, rushed into the opposite extreme; not content with stripping the modern British muse of her Mythological garments and putting her into ladylike apparel, like Olivia in the Vicar of Wakefield, he selected the coarsest garments he could find, as though to punish her for her former absurdity; he put her into the penance sheet of prose. Like Diogenes, he trod upon the pride of Plato with greater pride. Horace Smith has, in his *Rejected Addresses*, very happily ridiculed the vaulting ambition that o'erleaped itself and fell on t'other side. This, however, prepared the public for a return to simplicity, although the great reformer commenced it with a bareness

almost amounting to vulgarity, which, when assumed, is worse than affectation.

It must be confessed that a change of heroes from knight-errants to pedlars was a violent one, and calculated to defeat its own end, which in some measure it did, since it enabled the wits and *juste milieu* poets, such as Byron, Moore and Canning, to laugh at much that was really excellent; but it must be remembered that Byron availed himself of the healthier public taste, created by the very man he so unsparingly abused and satirized. Scott, Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were, for many years, the butt of his relentless wit.

Public opinion, which, after its oscillations of fashion, prejudice and ignorance, generally settles into that of common sense, has, after the sober reflection of half a century, come to the conclusion that Sir Walter Scott was the greatest of romancists, but not a poet, although it may seem strange to some that one does not imply the other.

The poet differs from the romancist in this great essential—the latter presents aspects of fact raised by the coloring of an emotional spirit, which either throws it into sentiment, like the *Minerva* novel school; into the heroic, like Scott; the philosophical, like Bulwer; the natural, like Cooper; or the domestic, like Dickens.

The poet separates man from his acts, and deals more with his nature and his motives. The romancist deals with the works of the flesh, the poet with those of the spirit. The poet must, however, include the other; indeed, like Aaron's rod, the bard must swallow the historian, novelist and the philosopher, before he can bud into a *Paradise Lost*, a *Hamlet*, or an *Excursion*. One romances Action; the other, Thought; but inasmuch as the brain is better than bone and muscle, the poet will ever remain the lord of mind. It is, however, an open question with some of our deepest thinkers, whether the poet or the musician is the *Cæsar* of the human soul. They differ so entirely in words, nature and degree, and yet produce such parallel results, that we are inclined to consider them as the married pair of humanity. Poetry is the man, whose philosophy appeals to the intellect and the imagination; Music is the woman, who appeals to our emotions. The poet rules thought; the musician, sensation. The great poet discovered this when he said that "Music was married to immortal verse."

A fine poem and a beautiful melody produce in us the same feelings. The verse of the poet and the tune of the composer enter at the same portal, the ear; but we are inclined to think that the musician is the inferior, since he stirs so many more than the poet. We have often heard the grandest passage of Milton, Shelley, Byron and Shakespeare fall comparatively on barren souls; but we have seldom heard a beautiful melody lost upon the human heart. Children run after an organ-grinder, led by some diviner instinct than curiosity, but they would desert a reader of Shakespeare or Longfellow, after the first five minutes.

Wordsworth has, in his *Ode to the Power of Sound*, taken a different view of it, making sound the poet's handmaid. To those who are curious on this most interesting question, we recommend a thorough study of that glorious ode.

But we are not considering Wordsworth the poet, for volumes would be required for such a task; we are merely sketching him as the man, which is one of unmixed pleasure.

We shall conclude with a few personal facts. Wordsworth was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, Cumberland, in the north of England. He, with his brother Christopher, afterwards Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, spent several years at Hawkesworth School, Lancaster. The poet was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1787. After taking his degree he travelled for a short time, married Mary Hutchinson, his cousin, and settled down for life in Westmoreland. In 1793 he published his first volume of poems. In 1798 he, in conjunction with Coleridge, published a volume called *Lyrical Ballads*. This was read and ridiculed. In 1807 he published more poems in two volumes, and in 1814 he gave to the world his work of *The Excursion*. Then came *The White Doe of Rylston*, *Peter Bell*, *Yarrow Revisited*, *The Waggoner*, *Sonnet to the River Duddon*. In 1814 he was also made distributor of stamps, as already named; this, in 1842, he resigned

to his son, himself receiving a pension of £300 a year. In 1843 he was made Poet Laureate. On the 23d of April, 1850, he died, in his 81st year. He was buried in Grasmere churchyard, and a simple marble slab, with a raised profile by his friend Lough, the celebrated sculptor, announces the fact.

Farewell! great priest of Nature, fare thee well!
Thy altars were the mountain and the heath—
Thy ministers the winged clouds—thy hymn
The glorious anthems that the winds aye pour
Through mighty forests, 'neath the fretted vault
Of God's vast temple, the cathedral sky!
All that was pure in Nature was thy creed—
The cataracts, the ocean, and the field—
Flowers smiled on thee, and in their looks of light
Thou readst a message to thy thoughtful soul;
Sweep on, ye winds, and float ye silent clouds,
With greeting spirit over Wordsworth's grave!

EXPERIENCE OF ANIMALS.—Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an orang-outang which, having had, when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but could never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. Two carriage horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure, but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and, being put into a trot, made to pull the refractory horses backwards. The result was perfectly successful, for thenceforth they faced every hill at speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, always fled away whenever it accidentally smelt the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion. Another dog which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned. The well-known story recorded by Plutarch proves the application of accidentally acquired experience: he says, that a mule laden with salt, fell accidentally into a stream, and having perceived that its load became thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the contrivance afterwards purposely; and that to cure it of the trick, its panniers were filled with sponge, under which when fully saturated it could barely stagger.

TEMPER.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower ranks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech unknown among the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point, of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.

An old offender was lately brought before a learned justice of the peace in Shropshire. The constable, as a preliminary, informed his worship that he had in custody John Simmons, alias Jones, alias Smith. "Very well," said the magistrate, "I will try the two women—bring in Alice Jones."

A person bored by a squinting man, who persisted in asking questions about his broken leg, replied emphatically, "It's quite crooked—as you see."

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful state; I can neither lay nor set; what shall I do?" "Why, then," replied the doctor, very gravely, "I think you had better—roost."

A SLAVE EXPEDITION IN AFRICA.

Woe to those regions through which an army takes its march in these parts of the world, were it even their own country! We passed one morning some very extensive corn fields, the crops of which were of the most luxuriant growth; but notwithstanding the piteous clamors, and even the threats of the slaves who were watching on the highly-raised platforms in order to keep away the birds from the corn, the rich ears fell a prey to the hungry horsemen, for their own sustenance and that of their animals. We pursued our march, and reached, about half an hour before noon, the northernmost of the Musgu villages, which is called Gabari, surrounded by rich fields of native grain; but everything presented a sad appearance of pillage and desolation.

None of the inhabitants were to be seen; for, although subjects of Adishen, who enjoyed the friendship and protection of the rulers of Bornu, they had thought it more prudent to take care of their own safety by flight than to trust themselves to the discretion of the undisciplined army of their friends and protectors. The preceding evening the order had been issued through the encampment that all the property in the villages of Adishen should be respected, and nothing touched, from a cow to a fowl, grain only excepted, which was declared to be at the disposal of everybody. It was rather remarkable that the greatest part of the crops were still standing, although we have been lingering so long on our road, and had given sufficient time to the people to secure them for themselves. All the grain consisted of the red species of holcus, called by the Bornu people "ngaberi keme," which grows here to the exclusion of the white species and that of millet. All the people of the army were busy in threshing the grain which they had just gathered at the expense of their friends, and loading their horses with it. Even the fine nutritive grass from the borders of the swamp, which, woven into long festoons, the natives had stored up in the trees as a provision against the dry season, was carried off; and, notwithstanding the express order to the contrary, many a goat, fowl, and even articles of furniture which had been left behind by the natives, fell a prey to the greedy host.

The village we had just reached was named Kakala, and is one of the most considerable places in the Musgu country. A large number of slaves had been caught this day; and in the course of the evening, after some skirmishing, in which three Bornu horsemen had been killed, a great many more were brought in; although they were said to have taken one thousand, and there were certainly not less than five hundred. To our utmost horror, not less than one hundred and seventy full-grown men were mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood, the greater part of them being allowed to bleed to death, a leg having been severed from the body. Most of them were tall men, with not very pleasing features. Not less interesting than the scenery of the landscape was the aspect of the host of our companions, who were here crowded together at the border of the water. Only very few of them had penetrated as far before; and they looked with curiosity and astonishment upon this landscape, while most of them were rather disappointed that the water prevented them from pursuing these poor pagans, the full-grown amongst whom, with few exceptions, had just had time to escape. But a considerable number of female slaves and young children were captured; for the men did not take to flight till they became aware, from the thick clouds of dust which were raised by the army, that it was not one of the small expeditions which they were accustomed to resist that was coming to attack them.

Besides the spoil in human beings, a considerable number of colts and cattle were brought in. The whole village, which only a few moments before had been the abode of comfort and happiness, was destroyed by fire and made desolate. Slaughtered men, with their limbs severed from their bodies, were lying about in all directions, and made the passer-by shudder with horror. Such is the course of human affairs in these regions. Small troops of light cavalry tried to pursue the enemy; and there was some fighting in the course of the afternoon, when a few men of the Bornu army were killed.

IN THE SILENT TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

In the silent twilight hour,
In that pause 'tween night and day,
When the spirit wields a power
Over time long pass'd away;
Dark shadows throng around me,
And peer from out the gloom;
Many forms that bless'd my childhood,
Long since slumbering in the tomb,
Smile upon me through the gloom!

In that silent twilight hour,
Mem'ry opens her hoarded store,
Hopes that knew nor bloom nor flower,
Live again—and die once more!
Past thoughts of power and fame reveal
Their vanity and pride;
I only felt what those did feel
Who lived and hoped and died,
Who lived and loved and sighed.

In thy silence, mystic twilight,
Oft a loving face appears;
One whose presence made all sunlight,
Though her dower was grief and tears.
Long years ago she perished,
In all her guileless bloom;
But my heart its love has cherished,
Still embalmed within her tomb;
Still she comes in twilight's gloom!

A CRUISE AMONG THE POLYNESIAN ISLANDS.

It is now many years since our vessel, after a long and apparently interminable passage across the sea, at length approached that beautiful cluster of islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, known among travellers as the Marquesas or Mandana Islands. It is impossible to describe the cheerful and refreshing effect produced upon our minds by the sight of tall, plummy palm trees, waving cocoa-nuts and green shores rising up from the water on every side.

No sooner was our ship visible from these islands than a perfect armament of canoes was immediately put forth by the eager natives, whose ideas of American voyagers were connected with bargains, traffic, bright-colored beads and ribbons. They ran up alongside our vessel, and clamorously displayed their various wares: cocoa-nuts, a singular-looking but not unpleasantly tasting pudding made of the bread-fruit, fish, and fresh, delicious fruit.

We soon succeeded in making various bargains with these gentry, which were profitable to ourselves and also afforded immense satisfaction to the natives. Iron, in every possible shape, they were exceedingly eager to possess themselves of; bits of iron hoops, large spike nails, and even fishing hooks, were their especial admiration; and beads, mirrors and red flannel also commanded enormous prices among these unsophisticated marketmen.

To our great horror, the front canoe, which was evidently occupied by some one high in rank and command among the islanders, was ostentatiously ornamented by six human skulls, whose bleached and fleshless contour, hollow eye-sockets and grinning jaws seemed to leer horribly at us, at every motion of the boat as it rocked on the waves. The wrinkled old native who sat in the boat evidently contemplated these trophies with great satisfaction and complaisance, and seemed to be internally convinced that we must of course regard them with envy and admiration in the highest degree.

At length, however, his own cupidity was strongly excited by a crimson glass brooch, belonging to one of our men, who, however, was not inclined to part with it. Finally, after having successively made liberal proffers of cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, bananas and all that his canoe contained, in vain, as a *dernier ressort*, he caught one of the ghastly skulls from the wooden spike, a peg on which it was adjusted, and held it up in a triumphant manner, as if perfectly certain that no mortal in his senses could refuse so noble and tempting a bribe as that.

The man drew back in horror, as the human skull was floured in the air, close to his face, and made signs to intimate his disgust and displeasure. The old chief looked at him in mute amazement for a moment, and then believing that the sailor declined accepting the trophy only because he felt unworthy such a mark of dignity, he smiled, nodded, drew himself up with much pride, and re-adjusted the horrible relic of humanity on the pivot from which he had just taken it.

At this moment one of the men touched my shoulder, and whispered, "Just look down into the corner of that canoe, sir, close to the elbow of that old man that wants Johnson's red glass pin; there is human flesh there, as sure as I am a living man!"

I leaned over the side of the vessel and looked in the direction indicated by the trembling finger of the sailor. A sickening sensation of horror came over my brain as I distinctly perceived, wrapped up in some large palm leaves, a piece of human flesh, apparently about half baked.

The instant the old man saw us looking at this disgusting proof of his savage barbarity, he caught it up and held it in such a manner that we could plainly discern all its revolting features. His pleased, triumphant smile indicated his supposition that we were admiring this proof of his prowess, and regarding it with covetous envy.

As we turned away, sick and disgusted, the old chief made eager signs to give us to understand that this was the flesh of one of the hereditary enemies of his tribe, and thereby possessed of great relish to his palate. Pointing to us, however, he shook his head energetically, as if to assure us that nothing could induce him, under any circumstances, to make a banquet of such respectable gentlemen as ourselves.

Early in the morning, having reinforced ourselves with a goodly supply of cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit and many other pleasant and refreshing fruits, the very name of most of which we did not know, we left this neighborhood, rather rejoiced than otherwise to get safely beyond its atmosphere of skulls and cannibals, notwithstanding the exuberant politeness of the old chief and his many professions of eternal amity and friendship.

The next coast at which we touched was the north-eastern extremity of Papua. Our stay here, however, was but short, and after supplying the ship with fresh water, provisions, fruit, &c., we again set forth.

A few days afterward we came in sight of a curious island, situated alone in the midst of a wide expanse of waters, and presenting a most singular appearance. In shape it resembled a large truncated cone, about twenty-five hundred feet in height apparently, and seeming as though it had shot directly up from the very heart of the ocean. In the centre, and at the height of the cone, a sort of black, blasted circle surrounded it, and we were at no loss to conjecture that this was the effect of strong and violent volcanic eruptions at some far distant period. The lower shores, however, where they extended down into the sea, were clothed with the brightest and freshest of emerald verdure.

"Pray, what is the history of this singular island?" inquired of the captain. "It looks as if it had risen up from the ocean only yesterday, and might at any moment sink down out of our sight."

"That is the celebrated Volcano Island of Dampier and D'Urville," he replied.

"Volcano Island. Has it no other name?"

"None that I am aware of," said he. "It is rather a strange freak of nature than a habitable piece of ground. The diameter through its base is said to be thirty-seven hundred feet, so you can conjecture how very small it is. It was discovered by the celebrated Dampier, on the evening of March 4, 1700. At that time it was in a state of strong volcanic activity, venting lurid volumes of dense fire and smoke, and glowing through the darkness of the night for many miles around."

"But now, however, the volcanic period seems to be passed."

"For the present I believe it is, but no one can tell at what moment the hidden fires beneath may again burst into action. D'Urville mentions having passed it in August, 1829, and at that time reports the volcano entirely extinct, and its sides covered, as is now the case, with fresh and agreeable verdure."

We drifted slowly out of sight of this strange island, whose

soft, bright shores at the present day contrasted so strangely with its history of a century and a half ago, when its very foundations were shaken and rified with fierce volcanic fires; and when, in the far distance, we caught a last peep at its marvellous formation, it seemed like a green cone, tapering upward against the dark leaden blue of the horizon, one of Nature's wonderful and unexplained phenomena.

Another incident connected with our voyage took place a few hundred miles farther on. As we passed a tiny island near the group commonly known as the Ladrone Islands, a small canoe shot swiftly across the water towards us, and soon drew up alongside. It was loaded with fresh cocoa-nuts and tempting southern fruits, which its occupants, two or three half-naked natives, who gave us to understand, with much dignity, that one of their number was chief of the diminutive island beyond, were desirous of bartering for trinkets, looking-glasses, &c.

The bargain was nearly concluded in a manner satisfactory to all parties, when one of the natives, spying a diamond pin which I wore in my shirt-frill, immediately abandoned all other negotiations, and manifested his eager desire to purchase this ornament. He seemed internally disappointed when, after much difficulty, I succeeded in making him understand that the pin was not for sale, and that I would not part with it in any event. The cocoa-nuts, &c., were finally transferred to our vessel, and just as the boat was about to depart, I missed the diamond pin!

Of course, under the circumstances, I knew at once where it had disappeared, and hailing the boat, I demanded restitution. The chief denied any knowledge of the affair, and on my persisting, sent up his men to pass examination. I searched them from top to toe, in vain, and was about to abandon the search in despair, when the sparkle of the diamond caught my eye, and I drew it triumphantly from its lurking place among the thick matted recesses of the crisped black hair of the man who had so coveted it.

The chief seemed completely astonished at this discovery of the knavery of his adherent. Whether he was a party to the abstraction of the diamond or not I did not then know, nor do I now, but at all events his anger was very well feigned, and the detected delinquent received a sound buffeting at the hands of his liege and sovereign chief.

The rest of our journey was marked by no occurrence of unusual interest, and after a few months' cruising we returned home in health and safety.

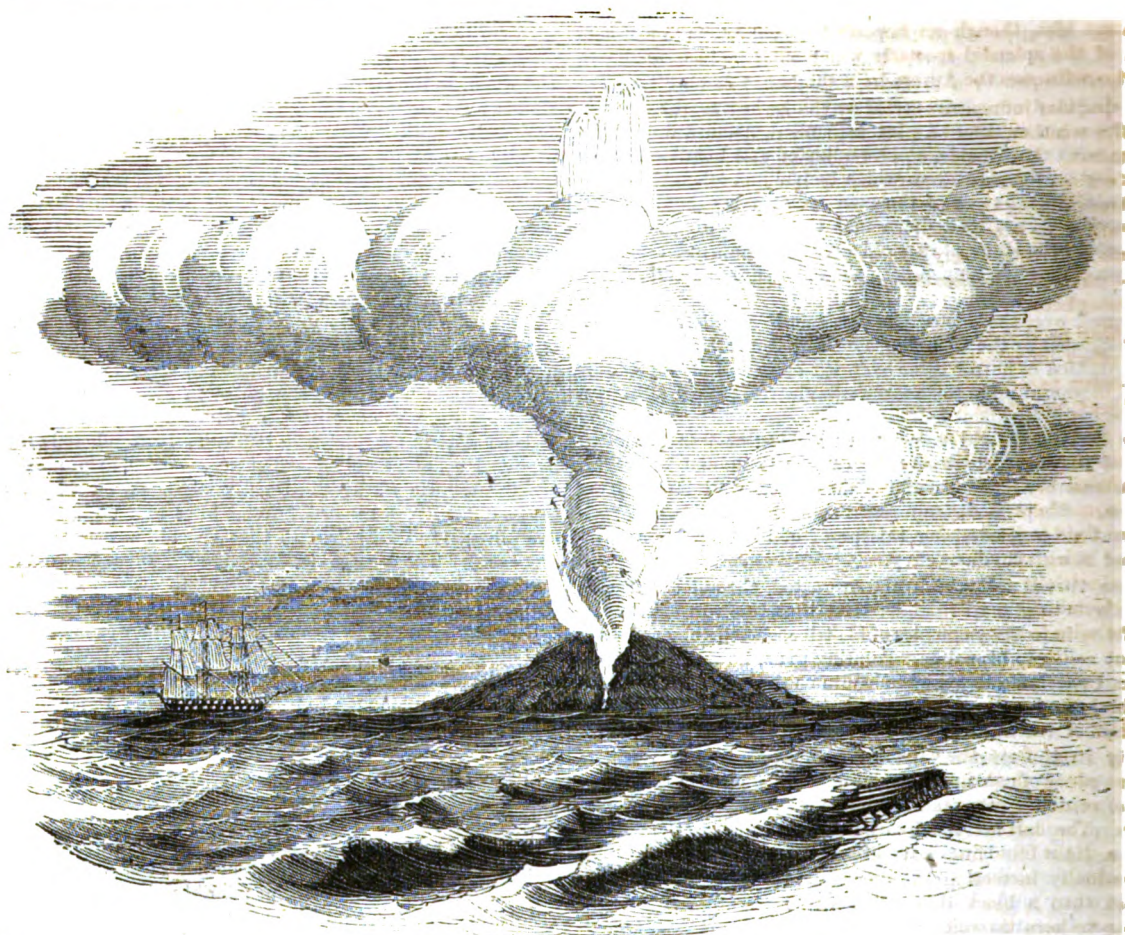
THE AURORA BOREALIS AND ITS WONDERS.

Who that has ever contemplated the glorious and wonderful effects of the Aurora Borealis, bridging the northern sky with shoots and spires of ruddy flame, and careering like flying hosts across the quiet midnight horizon, can forget the marvellous sight? It is no wonder that heathen nations and those unacquainted with the almost limitless revelations of modern science, have attached all sorts of wild and romantic legends to this natural phenomenon.

In many countries a brilliant manifestation of the Aurora Borealis is considered as an omen of favor and good fortune to all who look upon its radiance, particularly where it heralds the new year, and an almost superstitious importance is attached to its coming and departure.

Although science has been busy for many years in investigating the philosophy of this wonderful visitant, no satisfactory theory has yet been fixed upon which will account for its numerous phenomena. Sir John Ross, the distinguished British savant, promulgates his own especial view of the case in a most interesting manner:

"It having occurred to me," says he, in a report to the British Association, in 1855, "that if my theory were true (namely, that the phenomena of the Aurora Borealis were occasioned by the action of the sun when below the pole, on the surrounding masses of colored ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole, which were before invisible), the phenomenon might be artificially produced. To accomplish this, I placed a powerful lamp to represent the sun, leaving a lens, at the focal distance of which I placed a rectified terrestrial globe, on which bruised glass of the



DAMPIER'S VOLCANIC ISLAND. PAGE 527.

various colors we have seen in Baffin's Bay was placed to represent the colored icebergs we had seen in that locality, while the space between Greenland and Spitzbergen was left blank to represent the sea.

"To represent the clouds above the pole, which were to receive the refracted rays, I applied a hot iron to a sponge, and by giving the globe a regular diurnal motion, I produced the phenomena vulgarly called the 'Merry Dancers,' and every other appearance, exactly as seen in the natural sky, while it disappeared as the globe turned, as being the part representing the sea to the points of incidence.

"In corroboration of my theory, I have to remark that during my last voyage to the Arctic regions (1850-1) we never, among the numerous icebergs, saw any that were colored, but all were a yellowish white; and during the following winter, the Aurora was exactly the same color; and when that part of the globe was covered with bruised glass of that color, the phenomena produced in my experiment were the same—as was also the Aurora Australis in the Antarctic regions, where no colored icebergs were ever seen."

The interesting experiment above described by Sir John Ross is so simple, that in a well darkened room it can easily be accomplished by any person interested in the beautiful marvels of the Aurora Borealis, and it is well worthy the attention of all amateurs in science.

Lieutenant Hooper, an English gentleman of no mean pretensions in the literary and scientific world, gives another theory in an elaborately prepared paper read before a learned transatlantic body. He says, speaking of the origin of the Aurora, "I believe the Aurora Borealis to be no more nor less than moisture in some shape (whether dew or vapor, liquid or frozen) illuminated by the heavenly bodies, either directly or reflecting their rays from the frozen masses around the pole, or each from the immediately proximate snow-clad earth."

Morlet, a French savant, gives another plausible elucidation of the point. "With regard to the origin of the Aurora

Borealis," he says, "it seems natural to attribute it to the electric fluid contained in the atmosphere, which, at great heights, when the air is rarefied, must become luminous as under the receiver of an air-pump, and in the barometer vacuum; this hypothesis would acquire a great probability if we succeeded in proving by direct experiments that magnetism exerts an influence upon electric light."

But notwithstanding all this array of science, supported as it is by the names of the deepest reasoners, no theory which has yet been promulgated has met with general acceptance. All external manifestations would seem to indicate the immediate and motive presence of electricity. All its phenomena are apparently connected with the magnetic meridian and poles, and its general appearance is in the north.

Its first presence is heralded by faint streaks of light shooting forth in all directions, but all converging towards a common centre. From this dim and uncertain light, the marvel of the firmament has derived its name—the "Northern Morning." Gradually the Aurora grows brighter and more strongly defined and varied in its effects; sometimes assuming the shape of a vast crown of rosy fire, sometimes seeming to ripple upwards in successive waves of radiance, and again presenting the appearance of the long, undulating folds of a ribbon or banner. Lottin mentions magnificent colors in the Auroras witnessed by him in the Polar seas, whose bright rays would suddenly dart out, and curves would be formed and developed, like the folds of a serpent, in varied tints of crimson and green and gold.

"Let it then be imagined," he goes on, "that all these vivid rays of lights issue forth with splendor, subject to continual and sudden variations in their length and brightness; that these beautiful red and green tints color them at intervals, that waves of light undulate over them, that currents of light succeed each other, and in fine, that the vast firmament presents one immense and magnificent dome of light, reposing on the snow-covered base supplied by the ground, which itself serves as a dazzling frame for a sea, calm and black as a pitchy lake."

and some idea, though an imperfect one, may be obtained of the splendid spectacle which presents itself to him who witnesses the Aurora from the bay of Alten !"

The singular influences exerted by the Aurora Borealis upon the weather, afford a wide field for conjecture and experiment. Mr. Hendrich, of Litchfield, Connecticut, after a series of observations regarding the appearance of the Aurora during the year 1850, says that, after mature deliberation, he is confirmed in the belief that the Aurora is not an indication of any future change in the weather, but the effect of a *previous change*, or of a certain state of the atmosphere.

Singular as it may seem, the Aurora Borealis has a strong effect on telegraphic wires, and a correspondent of a Boston paper, after six years' close observation of the subject, reports as follows :

"On the House, Morse and other *magnetic* telegraphs, the effect produced by the Aurora is generally to increase or diminish the electric current used in working the wires ; sometimes it entirely neutralizes it, so that in effect no fluid is discoverable on them. On the Bain or chemical telegraph, during a thunder-storm, the atmospheric electricity attracted by the wires passes over them to the chemically prepared paper, emitting, as it passes from the wire to the paper, a sound like the snapping of a pistol.

"The effect produced by the Aurora Borealis on the wires, and the record on the paper are entirely different from that of the atmospheric current. Instead of discharging itself from the wires with a flash and report, it glides along them in a continuous stream, producing the same result on paper as that produced by the galvanic battery. The current usually commences lightly, producing a light blue line just perceptible on the paper, and gradually increasing in strength, making a dark blue and then a black line, till finally it becomes so strong as to burn through several thicknesses of it. It then gradually disappears and is followed by the bleaching process, which entirely neutralizes the current from the batteries.

"Mr. Rowe, Superintendent of the Boston and Vermont Telegraph Company, showed me specimens of paper, taken from instruments on that line at twelve o'clock on the night of February 19, 1852, three hours after the batteries were taken off, which were covered with light and heavy blue lines and bleachings. These were caused by the strong and brilliant Aurora of that day."

The month of September, 1851, was marked by three gorgeous Auroras, distinguished by rapid successions of arches, streamers, corona and waves, and this meteor was visible throughout the South, its splendors being distinctly seen as far as Charleston and Savannah. Previous to this, the "Grand Aurora" of November 17, 1848, was the most brilliant which has occurred for years. It was particularly characterized for its remarkable extent, being visible in unclouded splendor from Odessa in the East to California in the West.

A few months ago, in this city a deep red glow overspread the northern sky towards midnight, and the watchers in the bell-towers, conceiving it to be a distant conflagration, immediately rang the fire-bells, and gave the alarm. But as it gradually rose higher in the sky, the discomfited guardians of the night perceived that it was an unusually brilliant Aurora, and ceased the alarm, much to the perplexity of the public, who, seeing the red lustre, were unable to account for the cessation of the bells, until the newspapers of the next morning explained the mystery.

There is probably no finer sight in the world than the glowing arch of this Aurora Borealis hanging above the white snowclad hills of a clear wintry landscape, and its disputed origin still affords wide scope for the conjecture, experiment and scientific research of all our savants for years to come !

THE AURORA BOREALIS



RICHARD FARQUERSON'S FORTUNE, RELATED TO HIS CHILDREN.

I.

It was in the fever-time, that dreadful season which you must all remember, that I left home.

I came in one night to my tea as usual, at half past six—a rainy, unwholesome night it was—and found my father sitting over the fire with his head aching, and deadly sick; he was just beginning in the fever. Ten days after, he was in his coffin. There we all were—six of us at home, little and big—and nobody to earn bread for us. What were we to do? My mother—she was a high-spirited, proud woman, who had been decently bred and used to comfort in her young days—looked at us dry-eyed. I distinctly remember her saying, the evening after my father was buried, as we sat about the fire just after tea: “Children, there must be something done; your father has left us nothing but debts, and we cannot starve.”

Some of us were old enough then to dislike the mad speculation my father had undertaken; I say mad, because it was impossible we could know so early how well it would turn out for us. The first idea was, of course, to close the shop, and seek some quiet private occupation. My mother thought of dress-making; but several people came and asked her to try it—selling the fish and game, I mean—and after a few days' consideration she determined to do so. I don't know that any of us objected, or that our friends fell off in consequence. A man who understood the trade came from London and managed it, and my mother kept the books. She was a very clever, upright woman; and though I have come across many clever women in my lifetime, I never yet met one who was her equal. In the course of eight years she brought up her family—Willy, the youngest, died four months after my father—paid off every farthing of previously accumulated debt, and laid by a sufficient maintenance for her old age; then she shut up the shop. Are we ashamed of it now? Most certainly not. If ever—being a man of property—I am carried away by the vanity of imitating my betters, and desire to bear a coat of arms on my carriage, I shall take for my crest a crayfish with the motto, “By this I rise.”

The young ones got a better education than I had the chance of. I was fifteen when my father died, and had just been apprenticed to a printer. I hated the business and asked my master if he would cancel my indentures. He said he would if my mother agreed, thinking that I was going to help her in the business, though that was a long way from my intentions, and from hers too; for she never suffered any one of us to go near the shop. My sisters went to the best schools in the town (and here, let me acknowledge that, knowing our former position and our present difficulties, everywhere friends turned up for us); they had all they wanted as far as books and masters went. My mother used to say, “Children, I cannot give you a fortune, but I will give you an education suitable to the station in which you were born, and you must each work your way back to it for yourselves.” We have all done so, thanks to her. I had no distinct idea when I left home of what I wanted to become. Adventure and change were the vague hankerings in my mind; at all events, I did not want to be a printer. I told her so one Sunday night, when all the children but Maggie had gone to bed. She looked rather puzzled, and asked, “Then what do you want to be, Richard?”

I said I did not exactly know, but thought I should like to be a merchant. She did not speak decidedly, but conveyed that to get into a merchant's office required a very high premium. Now, in some book or other, I ought to recollect it, but don't, I had read of a man earning his way to great wealth from a beginning of half-a-crown. I started in life with threepence-halfpenny. No more was said then; but I gave my mother two kisses instead of one that night when I went to bed; and as soon as it began to dawn in the morning, I got up and ran away from home.

II.

AND this is what I began life with. My black cloth Sunday trousers with threepence halfpenny in the pocket, black jacket

and waistcoat, one shirt on my back and another in my bundle: also two extra pairs of socks; and Maggie's present to me on my last birthday—a little shilling Testament—that was all, so far as I recollect.

It did not enter into my head at first what sore hearts I should make at home by my flight; but Maggie has told me since that great was the dismay when it was found out that I was gone. My mother hoped for a week or two that I should come back, and fretted continually; but at length she made up her mind to it, and said: “Richard is an honest lad, and he has a good spirit; he will not starve.”

I did not starve, but very near it, as you shall hear. It was a Monday morning in September when I ran away; a very raw morning, drizzling and misty. I could not have chosen a worse time if I had looked out for it. I started straight along the road, and stopping now and then to look at the guide-post. The first said, “London 189 miles;” that was a long tramp; but I kept my eye on the end of it, not on the hardships by the way, or I should never have got there at all. I took my breakfast in a wheat-field, where the grain was half ripe, my dinner the same, and my supper the same: it did very well, only I am afraid it was not honest, though I had done it fifty times before without a qualm when I was not hungry. At nightfall I was at a distance from any village, and the drizzle had changed to an even down-pour. I was glad to come in sight of a roadside inn. I meant to beg shelter for the night in some of the out-buildings. I was big enough and strong enough to rough it and not care, looking to the end—mind, always to the end. There were some grooms and people hanging about the doorway, waiting for the night-coach, which changed horses there; and besides them, a gentleman with a carpet bag, waiting to be taken up by it. He stared at me very hard, as many people had done in the course of my day's journey, and at last said very smartly, “You're a runaway, my lad, ain't you? Tell truth, and shame the devil! I ran away from school myself; it is enough to make a fellow run away! Are you going to sea? I went to sea—runaways always do; but I came back.” He took it all for granted, asking his questions and answering them in a breath. The coach arrived as he was speaking; and he immediately bustled off, and mounted to the only vacant seat on the roof; and then called to me to hand him up his carpet-bag, which I did, and he threw me sixpence for my trouble, thus increasing my capital to ninepence-halfpenny. The coach drove away in a few minutes, but stopped before it had gone fifty yards, and the strange man screamed out at the top of a stentorian voice, “Here, you runaway lad, take that; it'll be of use to you, may be;” and as the vehicle rolled on, a scrap of paper fluttered down into the mud. I took it up, thinking of banknotes, but the paper was too thick for that; and when I brought it to the lamp over the inn-door, I saw that it was merely the outside of a letter, with a name and address—“Mr. Morley, 18 Great Walton street, London.” I put it into my pocket, and asked the ostler if I might have shelter anywhere for the night, in the stable or barn? He said he would ask his mistress. She was just within the doorway, and met the request with a very curt refusal, and turned round to look at me, as I stood outside in the rain, dripping at every angle and point. Having considered me a minute or two in silence, she said, “You've run away, have you, young man; how old are you?” Now, even at that age, I was averse to questions. I was not going back; and therefore I determined to stop interrogatories which might lead to my being discovered by one decisive answer: “I'm old enough to be my own master; if you'll give me shelter I'll be thankful; if you won't, say so, and I'll go elsewhere.” She immediately said that I might go in.

The place where I passed the night was the kitchen, clean, warm and cosy. I slept like a top on the long settle, after a gratuitous supper of bread, cheese and ale. I had only to answer one more question—was my father living or dead? and the woman was like a mother to me when I said that he was dead. In the morning, rested and refreshed, I started on my second day's journey.

I thought of them at home a good deal that day.

III.

I got to London on Saturday. I cannot say that I was very dilapidated: for I had slept under a roof every night and had fed in the cornfields by day. It was surprising how much you can go through with a stout heart, youth and health. But having got into the great Babel, I found myself alone. Think of that: alone and penniless, for all my capital was gone now—alone in London. There was no ripe corn growing anywhere near the steps of St. Martin's church, on which I slept that night. Fortunately it was fine, though frosty and chill; and I don't care to acknowledge now that I shed some tears on the old stones, thinking of my mother and the rest of them at home; perhaps, also, I was rather hungry: it is most likely. I can't throw any romantic glamor over the prosaic facts of that Sunday if I were to talk till doomsday. When I woke, stiff and cold, the sun was rising, and the houses looked taller than they have ever done since; and my last idea on falling asleep was my first at waking—an idea I did not get rid of all that day—that I had got nothing to eat. I attended service at St. Martin's church in the morning: not looking quite a mendicant, but very nearly so; in the afternoon I had a siesta in one of the parks; and towards evening, memory quickened by appetite, may be, I bethought myself of Mr. Morley and Great Walton street. I inquired my way, lost it, found it again, and finally came to a stand opposite a large, important house; then I felt profoundly that I did not look what is called "respectable:" I was not a weakling, so that four-and-twenty hours' fast had not exhausted me; but my clothes had a week's dust on them. However, up the steps I went, and rang the bell; a livery-servant opened the door, and I asked if Mr. Morley was at home. Yes, he was; but he never saw company or transacted business on a Sunday. I was not company and I had no business; but I took the back of the letter and asked the servant to carry it to his master, which he did. I have heard since that he thought I was one of Mr. Morley's poor relations from the country. I waited on the step for five minutes or more before he returned, and when he did, looked very anxiously for his message, as you may think.

"Master says he'll see you; come in." And in I went. "You'd better leave that here," indicating the bundle, "and rub your shoes on the mat."

The man was quite civil, being I believe, familiarised with folks coming for help. Mr. Morley was a good man.

I followed him up stairs, and into a room where Mr. Morley and two children were sitting at a table covered with dessert. Doffing my cap at the door, I made a pause there.

"So you've got here! I said you did not look like turning back," cried Mr. Morley. "When did you come?"

"Last night."

"Found your friends?"

"I have none to seek."

Mr. Morley turned full round and faced me. "Come and sit down, and tell me all about it. What school was it? Here's Tom means to run away soon; the amusements are so mild. At his school they take them there to teetotal meetings by way of fun. Now what's your grievance?"

"I've not run away from school," said I, rather diffidently; "I've run away from home because there are too many of us for my mother to keep, and I want to keep myself."

"What's your name?"

"Richard Farquerson."

"I knew a Farquerson once—James Farquerson; he was a rich merchant at one time, but he failed. He had a son Richard—anything to you?"

"My grandfather lived in London, but he died long ago; it may be the same. He was unfortunate in business I have heard my mother say—"

"His son Richard was unfortunate too, I should think; he was a man whose vocation it was not to succeed in the world. How about your father?"

"He was very good-humored and fond of company. My mother's fortune was lost in my grandfather's failure. She had money left her too, but it was wasted; my father lent some, and I don't know how the rest went. My mother does not

speaking much about it. We were in debt when he died, but she means to pay everybody in the end."

"Richard Farquerson—the one I knew—liked racing and betting. He settled at Warleigh when he married, intending to carry on business in connection with his father here; but they both came to ruin together."

I blushed. Warleigh I had come from, but I would rather have kept my secret. Mr. Morley had his eye upon me.

"You're Richard Farquerson's son; I know you by that turn of the lip. He stood my good friend more than once."

"How so, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a warning to me," was the abrupt and very unexpected response. "Where have you got your pith and spirit from? not from father or grandfather, I vouch for it."

"From my mother, sir."

"She must be one in a thousand. I remember your father. I was a lad then in James Farquerson's office. The most lively, thoughtless, reckless young fellow he was; looking forward to a handsome competence, and throwing his money about as if it had been chucky-stones. We were at the same school; and there he was all for tops, kites, marbles and alecampane. We proposed to run away together; but he could never make up his mind to climb the playground wall, and I ran away alone. He was successively apprenticed to a civil engineer, an architect and an attorney; and each master was so obliging as to cancel his indentures after the lapse of a few months. Then he went to sea, and turned up again, like a bad halfpenny, at six weeks' end; a sea life did not agree with him; indeed nothing did agree with him but his ease and his pleasure, so he subsided upon a stool in his father's office. I have heard him tell the story of his youthful mischances as an excellent joke, and have laughed with him and thought him a fine fellow, though I had begun to go steadily in the mill, and work there. He never worked; he used to lie in bed till half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and be threatened through the keyhole with cold pig by his Aunt Jane. He had expectations from her, but offended her."

"Will you have a piece of cake?" asked the little girl whom I had noticed at my entrance into the room. She was standing in front of me with a great wedge of it in her fingers offering it to me. I took it, and ate it slowly, not as if I were particularly hungry, though every crumb was precious; and she watched me with a very earnest attention as if she had never seen anything like me before. I was rather ogreish, no doubt. Her father ordered the boy who sat still at the table, cracking filberts and listening with all his might, to pour me out a glass of wine, which he did reluctantly. He was a pale, small creature, with mean features, and not more than ten years old to look at, though he was thirteen; the girl was pretty, and prettily dressed in a white muslin frock and blue sash. They were cousins; cousin Tom and cousin Nellie they called each other. After I had drunk the wine, and was listening again to what Mr. Morley talked about, his words grew involved and indistinct. Will it be believed that I fell asleep?

When I woke up with a great start, the children were gone, and a servant was bringing in candles. I sprang up, and began to stammer an apology.

"Sit down again, I have not heard all I want to hear, or said all I want to say," Mr. Morley interposed. "How many of you did Richard Farquerson—did your father leave? Tell me all about it."

So I began, and told him all I knew; how things had not prospered with us, and how we were getting behind-hand with the world when my father took it into his head to open that shop; what a grievance it was to my mother; and how he died of the fever a fortnight after it was begun, and left six children unprovided for.

"Richard Farquerson all over! he was one of those careless ne'er-do-weels, who are kept by a social providence for the encouragement of charitable and indulgent persons. I remember how he used to rave against skittish fortune, and swear she had a spite against him, when he was doing everything in his power to spite her. And he is dead?"

"Two months ago."

Mr. Morley was silent for several minutes. At last he said

suddenly, "What do you expect from me; what do you want with me? I know nothing of you. You've not come begging—I can't offer you a shilling."

He evidently expected me to say something more, but I did not; I only got up to go away: indeed, I had no claim on any one.

"Where are you going to-night—nowhere particular perhaps? then you may stay here, if you choose. As I said before, your father did me a good turn once, and I'll pay it to his son," said Mr. Morley. "Now the first thing you'll do will be to write to your mother."

"I'd rather not, sir, until I see my way," said I. I did not want them at home to know anything about me until I could say that I was above need and getting on.

"Not see your way! It's straight forward; everybody's way is straight forward, if they would only keep to it, instead of edging off in search of something grander or pleasanter than what they see before them. You'll write to your mother, Richard Farquerson, and tell her that you are safe and have found a friend; even if you don't tell her more. It is your plain duty, sir; quite as much your duty as it was in the first instance to run away. Then we will have up the cold beef."

I wrote the letter with pen and paper that he gave me there and then; but it never went. Well, I've been sorry for it since.

After the cold beef I went to bed in the "cousins' room." Mr. Morley had hosts of country relatives who came up to town periodically to be helped on in the world by him; and until they got a step, they occupied this little green bed-room at the back of the house. When I entered Mr. Morley's office it was supposed that I was one of these many poor country cousins, until Tom let out the truth.

IV.

It was not until I had been away from Warleigh six years that I let them know at home where I was and what I was doing. To be sure, once in every few months I dropped them a line to say that I was in the land of the living; but I wanted some day to surprise them all. It was a very foolish ambition, and by the time I had been six years on the world I found it out. I was not going to be rich by any sudden stroke of fortune; and if I waited until I grew independent in the ordinary course of events, why, I thought, I may wait until I am a middle-aged man, and there is no mother left to rejoice over me. So just before I went abroad, I wrote her a long letter, telling her all about my doings since I left Warleigh, and promising to go down and see them all when I came back from Rio, whither I was sent on Mr. Morley's business. Her answer did not come till I was just on the point of sailing; and the nearest word to a reproach that she said in it was: "You would have spared me many a sleepless night, dear Richard, if you had written earlier." I knew her quiet way, and how much pain it hid; and I declare those few words cut me up more than any others I ever heard.

Well, I was away at Rio two years—a long two years they were, I assure you—and when I came back to England I got a holiday, and went home to Warleigh for a month. The changes in those eight years! In the first place, there was the old house converted into a respectable place again; the shop had vanished, and was become a parlor, where my good mother sat in her easy chair, with her knitting on a little round white marble table, which she told me had been the slab once upon a time. Maggie laughed about it, calling it her mother's "vanity;" and, "Indeed," says my mother, "what would have become of you children but for it? You ought to feel a respect for it." And so in our hearts we do. Maggie has many a jest about what she calls our "aquatic origin." "Like Venus, we rise from the sea," she cries, and my mother bids her hush. My mother sees no fun in it; to her it was a hard trial, and as such will always be remembered.

Maggie was grown up, and looking old for her age, which is only two years more than my own; but you might see she was a predestined old maid, even if the mourning-ring on her finger had not let you partly into the poor girl's romance. Marian, my second sister, was married and gone from home; and Lena,

the youngest, was out as a governess in a great family. But it was Christmas-time, and they both came to Warleigh for a few days, and also Henry, from his situation in Manchester.

"I shall perhaps never see all my children around me at one time again," said my mother; "I am getting old in the world." But she has had us all around her many happy Christmases since then; and some of us with very considerable additions, or incumbrances—which shall we call the great boys and girls that are growing up about us into men and women so fast, that our own youth is quite thrown back into the shade? Not incumbrances, I think.

V.

I HAD managed Mr. Morley's affairs at Rio, which had got into some entanglement, so much to his satisfaction, that when I went back to town he let me have a small share in the business, and make ventures on my own account. I began to get on then; for my speculations, though on a small scale, prospered, and paved the way to greater: everybody must have a beginning. Long before I went out to Rio, I had vacated the little green "cousins' room" for lodgings of my own, but had still continued a very frequent guest in Great Walton street; and I had not been there more than twice after my return before I made a discovery which did not please me, indeed it made me a miserable disconsolate dog for months: it was that Mr. Morley destined his daughter Ellen for her cousin Tom. Mr. Morley told me himself one night when we were alone in the dining-room; perhaps the old man suspected; but no matter.

Tom Fletcher was one-and-twenty then; a pale-faced, undersized, insignificant, poor-spirited creature. I could not abide him. Ellen was eighteen: a rosebud, a merry, laughing, kind, warm-hearted girl she was as ever breathed; and quite as friendly towards me as she was that first night when she gave me the big lump of cake out of her hand, and my boy's heart was vowed to her for ever for the kindness of the act.

When Mr. Morley and I went up-stairs after I had heard the news, I was naturally very dull. Tom came in soon after from dining at his club, and had tea. Ellen did not like Tom any more than I did; and when she was not ridiculing him mercilessly (she had a sharp tongue—as what woman who is worth a chip has not?) she kept him at such a distance that he did not dare speak to her. She was in one of her icy moods that night, and Tom would have been much more comfortable in a shower-bath than he was under her sleeky civility. She had fathomed him long ago; but she had promised to marry him when almost a child, and before she knew what marrying meant. She began to change her mind now, and I was the cause of that change. I was as much in love with her as a man could be; and if she had a fondness for anybody besides her father, it was for myself. We were both well aware of this some time before we ventured explicitly to say so. It was on this particular evening, if Ellen had not found me out before, that she made the discovery of my affection for her, though I had not my assurance of hers so early.

Tom asked her to sing; and instead of making any of the thousand-and-one excuses that girls are generally so ready with, she simply replied, that she was not in the humor. If Tom had not been such a mean scoundrel, I could have pitied him for the contemptuous coldness that Ellen threw into all she said to him, though that was little enough; but Tom knew that her father was on his side, and bore it philosophically enough. He confided to me—I could have beaten his infatuated vanity out of him with relish—that Nellie was crazed in love with him; but as she was quite safe for him, he should take a little longer time to sow his wild oats. He had set up a house of his own at a short distance from town, and there he received his own kind of company that he could not bring to his uncle's house—very low company it generally was. It used to throw me into the wildest rage to think that my pure little Ellen could ever be the wife of such a creature; and if I had not seen her so thoroughly set against him, I don't know what I might not have done.

Tom left before me that evening; and when he was gone, Ellen recovered her good-humor; she would sing for me with once asking. I cannot exactly tell how it came about, but I r.

Morley having dropped asleep in his easy-chair, we began to talk together in an undertone by the piano, and I told her about all of them at home, which I had never done before. She listened with a great deal of interest, and asked a good many questions respecting my mother and sisters; and how I had enjoyed going home after so long an absence. And I said, "It was very pleasant to be there, Nellie; but I was glad to come back here: it always seems home to me most where you are now." She turned very red, and looked away as she shut up the music-book. I was startled at what I had said, for she seemed frightened, and I did not know whether she was angry or not. "Nellie, are you angry with me?" I whispered, catching one of her hands in mine and holding it fast.

She was very white now, and her eyes were shining as if there were tears in them; but "You had better go away, Richard," was all she said, and she gave a hurried glance at her father. I was very much disposed to linger, but she reiterated, "Go, Richard; go now." She remembered her miserable tie to her cousin Tom; while I, for a moment, felt that I was not acting right by my benefactor. Afterwards, when it came to the point of seeing the woman I loved sacrificed to an evil-minded man, who would break her heart, I threw that and every other consideration to the winds, and spoke out. But the time was not yet ripe for that.

VI.

ANOTHER year went over our heads, during which interval Mr. Morley retired almost entirely from the management of his commercial affairs, leaving them in the hands of Tom Fletcher. I was surprised how my good friend, who, in other matters was an acute, far-sighted man, could be so hoodwinked to his nephew's real character and pursuits. Perhaps it might be that he had become habituated to him by long dependence, and the young man was too cautious ever to let his vices become obtrusive; that Mr. Morley was deceived there is no doubt, for Tom had entire possession of his ear, and influenced him to undertake several speculations, which, if hinted at by another, tenacious as he was of his commercial credit, the old man would have scouted as rash in the extreme. The firm was "Morley and Fletcher" then. Mr. Morley hinted to me that it might be "Morley, Fletcher and Farquerson," if I had a mind; but I have never regretted the lost opportunity. Tom certainly possessed business talents, if he could have kept straight; but I disliked his course of proceedings so much, that I withdrew from Mr. Morley's office, and began on my own account. There was in consequence a slight coolness between us for a short time; but it wore off, and our friendly relations were again resumed. It was on the first evening that I dined in Great Walton street after this temporary coolness that Ellen and I spoke openly to each other. I found her looking ill and depressed; and by dint of a few questions, extracted from her an admission that Tom Fletcher was hateful to her, and that the thought of a marriage with him was most repugnant to her feelings. Her father had been desirous of hastening it, that he might resign all business anxieties, for which he began to feel himself unequal, into the hands of his son-in-law; and she, fearful of encountering his displeasure, had not dared to speak out her abhorrence. It was a very critical moment; I could by no means be sure of Ellen's feelings, and a rejection would have mortified me beyond expression. That she liked me, I knew well enough. Well, there she sat, drooping before me, her cheeks all lily-white, and the tears glittering in her pretty eyes; and I stood shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, not venturing to bring my fortune to the test, to win or lose it all, until she looked up at me and began,

"You know, Richard—"

I only knew one thing at that moment—how much I loved Nellie; so I cut her trembling little phrase short, and told her so. She blushed, and made no answer; but she did not pull her hand away or bid me go this time, so I stayed. And presently, "But how shall we tell my father?" asked she.

"Leave that in my hands, Nellie," I said. "I will tell him when he comes up from the dining-room. You can run away, if you are afraid."

"I am afraid, Richard. His heart was so set on my marrying

Tom, that if you had not spoken I think I should. I don't like to grieve him. But Richard, what if he is angry? He never was angry with me in his life. How can I bear it?"

I cheered her, and bade her have courage.

"I will have courage for you, dear Richard," said she; and though she was trembling like a leaf, a color came into her face and a sparkle into her eyes, that told me love for somebody put that courage into her shrinking little heart.

When Mr. Morley came in, she went away to her bed-room, and I spoke to the old man and told him all. He was a fiery man and an obstinate man, notwithstanding his many good points, and at first he went into an awful rage, calling me all manner of traitors and serpents and knaves; refusing to listen to a single plea, and finally forbidding me ever to set foot within his doors again, or to hold with Ellen any correspondence either by word or letter. He fetched Ellen from her room, and tried to make her, in my presence, promise never more to hold any communication with me; but the brave girl, though she wept bitterly, refused to do that.

"I should break it, father; I should break it the first time I saw Richard," added she; "and indeed I cannot marry cousin Tom, for I hate him."

Mr. Morley threw upon me a withering look.

"This is your doing, Richard Farquerson," said he bitterly; this is the sort of requital you make to me who took you out of the streets. You are a base, ungrateful scoundrel, sir, and I wish never to see your face again," and much more to the same effect. Then to Ellen he said, "If you don't marry your cousin Tom Fletcher, while I live you shall with my consent marry no man; and if you marry without my consent I will throw you off and have no more a daughter."

His voice sank at the last words, and Ellen clung weeping to his arm.

"Don't say anything more, father; don't say hard things of Richard," said she; "I never liked Tom. He does not care for me, and he would kill me soon, I know he would. Richard, can't you say something?"

To see her stretch out her hand to me, as if for help, threw the old man into a terrible fury.

"Begone!" he exclaimed. "Out of my sight, hound—"

"Mr. Morley," said I, very quietly, but in a way that checked his vituperation, "you will be sorry for this, one day; but yet not half so sorry as you would have reason to be did you force Ellen to become Tom Fletcher's wife. But you will not force her; you will be true to me, Ellen, will you not?"

"Yes, yes Richard; but go now."

And as my staying seemed only still more to infuriate her father, I reluctantly departed, sore enough and angry enough, as you may well imagine.

I tried to see Ellen the next day and the next day after that, but was always refused admittance; I wrote, but my letters were returned to me unread, so that I knew they had never reached my darling's hands. At last I found out that she had left town; but where she was gone was a mystery. Four months elapsed, and I was still in the dark about her, and very wretched at times, when one night the post brought me a very tiny billet written in pencil:

"Have patience, dear Richard; I know you have sought me, and am ever your faithful Nellie," was every word it contained. But that was precious. The post-mark outside was "Dawlish;" and off to Dawlish I went, and mooned about the sands morning after morning for a week, but never caught a glimpse of my Nellie; so I supposed they were gone away again from thence, and returned to London.

I met Tom Fletcher a few days afterwards; and from the sullen hangdog look he gave me, I knew he had received his final dismissal by Ellen; and that was some comfort to think on, when there was so little else that was cheering.

It was not until six months or rather more, after the fiery scene in Great Walton street, that Nellie and I saw each other again, and that was across from opposite sides of a crowded concert-room. Mr. Morley was beside his daughter; so, though I got as near to them as I could, I had no speech of her. I thought she looked rather graver, but prettier than ever. The next day

I risked another letter, which got into her hands, and she sent me a reply :

"You may write to me openly, my dear Richard," she said in one part of it ; "for though my father is still as firm against you, and as angry as ever, I have told him my resolve ; and he says, 'You may take your own way, Nellie, to a certain extent, but marry anybody but cousin Tom you never shall ;' so we must live in hope of better days, dear."

Bless her kind heart ! that "hope of better days" made me quite my own man again, and I went to work in my commercial concerns with a vigor and spirit that prospered well. There were just at that juncture fine openings for enterprise in the Australian trade, and I took a very successful advantage of them. I used to say to myself, "My Nellie is my good fortune," and so she has been all my life through, since the moment her father took me out of the streets.

VII.

For the next two years I progressed steadily ; but Tom Fletcher, who had a larger capital to work with, made several splendid speculations. I knew how proud of him Mr. Morley would be, and how his praises would sound in my Nellie's ears. Experienced people spoke of Tom as a rising and most fortunate man ; and the firm of "Morley & Fletcher" was of the highest standing in the commercial world. But unhappily Tom grew top-heavy in the bewilderment of his successes, and was smitten with the dangerous and seductive ambition of building up a colossal fortune in no time. He took into his foolish head some belief of his having been born under a lucky star, and predestinated to immense wealth. I have been told that he thought nothing in which he embarked could fail ; and that he was in the habit of encouraging timid speculators to join in a hazardous scheme by saying, with infatuated assurance, "Throw your doubts to the winds. Why I am in it, the thing must succeed." But Tom's lucky star turned out a treacherous will-o'-the-wisp, which led him considerably out of his depth, and sunk him in irremediable quagmires of difficulty. The whole city was electrified one fine morning to hear that "Morley & Fletcher" were in the *Gazette*. Their liabilities were enormous, and several smaller firms fell with them. Tom had been in much too great haste to get rich to be careful of his own means, and several disgraceful transactions came out in the examinations before the court. Mr. Morley was heart-broken ; this close to a long and honorable career, this assassination of his good name and his credit, almost killed him. Nellie wrote to me in their distress, and begged my help, which indeed I was only too glad to give. But nothing was saved out of the wreck : Tom Fletcher was penniless, and Mr. Morley had nothing left but his wife's fortune, which had been settled on his daughter. They left the house in Great Walton street, therefore, and went to reside in a small cottage at some miles from London, near Richmond.

One might have thought that this catastrophe would have opened Mr. Morley's eyes to Tom Fletcher's misconduct ; but instead of that, he only seemed more than ever bound up in his interests. This was the period of the railway mania : and Tom turned sharebroker. With his natural genius for gambling, he made his thousands one day and his tens of thousands another, and has said since that at one period he did not know what he was worth. Mr. Morley himself was bitten by the popular frenzy, but not until the bubble was on the point of bursting. He drew Nellie's little fortune out of the funds, and entrusted it to Tom to double ; but Tom, aware that the golden day was at an end, and having realized nothing out of his speculative gains, took possession of his poor old uncle's money, and decamped. This was the cruellest blow of all ; but no pursuit was made after him. Mr. Morley only said, "Let the graceless scoundrel go ; he was my sister's son ;" and he escaped accordingly.

VIII.

Mr Nellie was a gem. Instead of pretending to think I might wish to break off our engagement as some would have done, she showed a perfect confidence in me, and wrote : "Dear Richard, you are my only hope ; will you come to me ? My poor father is almost mad, and I know not on which hand to turn.

But you will not fail me, will you, Richard ?" Directly I got that pitiful little letter, I posted off to Woodside, where they were living, glad in my heart, I believe, that they had only me to look to.

I met them walking in the sunshine on the road outside their garden. Nellie's arm supported her father, whose bent head and uncertain gait betrayed how terribly he had been shaken by recent disasters. I saw them some minutes before they perceived me, and had time to observe Nellie's face, which, pale though it was, showed no traces of anxiety. I cannot tell you how proud I felt to know what a sincere faith she had in me ; and seeing it so happily expressed in the midst of real troubles was better than all. When she saw me coming towards them hastily, a brilliant color flew into her face, and she put out her hand long before I was within reach, as if, dear soul, she were catching at a forlorn hope. "I knew you would come, Richard," said she ; and then to her father, "Father, here is Mr. Richard Farquerson come to see you, and to ask after your health."

My kind old benefactor lifted up his face, and held out a trembling hand. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said he. "It is a fine morning out in the fields. My daughter and I are breathing the air for the first time to-day. Have you walked far ?"

"It is Richard Farquerson, father," reiterated Ellen, slightly raising her voice. "An old friend, father ; not a new one."

"Richard Farquerson, is it ? I remember his father. There are great changes, sir, since then. We will go home, Nellie ; perhaps Mr. Farquerson would like to sit down and rest a short time." He mumbled his words indistinctly, and his thoughts seemed all astray. I was most painfully shocked to see this fine mind so unstrung, and to see Ellen's eyes fill with tears as she listened to him. We turned back, and all entered the house together. Ellen led the way to a little parlor overlooking the garden, and Mr. Morley sat him down in a great chair by the window. As I removed my hat, he looked at me earnestly, and a dull red suffused his face. He remembered me then, and appeared embarrassed ; but suddenly catching at another idea, he said in his old strong voice : "You know my nephew, Tom Fletcher, my sister Rosie's son ? Well, sir, he has robbed his poor old uncle ! He has taken his last penny, and left him to starve with his daughter."

"Not while I live, Mr. Morley," said I. Ellen came and stood by me ; she was very pale, and trembled excessively. "Listen to Richard, father," said she. And then I spoke, and asked him to give me Nellie. The old man began to cry.

"Don't, father, don't ; you break my heart," supplicated my dear girl. "Look at Richard, and speak to him."

"Would you have believed it of Tom Fletcher, sir ? I loved that lad as if he had been my own son ; I did indeed, sir."

"Let me be your son, Mr. Morley ; let me pay you back one tithe of the great debt I owe you."

"Nellie has not sinned, Richard Farquerson."

I was only too glad to take her as there she stood clad in her simple cotton gown and her fresh maiden beauty. I drew her to my side, and put my arm round her ; while she leant her face on my shoulder to hide the tears that would come. When Mr. Morley saw us standing thus, he understood all.

"She is a good girl, Richard Farquerson ; mind you use her well," said he tremulously. "If I have said anything harsh before, I beg your pardon heartily, sir. I was mistaken ; I was deceived."

"Don't say another word ; this moment cancels all," cried I.

And so Nellie and I were married ; and she has been to me for nearly ten years the best, truest, kindest wife that ever man had. Mr. Morley lived with us long enough to see four of you about his knees, and then died in his daughter's arms very happily and contentedly, as you all know. And that is all I can tell you of my fortune, children.

A ZEALOUS antiquary, looking for Dryden's house in Fetter lane, the other day, made some inquiry of the policeman. "Dryden, sir," said the latter, "Dryden ? Is he a man a little backward in his rent ?"

INDIAN ASSASSINS.

From the records of Indian crime, even in recent times, every one who knew India was aware that in any outbreak or mutiny, military or otherwise, there would be cruelty and atrocity; but we doubt that even the most experienced Indian judges and magistrates were prepared for such hell-born atrocities as have been perpetrated within the last twelvemonth. It is true that in the revelations made not long ago by a master criminal among the Thugs—one Feringhea—the scoundrel admitted that he had committed seven hundred and seventy-nine murders in cold blood, and regretted while in prison that they were not a thousand in number; but even such a monster as this was less of a demon than the miscreant Nena Sahib.

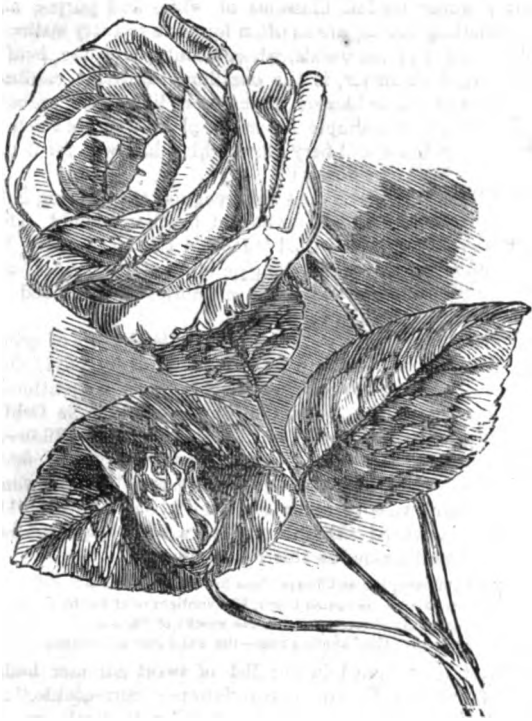
It is only in Thuggee, as revealed before Indian judges and magistrates, that we can find a counterpart of the insidiousness and treachery lately exhibited by the sepoys. Colonel Sleeman, who had long been resident in Oude, recounts the history of a Mogul officer who, in travelling from the Punjab to Oude, by way of Meerut and Bareilly, accompanied by his personal servant and groom, was accosted one morning by six respectable men, who saluted him most respectfully, wishing to enter into conversation with him. The Mogul officer, suspecting Thuggee, laid his hand on his sword, and warned the fellows off. The next day he met the same number of men dressed as Mussulmans. They spoke of the dangers of the road, and claimed the officer's protection. But the wily old man, brandishing his sabre, bade them be off. The fellows disappeared like those of the previous day. Towards evening of the same day, the wayfarer's two servants met a third group of travellers, six in number, and entered into conversation with them. But the Mogul officer ordered the travellers to fall to his rear, and desired his servants to hold no intercourse with the strangers. On the third day, the officer, continuing his journey, arrived on a desert plain. His servants were some way behind, when all at once he found himself in the presence of six poor Mussulmans, who were weeping over the body of one of their comrades, who had, they said, died on the roadside. The men described themselves as soldiers of Lahore, returning after a long absence to Lucknow, to visit their wives and children. Their fellow-soldier, they alleged, with seeming sorrow, had sunk under the fatigues of the journey, and they were then about to deposit him in the newly-made grave, freshly dug with their hands. But alas! poor and unlettered as they were, there was not among them one capable of reading the prayers of the Koran. Would the Mogul officer eternally oblige them by so doing, and perform a beneficent act, for which he would be rewarded in this world and the world to come? He, distrustful hitherto, could not resist the appeal made to his religious feelings, and dismounted from his noble steed. The body, meanwhile, had been already placed in the grave after the manner prescribed in the Koran, with the head turned towards Mecca. A carpet was immediately spread before the Mogul officer. He disburdened himself of all his arms—of his sword, and of his pistols, which were placed aside. Having washed his face and hands to purify himself, the officer commenced on bending knees the prayers, which were for a moment sobbingly followed by two of the friends of the supposed deceased. Meanwhile, the four others, on a signal, attacked the officer, cutting him down at a stroke. The two servants were soon overpowered, tied to their master's dead body, and were buried alive in the grave which had been leisurely prepared for the purpose. It is needless to say that the six travellers of the three days were identical—were one and the same men. They all belonged to a band of Thugs of the kingdom of Oude, and, finding it impossible to gain the confidence of the wary traveller by honeyed speeches, they appealed to his religious feelings, having prepared the corpse for the nonce. By this stratagem they obtained money, jewels and valuable arms, and under guise of religion, accomplished their diabolical purpose with a refinement of cunning, cruelty and treachery known only in the East. Such are the vile, degraded and hypocritical races, false to the core, with whom Europeans have to deal in the East.

The history of the crimes these people have committed for the last half century upon each other, for mere greed of gain, affords a key by which we may spell out the otherwise inexplicable enigma of their ferocity towards their best masters and benefactors, our English brethren. In a land in which not merely Thuggee, but poisoning on a wholesale scale has been carried on from the earliest ages to the present day, one cannot expect that gratitude, good feeling, good principle, or that devotion to duty, that loyalty to plighted faith, so conspicuous in civilized countries. In a land where professional poisoners have always practised their vocation, recruiting themselves from all castes, and adopting all disguises to accomplish their nefarious purposes, there must be such an utter want of moral sense, such an absence of all conscience, such an indifference to right and wrong, as would go far to throw a light on recent iniquities.

The Dattureas, or poisoners of India, exist not by hundreds, but by thousands, in the three Presidencies. They are recruited from all castes, from the highest to the lowest, adopt the most ingenious devices, and do not scruple to practise their horrible arts on their own caste, creed, or family. The native lives for the most part and takes his repast in the open air. On the roads and the rivers, therefore, the Dattureas abound. They try by every means to gain the confidence and win the favor of the traveller, and, as soon as they achieve this purpose, they infuse their poison into the *chillum* of his houkiah, or into his rice. So common is this crime of poisoning, and so little regard is there for life in the East, that human beings are destroyed to obtain articles of the value of one shilling or one shilling and sixpence. A deposition was lately made before a judge and magistrate by a fakir, whose son, a child of ten, had been poisoned to obtain possession of an article of clothing worth twelve annas, or about one shilling and sixpence of our money. The child was accosted by a man and woman with two children, who offered him cakes. The cakes were devoured by the victim, who instantly became lethargic, and died in half an hour afterwards. Nor are these the only crimes distinguished by treachery and cruelty. The Dacoits, who carry on robbery and arson on an immense scale, employ the most shocking tortures to induce their victims to disclose the places in which they have deposited their money or jewels. They place tow, soaked in oil, in the hands, feet, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the victim, and when he is obstinate, set fire to this inflammable matter. The torture is most exquisite, and has been improved on from generation to generation—for the profession of Dacoitee is hereditary in certain families. How extensively the torture is practised will appear from this, that in the years 1833, '34, '35, and '36, the Indian tribunals had to try fourteen thousand four hundred and sixty-eight individuals charged with this offence. Thus the crimes of India are marked by a cruelty, treachery and ferocity unknown to Europe—a cruelty unknown to the Red Indian of America, and undiscovered even by the torturers of the middle ages. This fact throws a light on recent events indispensable to readers not acquainted with India.

THE TOMB OF HIPPOCRATES.—According to an Athenese journal, this tomb has been recently discovered near the village of Arnauulti, not far from Pharsalia. An inscription leaves no doubt as to the identity of the original inhabitant of this sepulchral structure. In the interior were found a gold ring in the form of a serpent, the antique symbol of the curing art, a small chain and band of the same metal. A bust in bronze was also discovered, which is presumed to be a likeness of Hippocrates. These objects, together with the inscribed stone, have been given, by the Turkish inhabitants of the district, to Hourni Pasha, the present governor of Thessaly, who has forwarded them to Constantinople.

A REPORTER sent to the printing-office a notice of an inquest; and the printer meddling with the verdict, struck out a comma after the word "apoplexy," making it read thus: "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."



YELLOW ROSE.

THE FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

THE picturesque fancy of the Orientals bestowed on the month of June the title of "Moon of Flowers," and it was not an ill-selected nomenclature, for at this season of the year every nook and corner of field, forest and valley is peopled by bright delicate blossoms, whose beauty glorifies the whole face of the earth.



THE EYE-BRIGHT.

Chief among this brilliant array stands the lady rose, both white and red—the favorite flower of poets—the blossom from whose unconscious agency sprang the bloody wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster—the flower beloved alike by high and low. We know a distinguished American poet whose love for roses amounts to a mania, and who scarcely ever lies down to a noonday siesta without having a cluster of these fragrant blossoms suspended from the ceiling by a silken cord, in such a manner that every breath of air shall waft their heavy odor to his senses!

Professor Agassiz, in a dissertation on the plants and trees of this country, has mentioned a singular fact in relation to the rose family, which, as is well known, includes the blossoms of many fruits, as apple, pear, blackberry, &c., as well as an immense variety of the most exquisite flowers that grow. No fossils of plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists! This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with or subsequent to the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.



HAREBELLS.

The royally beautiful kalmia or American laurel, whose clusters of whitish-pink flowers are now filling our glens and copees with a rich profusion of bloom, is one of the most beautiful of our indigenous flowers. "Maid of the Northern Republic" is a name sometimes bestowed on it. Its beauty, however, conceals some obnoxious qualities, as it is said to be one of the most deadly poisons known, and the emblem attached to this flower in the language of Flora, "Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!" is indicative of these qualities.

The white lily, that most regal and pure of blossoms, is also in its prime during the flowery month of June. Shelley has immortalized this spirit-like bloom in glowing words:

And the wandlike lily, which lifted up
As a Monad its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew, on the tender sky



YELLOW TOAD FLAX.

A French poet, also, inspired by the pure beauty of the white lily, has spoken of its charms in song :

Noble fils du soleil, le lys majestueux
Vers l'astre paternel, dont il brave les feux,
Elevé avec orgueil sa tête souveraine,
Il est le roi des fleurs, la rose est reine !

The harebell, whose blue transparent bells are drooping by thousands along forest brooks, and in the solitudes of seldom trodden dells and valleys, is no less a favorite everywhere. There is something so exquisitely fragile and delicate in its hairlike stems, and the constant agitation of its tiny cup at every slight breeze that scarcely stirs the air, which instinctively suggests to the mind the idea of modesty and susceptibility. Its emblems are equally graceful—"gratitude, submission—"I shall not blame thee, I shall only die!"

The forests are now lighted up by the crimson glow of the splendid redbud or Judas Tree, a beautiful ornamental tree indigenous to America, whose spreading branches, not bursting into leaf until late in the season, are covered during the early weeks of June with rich red festoons of bloom. It derives its boding name of "Judas Tree" from a popular superstition that it exerts so baleful an influence that bees, coming in swarms to gather a harvest from its fair promises, fall down dead under its shadow! Indeed, a transatlantic traveller has stated, as a fact, that he saw the ground under its branches black with dead bees. But any one who will take the trouble to observe for himself will soon perceive the total error of this assertion.

At about the same time in the summer, the water-lily stars the expanse of quiet ponds and lakes with its white cups and floating leaves. The American lotus has a name sometimes conferred upon it, probably in reference to its dreamlike loveliness, whose charm has been exquisitely pictured by a celebrated poet:

And on the stream whose inconstant stream
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,
Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-cups glimmered by!

All who are familiar with the flowery haunts of June, will distinctly remember the humble little eye-bright (*Euphrasia*

Officinalis), whose modest blossoms of white and purple, and hirsute, bristling leaves, are so often found in country walks.

Another flower of the woods, whose beauty, however, is of a far more regal character, is the dazzlingly brilliant cardinal flower. This exquisite blossom seems more like some gorgeous oriental exotic, than a simple American plant with its torch of intense crimson flame and fiery glow, which has won for it the sobriquet of "headache flower!"

What child is there who does not recognize the glowing gold of the bright little toad-flax, as an old familiar friend? This simple flower, oftentimes called "Jacob's Ladder," grows by thousands on sunny slopes and along quiet country waysides, and is as closely connected with all the memories of childhood as the buttercup or dandelion themselves.

The deliciously fragrant wallflower, with its clusters of crimson and orange blossoms, is a favorite with everybody. Our readers will remember how gracefully this flower is mentioned in "The Antiquary," in the simple phrase of old Edie Ochiltree. "The air's free and mild, and the savor of the wallflowers and siccan shrubs, as grow on thae ruined wa's, is far mair refreshing * * * They smell sweetest by night-time thae flowers, and they're maist aye seen about ruined buildings!" The lamented "Delta" of Blackwood's Magazine has also many poetical fancies on this lovely flower:

The wallflower, the wallflower, how beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower, like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose around the wrecks of Time—
To beauty give the flaunting rose—the wallflower is sublime.

Last but not least famed in our list of sweet summer buds, comes the familiar and common cornflower—"corn-cockle," as it is often called, so inseparably associated with Ruth among the golden cornfields and sunny lanes and slopes of waving grain. Though a simple and unattractive denizen of the fields, the cornflower is still more beloved than many a richer and rarer blossom.



CORNFLOWER.

The atmosphere of beauty and poetry which surrounds the very name of flowers is almost magical in its extent and sphere. A distinguished American essayist has finely improved this idea:

"Flowers have not only their phenomena, but their legends. The latter are usually based upon some idea of a sympathetic character, as that which transforms Daphne into a laurel, and changes the pale hue of a flower to crimson or purple at the occurrence of human shame or misfortune. Even veneration is excited by the mysterious natural history of some flowers, or the idea they symbolize. Thus the aloe that blossoms once in a century, and the night-blooming cereus which keeps vigil when all others sleep, and the passion flower in which the Catholics behold the tokens of our Saviour's agony, have a kind of solemn attraction for the eye and fancy.

"Moore's famous image of the sunflower is a constant bone of contention between horticulturists and poets—the former asserting that it does not turn round with the luminary it is supposed to adore, but is as fixed on its stalk as any other flower; and the latter declaring that the metaphor, *se non é vero, é ben trovato*!"

The author proceeds to instance many sweet and affecting incidents interwoven with the sweet breath of perishable flowers; "McGregor's foot was more firmly planted because upon 'his native heather'—the Syrian, in the Jardin des Plantes, wept as he clasped his country's palm-tree; Keats said, in his last illness, that he felt the daisies growing over him; and the very names of Ophelia and Perdita are fragrant with the flowers that Shakespeare, with the rarest and most apposite grace, has entwined with their history."

All who are familiar with the majestic poems of Milton, will remember the fair wreaths of burial flowers with which he has bedecked the hearse of the loved and lamented Lycidas, whose name has come down to us as it were, surrounded with the purity and fragrance of Flora's brightest children.

They are beautiful and appropriate everywhere, these earth-stars—no less lovely on the brow of babes than on the bier of the dead, and those who have not learned to read their golden hieroglyphics in the book of Nature, deprive themselves voluntarily of one of the holiest and deepest pleasures which the Creator has vouchsafed to man.

A CHILD FOUND.—A TALE.

THE snow was sweeping down, as it had swept down during all the night, when the black sky changed to leaden-colored, and another winter day had come on Paris. The city woke up, and the markets were all astir—but of them one was most astir, for every market-woman was trying to talk down the rest, and every market-woman strove to be the centre of a crowd—the centre being a little child wrapped up in flannel, and sleeping in a basket. The guard soon came to hear of the matter, and soon near the sleeping infant was the clanking of swords on the market stones.

The women were very busy telling the official where they had found the child, and how they had found him, when, the wife of a poor struggling glazier coming past, and seeing the crowd, stopped curiously to learn what she might.

"It was lying there, exactly on that spot," said the leader of the women and market. "Douce-Voix and I were walking to our stalls when we saw the cherub."

The official stroked his moustache, and looked about him.

"There are mothers and no mothers," said Douce-Voix.

"Just so; that is very true," said the market queen, who was strong in 'th' arm.

"He must be taken to the Enfants Trouvés," said the official, still stroking his moustache. Then he added sharply, "Who's pushing so?"

"Not I! not I!" said a dozen voices.

"Tenez!" cried one—"behold her!"

It was the poor glazier's wife who was pushing so, for she had heard there was a deserted child there in the centre of the crowd.

"B-r-r-r! why do you push, woman?" said the official.

"Good Monsieur le Commissaire, pardon me—is he cold?"

"Who, madame?" asked the official, frowning, as he heard the market-women in the outer circle giggling.

"The poor little babe," said the woman.

"He's to be taken to the Enfants Trouvés; Monsieur le Commissaire says so," said the sharp voice of a small woman, who had heard much of the matter, but seen very little.

"O look! look! see how the little lips are quivering; and the hands are so cold! The little child is perhaps dying—is perhaps dying!"

It was the poor glazier's wife who spoke, and as she spoke she took up the cause of all the disturbance, and pressed it to her.

"The child must be taken to the hospital of the Enfants Trouvés," said the soldierly police commissioner.

"Ah," said the little woman with the sharp voice, desiring to propitiate—"ah, and so Monsieur le Commissaire said before!"

"Take the child to the Enfants Trouvés!" said the poor glazier's wife; "take the child—why, he would die! He must be taken as much care of as his mother should have taken of him. Taken to the Enfants Trouvés! why, Monsieur le Commissaire, I will be his mother if you will let me!"

"You!" said the official, stopping in his everlasting twirling of his moustache, and raising his eyebrows.

"Brava!" said the queen of the market.

"Brava! brava!" said the rest of the market-women, and especially the little woman with the sharp voice, ever bent on propitiation.

"Do you think he must be taken great care of?" asked the official.

"O yes, great, great care, the little fellow," said the woman.

"Yes, indeed," said her majesty of the market.

"Yes, indeed," said her subjects—not with one voice, but with many.

And the official, succumbing before the female crowd, which was growing larger every moment, said that the woman might give her address, and take home the child; whereupon, led by the queen, the shrill crowd gave yet another "brava!"

"Why do you cry 'brava'?" asked the poor mechanic's wife, smiling at the excited crowd. "I lost my own little one last week: I rather should cry 'brava!' that I have found one to replace him."

"Brava!" cried the crowd again, and possibly there was the chinking of silver and copper, and perhaps the poor glazier's wife took home something more than the sick, cold child to her husband's garret.

She took the child home long, long ago, not long after the "Spectator" was written, and when the present dynasty in England had just been founded—she took that child home, and I declare, in so doing, she achieved as noble an act as I know of. She could not dream of reward for her good work—for how could she dream of reward from the parents of a child who had deserted it? No, it was pure, honest, most unselfish charity. How the glazier accepted the tiny gift is not on the records of fact; but I do hope he did not upbraid the poor woman for still further narrowing their narrow means.

But she was not to be unrewarded for her act. Only a few days after she had adopted the poor little powerless orphan (orphan in the saddest sense of that term), an annual sum of fifty pounds was settled on that little child—supposed to be the gift of the father; at all events the fifty per annum was paid, and if the glazier had grumbled, probably that large sum (for a child's board, and in those days!) stopped his complaints, and changed them to pæans.

And where was the wretched mother all this while? Where—in Paris itself! going about in powder and patches, writing wretched, trashy, flimsy books about "Love's Misfortunes," and setting up as a wit. Nature! think of that unnatural mother, going about, unknown to her child, unthinking of the future, a *bon-mot* the height of her ambition—think of that miserable wretch, alone in her crowded world, and then think of that poor glazier's wife (now a glazier's widow) teaching that deserted child to call her mother, and watching him as he grew, and growing herself to look upon him as her own!

I do not write to speak of D'Alembert—for the child was

D'Alembert! I write with an earnest love for that poor nameless heroine, who took him home from the market-place from which he took his Christian name—who took him home without weighing precaution against mercy, poverty against womanliness. She took him home, and how great was her reward! I do not refer to the money reward, the annual sum; though I am, I hope, far from despising it—to despise money is no sign either of religion or wisdom. No; I refer to the vast depth of filial love that orphaned boy grew to have for the adopted mother—a love that nor learning nor greatness could wrest from her! I pray you listen.

The infant became a youth; the youth a student, and a wondrous one. Soon the youth became a man; soon that man was famous; and then that wretched, painted, vain, leering, be-patched mother thought she ought to acknowledge herself the mother of such a prodigy. What did she care if he blushed upon learning his mother's name? What did she care about the glazier's widow and her adopted son, and how she would pain them by the announcement? Had she any love in her—any holy, maternal love? Seeing the awful incident of her life—one of many—that I have spoken of, would she have had any compunction if her chariot-wheels had gone over that son when but a boy? Do you think that woman who abandoned her child would have claimed him if he had become a poor mason or glazier? No; she determined to claim him because he was growing a great man and would grow a greater; she claimed him because she was a wit, and would love to have it said her child had brains beyond the common run. As for the disgrace of admitting herself the mother of that child, she never thought of it; and indeed, if you, reader, think upon the state of French society of that day, you will be inclined to declare that Mademoiselle de Teucin was more criminal in abandoning that child of hers than though she had lived in any age before or since the one in which she lived.

So de Teucin making up her mind to acknowledge the rising great man as her child, she goes to him, and tells him the relation between them, and waits for his answer.

Imagine that woman, rouged, patched, a lie; imagine that smirking woman, fan in hand, getting down from her gilded carriage, entering the poor glazier's widow's house, and finding there the student hard at work; imagine her pretty speech; imagine the poor woman, the mother, nervously pressing her hands upon one another, and then see that young man rise, see his eyes fixed upon that false, erring, heartless woman; hear him say, "Go: you are but my step-mother; see, here is my mother!"

And then he takes to his breast the woman who took him to hers so many years before, on a cold, raw November morning.

And that woman's face! The real mother's I mean. How think you she looked? You having some goodness—possibly much—may imagine she was struck as though by actual lightning; that she shrank down, and that she saw herself as she was, and had been. You imagine she went away knowing how vain and base her life had been, and determining to be shrived by a late repentance.

Alas! no. Alas! no.

She made a *bon-mot*, sailed away to the gilded carriage, and, unheeding of the friendly hand stretched out to her, went on her dusty, miserable way.

I have no need to pursue this story further; for have I not shown the triumph of good acts over wretchedness? But yet I may write on a little more.

That glazier's wife and that philosopher lived together during forty years; nothing could part them: and I believe it was her gentle influence which saved him from intolerance; for, though the friend of Diderot and Voltaire, he did not even swerve towards the harshness—nay, brutality—of those learned, unwise men.

And I think D'Alembert learned his charity from his foster-mother, too; surely he could not have inherited it from his mother. It is admitted on all hands that he gave away in charity a full half of his income; and when you have but a small amount of score pounds per year, to give away half of them is something like charity indeed.

I often dwell upon the delightful intercourse between these

two souls; one so learned, the other so ignorant. He always came and told her when he had made a discovery. Of course she didn't comprehend it; and, as she always made the same answer when he divulged it, I suppose he confided on purpose to hear it. Here it is; she ever returned this answer: "Ah! go along; you will never be anything more than a philosopher! and I should very much like to know what a philosopher is if he isn't a man who worries himself all his life so that people may talk of him after he is dead."

There was a good deal of philosophy in that remark itself, O obstinate, loving glazier's widow. But I don't think your well-deserved son could have been pleased in his heart for that sentence, though he perhaps loved to hear you say it.

D'Alembert refused the most princely offers to leave France and settle in foreign courts; Catherine of Russia and Frederic of Prussia both tempted him; but he resisted both temptations, and stopped in Paris: I, on my acknowledged whole-hog principles, believing that he did so because he would not transplant the old glazier's widow, and would not leave her.

His attentions to his foster-mother grew stronger as she grew older; and behold, her time came, he was there by her side, holding her hand, and calling her "Mother." And as the grateful dying woman lay there, at least Mademoiselle de Teucin could have been congratulated upon one good act in her life; that good act was the desertion of her child: for, had she not done so, the glazier's widow might never have found so good a son; and, more surely, D'Alembert would never have found so good a mother.

So she died; his face the last she looked upon, his hand the last she clasped.

And the deathbed of that other woman? Think you it was a beautiful scene? If you would see it, go seek. It will tell you, oh! surely, that heartlessness and wickedness will bring their curses with them as surely as the least selfish goodness shall be rewarded fourfold.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS IN SIBERIA.—The principal and most favorite amusement at Christmas, in which all the Berezovians are delighted to take a part, is that of disguises, or what is called here a masquerade. This pastime commences on the second day after Christmas, and lasts till Epiphany. Every evening people make their appearance in a variety of disguises; nor is the diversion confined to the higher or richer classes, as government functionaries and merchants; but it is shared by the humblest and by old and young alike. Fancy costumes and masks are procured by the wealthier inhabitants from Tobolsk, and are thus brought into use from year to year, while the lower classes present themselves in less costly dresses, but which answer the same purpose. They who are too poor to procure a different costume, borrow any garments, however old and common from others, and disguised in these, with a handkerchief drawn over the face instead of a mask, divert themselves as well as the best. A merry heart makes everything go pleasantly. On the approach of dusk the town is crowded with maskers, some on foot, others in sledges, proceeding from house to house, and all frolicsome and happy, the more so if, as frequently happens, they find the doors of the houses not bolted against them, and their owners willing to give them a welcome. Most of the masked parties enter the house without saying anything, or even having anything to say, and after lounging in the apartments for a few minutes, depart as they came, continuing their visits in this manner through the town. Personal acquaintances and friends, if they like to awaken curiosity, venture on some pantomimes agreeing with the characters they have assumed, but do not speak. These more licensed visitors, although they may not be recognized, are requested to remain longer in the house. After perambulating the whole town, the masked parties usually terminate their visits in some friendly circle, where they have been invited to pass the rest of the evening.

"Do try to talk a little common sense," said a young lady to her visitor. "Oh! but wouldn't that be taking an unfair advantage of you?"



SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK.

VANDYCK, who was probably the greatest portrait painter that ever lived, and who is still without a rival, was the son of a merchant, of the city of Antwerp. His mother, who was a most amiable woman, was distinguished for her genius in painting flowers; it is therefore evident that the great painter inherited his superior talents from his mother's side, a fact which is true, we believe, of all great men. After Vandyck had made some little progress in art, he was, fortunately for his future career, placed with Rubens, with whom he made such rapid progress that he was soon able to assist his master in his most difficult compositions. By the advice of Rubens, Vandyck made a tour of Italy, and took up portrait painting instead of historical. In his travels, Vandyck visited Venice and closely studied Titian. Finally returning to Antwerp, he opened his studio, but soon made up his mind that he could find a larger field, and accordingly he determined to seek the patronage of Charles I. of England, who was celebrated for his fondness of art. On his first visit to England, he failed to see the king, but was soon afterwards favorably invited to England, and lodged sumptuously among the "king's artists," at Blackfriars. To this place the king frequently went by water, and viewed Vandyck's performances with intense delight, often sitting to the painter himself and bespeaking portraits for the different members of his family. Charles finally, to express his admiration, conferred the honor of knighthood on the painter, and an annual pension of two hundred pounds.

Vandyck's superiority soon defied all competition. In rendering the texture of flesh for instance, he possesses a wonderful sharpness of touch, combined with the greatest softness of effect. In the delicate drawing of the features and the hands, in precision and correctness of form—he has never been excelled. His best pictures were painted when he was quite young, between twenty and thirty years of age; during the latter years of his life he became rather careless, and occasionally flat and cold. In personal qualities he was amiable, accomplished and generous; but vain, and extravagantly fond of pleasure. He kept a luxurious table, patronized music and musicians, and in everything vied with the style of the courtiers about him; but he was indefatigable in the pursuit of his art, as may be inferred by the extraordinary number of his works. By the advice of King Charles, he married Maria Ruthven, but died soon afterwards, leaving an infant daughter for his heiress. He had proposed to the king to paint the walls of the banqueting-room at Whitehall, with the history of the Order of the Garter, for which he was to have received \$40,000; but his

death or the troublesome times prevented the completion of the good work. Whatever may be the cause, posterity has been the loser. His body was buried in Old St. Paul's, in a tomb near that of John of Gaunt, but the outbreak of the wars under Charles I., which preceded the Revolution, prevented the erection of any monument.

The view of the studio of Vandyck is represented in the banqueting-hall, Whitehall, where Vandyck painted the portrait of his royal patron, while surrounded by the members of his court. Charles is sitting in his hunting dress, with a servant holding his horse. This picture was purchased by Louis de Barry and presented to Louis XV.; it remained in the gallery of Versailles until 1794, when it was removed to the Louvre, Paris, where it is still to be seen.

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

WINDSOR has added another leaf to the already flourishing chaplet of interesting associations of which it can boast. The short honeymoon of the Princess Royal, the first-born of Victoria, the best-loved sovereign whom England has ever known, was spent in the grand old castle, and no more fitting scene could be found for the brief but happy sojourn of England's eldest daughter and her devoted husband, himself heir to the throne of one of the four great powers of the continent.

In the Round Tower of Windsor Castle, Henry the Eighth of Scotland was confined for eighteen years, and from the walls of his prison-room he gazed on his future wife, the beautiful Jane Beaufort, as she walked in the palace garden. Here the royal poet wrote the famous amatory epistle known as the "King's Quair."

At Windsor is the room wherein King Richard of the Lion-Heart feasted before he went to war against the Saracens. Here also, King John, the weak tyrant, kept his Christmas. Windsor was the prison of the chivalrous Earl of Surrey, whose love for the Lady Geraldine is immortalized in verse. Here hang the banners which Marlborough and Wellington presented, yearly, on the anniversaries of Blenheim and Waterloo. You will find the Waterloo Chamber, with its portraits of kings, statesmen and warriors; the Guard Room, with the bust of glorious Nelson, on its pedestal, which is a piece of the old Victory's mainmast.

Well, let us all fervently trust that the married life of Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, Princess Royal of England, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, may be long and happy. The youthful pair have seen a great deal more of each other than princes and princesses in olden times were accustomed to, and, doubtless, a closer attachment has resulted.

The same blood flows in the veins of Prince Frederick and his wife. He is a lineal descendant of that Princess Sophia, whom her father, George the First of England, gave in marriage to Prince Frederick's ancestor, the first Frederick William of Prussia. This was the first alliance between the royal families of England and Prussia, and, unfortunately, it was a precedent.

Sophia, daughter of the Electress Sophia and George the First, was a good-natured, gentle, pretty girl, with fair brown hair and soft eyes. Her husband used to beat not only his wife and daughter, but every woman he could lay his crutch upon. Cruelty he outraged, in the presence of his family, in a manner indescribable. They were systematically trained to disregard the proprieties of life, and obliged, from sheer dread of being murdered, to utter falsehoods twenty times in the course of the day. Once he very nearly killed both wife and daughter; of his narrow escape out of his fatherly hands the story is well-known.

There was not a mode of ill-treatment, it is said, which this monster did not try with his long-suffering wife. He had an immense hoard of money—over a hundred millions of dollars; this he made Sophia keep, while absolutely depriving her of the means of purchasing the necessities of life. She was actually obliged to beg for a trifle of money from her brother George the Second, to buy linen. He gave her an allowance of £800 a year, with which she clothed herself and her daughter. Her descendant's wife is more munificently provided for by the people of England.



Poor Sophia—who had not nerve to resent her husband's barbarities as they ought to have been resented—used to say, in her sarcastic old age, that the only kind speech Frederick ever uttered to her was, "Sophia, get up and see me die!" She admitted that, supple as she had grown to his behests, she never obeyed any of his commands with more alacrity than this.

She was happier, of course, when the monster had gone to his rest. She lived to be, at seventy, a much honored dowager, the mother of the great Frederick, and albeit somewhat tainted by the corrupt atmosphere in which she had spent her best days, a very respectable old lady.

The next Anglo-Prussian marriage that was proposed was between Frederick of Prussia, son of this Sophia, and his cousin Amelia, daughter of George the Second. This was a favorite scheme with George and the English court generally. It seems it fell through in consequence of intrigues among the Prussian courtiers. Frederick was not particularly disposed to marry the Princess Amelia, of whose character he had heard singular stories; he and the courtiers persuaded Frederick William that the proposed marriage was designed by the English court, in order to reduce Prussia to a state of dependence on England. On this conviction, Frederick William acted with his usual impetuosity; he broke off the matrimonial negotiation, and insisted on fighting a duel with the King of England.

The eldest daughter of George the Second, Anne, though a tolerably good-looking girl, actually reached the mature age of twenty-four without an offer. The French ambassador to London once had an idea of marrying her to Louis the Fifteenth of France; and it seems that jovial monarch was not averse to the project. But it fell through from religious difficulties—the French insisting on Anne becoming a Catholic, and Anne declaring that she would die in the true and Protestant religion. When Anne was twenty-four, she began to regard marriage as a thing not to be left undone, resolved to marry, and chose the Prince of Orange, who was handy. She told her father, George the Second.

The king observed that he was the ugliest man in Holland, and deformed in some important particulars.

"Were he a Dutch baboon," said the resolute princess, "I would marry him."

"Nay, then," replied her father, "have your way; you will have baboon enough, I promise you!"

The Prince of Orange was a man of the world; when the House of Commons settled £80,000 upon the princess as her dowry, and gave her an annuity of £5,000 besides, he pocketed the slights of the royal family, and got married like a man. That night, according to courtly usage, the king and queen and the courtiers were admitted into the chamber of the wedded couple to see them in bed. It was after supper; most of the visitors had wine; and in that coarse age one is not surprised to hear that the remarks of the visitors, as they defiled past the couch of the happy couple, were not of the most delicate character. The poor bride and bridegroom sat up in bed, in gorgeous night-dresses, covered with lace and silver; but the poor bridegroom was so mis-shapen that his mother-in-law, the queen, declared that when she looked at him from behind he seemed to have no head, and when she looked at him in front she could not, for the life of her, tell where his legs were.

Mary, another sister, married a man who, if not physically, was morally deformed. This was the Prince of Hesse, who lived by hiring out his soldiers for pay. She was obliged, by the dreadful brutalities of her husband, to leave him and seek a refuge in England.

Another sister—the only one of the remaining sisters who married—made what was considered a good match by marrying the King of Denmark. This was Louisa, the flower of the family—a woman possessed not only of virtues, but of remarkable abilities. She, too, was basely treated by her husband, and openly humiliated by a wretched woman who shared his affection. Even when a cruel disease attacked her, there was no respite for the suffering wife; and, perhaps, the surgeon who killed her at twenty-seven, in an attempt to perform a severe operation, rendered her a service.

Those of George the Third's daughters who married were more fortunate than their aunts. The last of them only died a few months ago. She had fallen in love in early youth, and refused several eligible matches to preserve her heart for the man

of her choice. He did not gratify her wishes till she was forty years of age. It is pleasant to know that her constancy was rewarded by a long and happy life.

There was, however, another Prussian marriage in the reign of George the Third. His reprobate son, the Duke of York, married a Prussian princess, and squared the outstanding account between the two nations by maltreating his wife shamefully. She was a very good woman, and bore all—even the public display of her husband's infidelity—without murmuring, for many years. When she could bear it no longer, she obtained a judgment of separation, and lived a quiet, useful life, on very scanty means, during the remainder of her days.

The sad story of the Princess Charlotte, the only legitimate child of George the Fourth, is yet fresh in most memories. It was remarked, as a strange circumstance, that she was "deadly pale," and seemingly uneasy, at the ceremony which united her in marriage to Prince Leopold (the present King of the Belgians), a very fine young man, and, under the circumstances, with her clear prospect of the British throne, an admirable match, but those who wondered forgot that one of the conditions of the marriage was that Charlotte was never, under any circumstances, to receive her own mother in her drawing-room! This cruel clause was due to the bitter hostility of her father to her mother; and Charlotte, believing the latter to be innocent, and loving her dearly, had reluctantly made the concession which she had been told the interests of the State required. It was, however, a sacrifice which was never consummated. Before the struggle came, Charlotte was in her grave.

So the examples the Princess Victoria Adelaide Maria Louisa has before her in her family, can hardly be considered as encouraging. Most of the English princesses of the House of Hanover who have married abroad have still to regret it.

Still, times are changed, and undoubtedly improved. Kings in our day are a great improvement on the kings of the eighteenth century. We have seen one king—Louis Philippe—who was a model of the social virtues; and assuredly England contains no better woman than the Queen. They say the King of Prussia loves champagne; they say, also, that Queen Isabella of Spain leads a pretty fast life; and these things may be so. But it is quite certain that Europe has ceased to witness, and would not tolerate, such enormities as marked the career of Frederick William of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, George the Fourth of England, Louis the Fifteenth of France, and Charles the Fourth of Spain. Such brazen-faced profligacy as theirs has gone out of fashion. If our modern kings do wrong, they do like other people, and pull their mantle over their faces when sinning.

"So you had a bad suisicide at your house lass nite, Sam," said a colored gentleman, on meeting his colored croy, a waiter at an hotel. "Oh, yes, Lemuel, dat we had—it almost scart me into takin a drink. He was gits from California, wid heeps of noosepapers. He cum ober de Jercepelus by de Nigger-ranger route, and put up at our house prebious to his 'ribal. I tort the man was out of he hed kase he gabe me a shillin' as soon as he laid eyes on me—from dat minit I stuck by him for fear some interested pusson might git a hold ob him. De nex mornin, as de chamber-maid was agwane up stairs wid a skuttle ob cole for her breakfast, she smelt ludlum passin de man's do'—soon as she smelt dat she smelt a rat. She nocked at de man's do', but no answer. Den she broke de do' down, and dere laid de man wid his boots on, and in de troat was a stikken a bottle ob ludlum. She hollared, and we all kotched hold ob de bottle and tried to pull it out, but it wasent no use. We had to send for de sturgeon. De sturgeon cum, and made a desision here in de neck, nigh de borax, which reached as fur as the equilibrium reached into de sarcophogus—and puttin a cortven in de desision, gud him a poke wid a dispatchus, wher out flew de bottle, and all was safe. "What was safe, de man?" "No, de bottle—de man was dead afore de sturgeon cum—but he had to do sumfin to earn a fee." "Was dere anything found in de pockets, Sam?" "How do you suppose I know? Do you tink I'd put my hand in to feel? What do you mean to sinewate?" "Oh, nuffin—only I neber seed you hab sich good close on afore, dat's all."

THE KALMUCKS.

THE Kalmucks belong to the division of the Mongols called Oloths, and are very widely dispersed, living in the steppes and mountains of Bokhara, Songaria, Mongolia and Southern Siberia. The hordes are subdivided into ulus or races, at whose head is a khan, or taidsha, who is tributary to the government under which the horde lives. A portion of the Kalmuck tribes are under Chinese rule, and others under Russian dominion. In personal appearance they blend some of the characteristics of both these nations, having the cat-shaped eyes and high cheek bones of the natives of the Celestial Empire, flat, broad faces like the Russians, and rather yellowish complexions. The men are not handsome, although they have often pleasing countenances, with very white teeth, which they preserve to an advanced age; while the women have frequently delicate complexions, and resemble the pretty faces we see in Chinese paintings. The Kalmucks lead a wandering life, like the Arabs. They make tents of felt, supported by a frame of wickerwork, which are all called *kybitkas*, leaving an aperture in the centre to let out the smoke. These, when the tribe breaks up to remove to a fresh spot, are taken down and loaded on the backs of camels, and so carried away. When the *kybitkas* are once more placed on the chosen site, they form a complete town, being arranged in regular streets, sometimes a mile long, and containing even workshops where trades are carried on, and artisans fashion copper, brass and iron into a number of different shapes; nor is the goldsmith's craft neglected, the chief demand in their line being for drinking vessels for the women, and idols of gold and silver. When a Kalmuck possesses an idol, he places it over his bed, and on festivals lamps are lighted and incense burnt before it. In the interior of their tents they sit on felt carpets, and have curtains to their beds. The Kalmucks do not trouble themselves to cultivate the soil—they wander with the seasons, living in summer in the mountains and in winter in the plains. Their riches consist of horses, oxen, goats and sheep; only those who are well to do in the world possess camels. Their trade consists in exchanging horses and horned cattle against corn, woollen dresses, linen, copper, tin, kitchen utensils, knives, spoons and so forth; for which purpose large companies travel to Astrachan. Their usual food is rice, milk and meat; but they are not very fastidious about their diet, as they will eat animals that have died, and do not disdain mice; nor—hear it ye vegetarians!—even grass! They make a drink called *arak* with mare's milk, which resembles brandy, and is highly intoxicating—no doubt a great recommendation amongst a people whose pet sin is drunkenness.

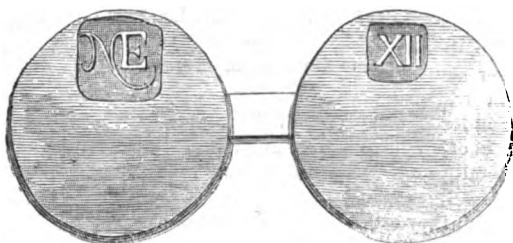
The Kalmuck character is a curious compound of good and bad qualities. The Kalmucks are cheerful, easily impressed, curious, open-hearted, ready to serve one another, yet suspicious, incapable of perseverance, and full of levity; besides being given to lying and cheating. On the other hand, they display a great respect for age, and live peaceably amongst each other, notwithstanding their national irritability. A Kalmuck may travel about on horseback for months together, without money or provisions, and be certain to meet with a kind reception from even his most distant relations. This hospitality extends to foreigners; and it is deemed sinful to rob those staying under one's roof. Like many uncivilized races, the Kalmucks display a wonderful acuteness of sight, hearing and smell. Thus, for instance, they never fail to recognise a place where they have once been, and they follow the traces of their own set by examining the foot-prints, and even those of the horses. By applying their noses to a fox's hole, they can tell at once whether he is at home or abroad. In like manner they scent a camp from afar, or see its smoke where we should only fancy we saw the clouds of a distant horizon—while by laying down on the ground, and placing their ear next the grass, they can hear the tramping of horses miles off. They use weapons of various kinds; and Dr. Clarke says, they knew how to make gunpowder of old. Whoever can bear arms is obliged to go to war if the lot falls on him; and he who flies from the fight is dressed up in woman's clothes and exposed to the derision of the people. They are not, however, a warlike race, though

both men and women are excellent riders, and they delight in hunting, archery, mock fights, and horseracing. The young people, also, dance occasionally to the sound of an Asiatic lute. Their other amusements consist of card-playing, to which they are much addicted, being insatiable gamblers; frequently staking and losing everything at the gaming-table. Thus some of the vices of civilization have crept beneath the tents of this semi-pastoral people, whose excesses in drinking and utter want of cleanliness render them subject to malignant fevers, in spite of which they attain frequently the great age of ninety, or even a hundred. Though dirty, they are not, however, insensible to dress—dirt and finery, indeed, go hand in hand amongst less primitive races. Their costume, like their features, is a kind of cross between the Chinese and the Russian races, the material varying from wool to silk according to the wealth of the owner. Their language is a dialect originating from the Mongol tongue, and they possess written laws and a literature chiefly consisting of poems and historical traditions, blended with legends, as might be expected from a superstitious people who believe in sorcery.

Although Mahomedans, and even Christians, may be found amongst the Kalmucks, their natural religion is Lamaism. The Delai-Lama, or Great Lama, who resides in Thibet, and rules over both ecclesiastical and secular affairs, is thought by them to be a real divinity, and they believe in the eternity of his existence. Only as the Great Lama must perforce pay the debt of nature like other men, the system of transmigration is artfully inculcated by the priests or lamas (lama means pastor of souls in the Tangutianese dialect, and pretty pastors they appear to be!) who, after holding a solemn council to discover where the deceased's spirit has chosen to be born anew, fix their choice on some child, probably designated on his deathbed as his successor. The Great Lama lives, alternately, in two monasteries, to which all the Mongol tribes perform pilgrimages, to receive his blessing, which the holy man gives by laying his hand on his votary's head, an act which releases the latter from all his sins. He also distributes little balls of consecrated dough to his worshippers. Do not the superstitions of these rude tribes remind one of the Pope, the conclave, and the consecrated wafer? Truly, as Solomon says, there is nothing new beneath the sun. Their tenets, as to the fate of human souls, form an odd jumble of different creeds. The soul, after death, is supposed to pass through the bodies of most of the animals of creation, ending in the dog, as an emblem of intelligence and fidelity. According to the life led by the owner of the soul, it is to be promoted to a higher or lower condition. The dross goes to earth again, while the pure gold, thus refined, goes to Paradise, where they find silver trees bearing diamond fruit in true oriental fashion, and enjoy happiness for thirty-six million years, after which, however, they again begin their wanderings. Evidently, the nomade nature of the Kalmucks forbids their admitting eternal rest even in the bowers of the blest. From the place set apart for the wicked, however (which we shall call, as they do, *Gnidra*, as more fitted to "ears polite"), there is no retreat when once their soul has passed beyond the first court—a sort of purgatory—and the hapless souls who have penetrated into the inner court are punished externally, either by fire or by ice-cold water. Such are the tenets held by the Kalmucks in this our enlightened nineteenth century!

THE Duke of Marlborough, passing the gate of the Tower, after having inspected that fortress, was accosted by an ill-looking fellow, thus: "How do you do, my lord duke? I believe your grace and I have been in every jail in the kingdom." "I believe, friend," replied the duke with surprise, "this is the only jail I have ever visited." "Very like," replied the fellow, "but I have been in all the rest." So saying, he touched his hat to the duke and walked off with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable. Marlborough stared, as well he might.

THE effect of the means adopted for checking disease in England, France and Germany, during the past century, is such that, while formerly one out of every thirty of the population died each year, now the average is one to forty-five.

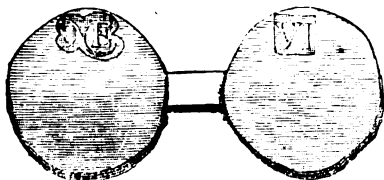


A CHAPTER ON OLD AMERICAN COINS.

BY A COLLECTOR.

As the subject of coins is beginning to attract considerable attention in this country, we propose to give, for the edification of our readers, a chapter upon those which have been struck prior to the formation of our republic.

The first in order of time are those which were struck for the Sommer Islands, which islands derive their name from Sir George Sommers, who was shipwrecked there about the year 1609. In the year 1612, the Virginia company sent Mr. John More there to make a settlement. Mr. More was succeeded by Captain Daniel Tucker, in whose time, as we are informed by Captain John Smith in his "History of Virginia," these coins were in circulation. They were made of brass or some metal



very similar, and bore a hog on one side with the legend, "SOMMER ISLANDS, XII," and on the other a ship under sail. There is only one specimen of these pieces known to be in existence at the present day, and that belongs to some collection in Europe.

In the year 1652, the General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts ordered twelvepenny, sixpenny and threepenny pieces to be coined, with the letters "NE" on one side and the figures "XII," "VI" or "III" on the other, according to the value of each piece.

These coins are at the present time excessively rare, particularly the "VI" and "III," the latter, in fact, is not known to be in any collection either here or in Europe. At a late sale which took place in London, a year or two ago, a shilling of this type was sold for four pounds sterling. At this rate the sixpence would probably have realized from six to seven pounds



sterling. These are, as the reader is probably aware, the first coins struck in America.

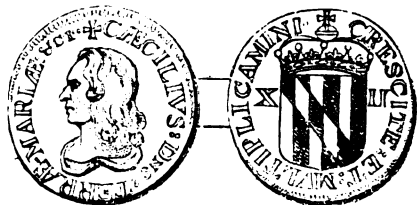
It having been found that these coins had been counterfeited by the knaves of those days, the General Court, a few months after, ordered that all pieces which should thereafter be coined should have a double ring on each side, with this inscription, "MASATHVSETS," and a tree in the centre on one side; and "NEW-ENGLAND," with the year of our Lord 1652, and the value below it, viz., "XII," "VI" or "III," as the case might be, on the other. Of the shilling of this stamp there are quite a number of varieties, the writer himself having some eight distinct species.

Mr. Hull, the mint master, was allowed a large per centage for his trouble and expense in coining these pieces, and made an immense fortune by the operation. Mr. Samuel Sewall, who married Hannah, the only daughter of Mr. Hull, received, as tradition reports, her weight in these shillings as her dower.

There is also a twopenny piece of this same issue, the date, however, being "1662," the order for the striking of which not having been passed until ten years after the first emission.

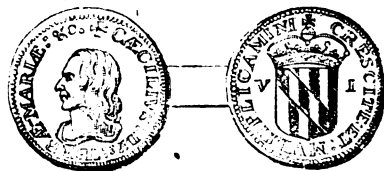
The rarest of these, commonly called "Pine Tree Coins," is the threepence and twopence, while the shilling is most frequently met with.

A full set of these pieces, embracing the shilling, sixpence, threepence and twopence, can be procured for about two pounds sterling. The silver of which they are made has been found, by assaying them, to be very pure.



Within a year or two past counterfeits of all these Massachusetts coins, with varieties of them not known ever to have been in existence, have been put forth and peddled about the country, it is reported by an Englishman of this city; and it would be well, therefore, for inexperienced persons not to purchase any of these without the advice of some knowing friend, whose sharper and more practised eye will better enable him to detect the spurious from the genuine.

Some few years after the establishment of the mint in Massachusetts, there were silver coins struck for the Colony of Maryland, consisting of shillings, sixpences and groats. They bear the head in profile of Cæcilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore, on one side, with the legend, "CÆCILIVS DNS. TERRÆ MARLE, &c.," and on the reverse the arms of his lordship crowned.

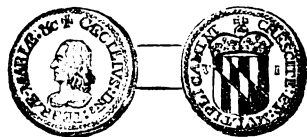


with the values "XII," "VI," or "IV," and the legend "Crescite et multiplicamini."

Of these coins the groat is by far the rarest of the set, and a specimen in very fine condition would bring a most exorbitant price.

A shilling and sixpence in only tolerable condition were sold in London, about eight months ago, for four pounds sterling apiece, to Mr. C. R. Taylor, of London, an extensive dealer in coins and other antiquities.

In the year 1684 a silver piece was struck for the Spanish Possessions in America. It bears on the obverse a head of the King of Spain, with the legend, "CAROLVS II. D. G. HISPANIAR. E. NEAP. REX." and on the reverse two globes mapped so as to show the two continents. Between the globes is a royal sceptre surmounted by a crown. Above the whole is

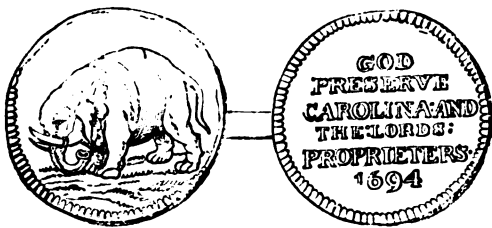


a ribbon bearing the legend, "VNVS NON SVFFICIT," and in the lower part of the piece the date "1684." This is said to be the first American dollar, and is about the size of a piece of that denomination. It is very rarely met with.

In the year 1694, a copper piece was struck, it is said by Rotiers, a celebrated medallist of that day, for circulation in the Carolinas. It bears the figure of an elephant on one side, and on the other the inscription, "God preserve Carolina, and the Lords Proprietors, 1694."

Here is another which is described in the works on English coins, having the same obverse, but the inscription, "God preserve New England, 1694," on the reverse. These are both very rare, the latter variety extremely so.

A project took place in the year 1722, for supplying the British plantations in America with brass money, such as twopence, pence, and halfpence. The projector was one William Wood, a hardware man of London, whose copper money for Ireland made so great a noise at that time, and was the subject of so much severe ridicule at the hands of Dean Swift. There were three sizes of these coins, all bearing, however, on the obverse the head of the king, with his name and titles; and on the reverse a rose, or a rose surmounted by a crown, and the legend, "Rosa Americana, Utile Dulci," and the date. They were coined at the French 'change, in Hogg-lane, Seven Dials, in London, by an engine that raised and let fall a heavy weight upon them when made hot. The variety having on the obverse a rose simply bear the date "1722," while those having a rose crowned bear the date "1723." These pieces are procurable for about one dollar to one dollar and a half each. They have been occasionally dug up in North and South Caro-



lina, and in consequence thereof, have by some improperly received the local name of "Carolina brass coins."

There is a variety of the twopence supposed to have been struck as a pattern piece, which is of great rarity, only two or three being known to exist. It bears on the obverse the head of the king, and the legend "GEORGIUS II. D. G. REX," and on the reverse a rose and stalk crowned, with the legend, "Rosa Americana, 1733," and a ribbon inscribed "Utile Dulci." At the sale of Mr. Hollis' coins some years since, one of these pieces brought the sum of six pounds six shillings sterling. We do not know of one existing in this country.



In the year 1773, a copper halfpenny was struck for Virginia, having the head of George III. on one side, and the legend, "GEORGIUS III. REX.;" and on the other, a shield cut into quarters, and surmounted by a crown, and bearing the legend, "VIRGINIA," and the date "1773."

The coins which we have now described embrace, as far as we have been able to ascertain, all that have been struck in or for the American colonies previous to the commencement of the revolutionary war.

It is to be hoped that some of our public institutions will, before long, begin to form collections of these valuable historical relics. At the present time, the largest and most valuable cabinets in this country are owned by private individuals.

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell?
Whose youth has paused not, dreaming in the vale,
Where the rath violets dwell?

Lo, when they shrink along the lonely brake,
Under the leafless, melancholy tree;
Not yet the cuckoo sings, nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee!

Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thrill'd,
All June seems golden in the April skies:
How sweet the days we yearn for, till fulfilled!
Oh, distant Paradise!

Dear land to which Desire for ever flees,
Time doth no present to the grasp allow;
Say, in the fix'd Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting Now?

Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders—maze without a clue—
Give their true witchery to the flowers—your own
Youth in their youth renew.

Avarice! remember when the cowslips' gold
Lured and yet lost its glitter in thy grasp:
Do thy hoards glad thee more than those of old?
Those wither'd in thy clasp.

From these thy clasp falls palsied!—it was *then*
That thou wert rich:—thy coffers are a lie!
Alas, poor fool! joy is the wealth of men,
And care their poverty!

Come, foil'd Ambition!—what hast thou desired?
Empire and power?—Oh! wanderer, tempest-tost,
These once were thine, when life's gay spring inspired
Thy soul with glories lost!

Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
When o'er the stars rapt fancy traced the chart.
Thou hadst an angel's power in that blest time,
Thy realm a human heart!

Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!
Hark! the boughs rustling round the trysting place.
Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Each fair with one dear face.

Brief-lived first flower, first love! the hours steal on,
To prank the world in summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall haunt beneath a fiercer sun
Worth what we lose in you?

Oft by a flower, a leaf, in some loved book
We mark the lines that charm us most. Retrace
Thy life, recall its loveliest passage; look,
Dead violets keep the place!

ANAIK TIMOR, THE SORCERESS.

HAVING occasion while staying at Pontriex to visit Tréguier, I took a cross road which I had traversed before, and which I calculated would bring me to my destination before evening. In this I found my memory had deceived me, for night overtook me before I had accomplished a third of my journey, and I became teartut of losing myself among the various by-paths, which in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. To add to my embarrassment, the wind rose and the snow began to fall.

I had just reached a sort of moor, covered with heath, over which the wind swept with a sullen roar, and which offered no shelter from its relentless fury. Enveloped in my fur-cloak, I bent my head to the storm, and continued to struggle along the uneven path. Turn what way I would, I could see nothing but a white moving cloud, which seemed to confound both heaven and earth. Momentarily, however, the storm would abate, and the wind sink so as to enable me to distinguish the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the plaintive howls of famished wolves; then, again, the blast would overtake me, groaning and moaning until all was lost in one great roar.

I had at first a sort of proud enjoyment in battling with the whirlwinds, which tossed like the waves of the sea around me; but insensibly cold and fatigue lessened my ardor and I began

to look out anxiously for some shelter. By good fortune the path I had continued to follow now began to dip into a narrow gorge, where I was soon able to distinguish the outlines of several leafless trees; and as I proceeded, I seemed to leave the storm behind me. At last I arrived at the entrance of a narrow valley, where the noise of the storm, deadened by the surrounding mountains, reached me only as an echo; the snow also fell less heavily. I raised my head, glad to breathe freely once more.

I knew by experience that the valley must contain habitations. A washing-shed and a solitary oven soon confirmed me in this belief; and a few steps further I perceived a hamlet, composed of about a dozen cabins. The first which I approached was dark and empty; but guided by the murmur of voices, I reached one standing by itself, and pushing open the door, found myself in the midst of a Breton *jilerie* (spinning party). A dozen women, crouched upon their heels around a blazing fire of furze, were turning their spindles, chatting and singing the while. Several children lay at their feet asleep; and a young mother, seated in the most distant corner of the hearth, was suckling a new-born infant, murmuring in a low voice a cradle-song. On my entrance they all turned round; I had stopped at the threshold to shake off the snow with which I was covered, and now placed my stick near the door—in accordance with the custom of the country. The mistress of the house understood by this that I demanded shelter.

"The blessing of God be upon all here," said I, advancing to meet her.

"And on you," she replied, with Armorican brevity.

"A shroud covers the moor, and wolves themselves could not find their way."

"Houses were made for Christians."

Uttering these words the peasant-woman motioned me to the hearth. All the spinners made way for me; and I took my seat by the young mother, whilst the mistress of the hut threw upon the fire an armful of dry brambles. A long silence ensued, the laws of Breton hospitality forbidding the host to question a guest until he has himself spoken. At last I asked how far I was from Tréguier.

"Three leagues and two-thirds of another," answered the peasant-woman; "but the waters are out, and the road is dangerous without a guide."

"Will one of your men serve me as such?"

"The men of this place have gone to Newfoundland in the Saint Pierre."

"What, all!"

"All. The master perhaps knows that those of the same parish embark together when they can?"

"And you are expecting their return?"

"Every day."

"Ah! yes," exclaimed one of the spinners, with a sigh; "may God protect them! The other vessels have returned to Bréhat, to Saint Brieuc—everywhere. The Saint Pierre is the only one that delays."

"And yet," continued a second woman, with emphasis, "it is quite time the men returned."

"Indeed! Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the peasant-girl who sat beside me on the hearth. "Ask Dinah, there, how many bushels of barley she has left in her bin," said she.

The young peasant blushed.

"Not to mention that she owes me as many measures of milk as her child numbers days," added the mistress of the house.

"Or that her landlord has threatened to sell her furniture," added a third.

"So that," continued the first speaker, "I have advised her to pray that the sailors of the Saint Pierre may be successful in their fishing, and get a double share!"

"I only pray God to bring Jean back," said the girl, pressing her infant to her breast.

I was struck with the sad and profoundly passionate tone in which these words were uttered, and I turned and looked at Dinah. She was a beautiful woman, not more than four and twenty; and notwithstanding the rather masculine style of her beauty, there was something extremely gentle about her. Her

carriage was upright, her forehead high, and her feet were firmly planted on the hearth; with one arm she held her sleeping infant on her bosom, the other being motionless by her side. There was in the proud yet flexible lines of her countenance, in her half-parted lips and black eyes, ever ready to veil themselves with their long lashes, an expression of wild, untameable pride—tempered, however, with an intensity of caressing tenderness. After a second, she perceived that I was observing her, and turned away in some embarrassment. But while I was thus engaged, the conversation had continued among the spinners, each of whom was talking of what she would do when the Saint Pierre had returned.

"I shall pay a visit to the town, and for once eat my fill of wheaten bread," said one.

"My brother has promised me a silver ring, worth thirty blanes," said another.

"I shall buy a mass for my mother's soul."

"I shall go to St. Ann's absolution."

"And you, Dinah," I asked, "what will you do when Jean returns?"

"I shall put his child into his arms, and we shall be united again," she answered with a blush.

At this moment the black cow at the end of the hut put her head over the low partition which kept her out of the room, and lowed.

"There is some one approaching," said the mistress of the house.

As she spoke, a sharp blow shook the door, and a rough voice was heard without—

"Is there room for the poor in this dwelling?" it asked.

"Anak Timor!" exclaimed all the women.

"Anak!" repeated Dinah, involuntarily pressing her infant closer.

"But who is she?" I asked.

"A beggar, who reads the future and tells fortunes," replied the mistress of the hut.

"Is there room for the poor in this house?" repeated the voice impatiently.

"Let her in, or she will make mischief among us," remarked Dinah.

A spinner rose and opened the door, and Anak Timor appeared. She was a little old woman, whose tattered garments revealed in various parts her withered limbs. She carried at her back a coarse canvas wallet, from which peeped the neck of a bottle, and held in her other hand a prickly stick, hardened in the fire. The snow, which had drifted into the folds of her dirty and ragged clothes, gave a speckly appearance to their dull color, and several locks of gray hair, stiff with frost, hung like icicles around her wrinkled cheeks. Her gray eyes had the sharp yet vacillating expression peculiar either to insanity or intoxication.

She stopped short in the middle of the room, and shook herself, uttering at the same time a low growl.

"Much trouble you give yourself to receive old Timor," said she, throwing a discontented glance around. "You let her knock and do not answer."

"We were not expecting you," replied the woman of the house, a little embarrassed.

"No—no one ever expects me!" growled Anak. "What does it matter to those who sit by the warm hearth that others are freezing outside? But take care; every one has their turn!"

Although I was well acquainted with the privileges accorded to beggars in this part of the country, and had been accustomed to see them, when once admitted, place themselves on a perfect equality with their masters, I was astonished at the imperious not to say menacing tone assumed by the old woman. While thus scolding, she relieved herself of her wallet, and having deposited it in a corner, advanced to the hearth, where she perceived me.

"Ah! there is a gentleman here," said she, stopping short, and fixing her piercing glance on me; "a gentleman with fine linen, a watch—Jann had one, too—and gold ear-rings, and ribbons in his shoes! While Jann lived, old Timor was not obliged to knock at people's doors with a beggar's staff! But he

has gone to rejoin his father and sisters. So now every one tramples on the widow who has buried her only son." And she began to croon almost unintelligibly—

J'avais neuf fils que j'avais mis au monde ; et
voilà que la mort est venue me les prendre—
Me les prendre sur le seuil de notre porte, et je
n'ai personne pour me donner une goutte d'eau.

While she murmured this song, she knelt down on the hearthstone and extended her skeleton hands over the fire, whose dying gleams flickered over the sparkling rime in her hair. Her haggard, restless eyes wandered, meanwhile, from face to face, till they fell upon Dinah, when a flash of hatred crossed her features.

"You here, you raven!" she cried; "what business have you among honest folks—you, the ropemaker's daughter?"

I glanced at Dinah, who turned very pale. The words "ropemaker's daughter" explained the young girl's timidity, and the vague feeling of ill-will evinced towards her by her neighbors. She belonged to the race of Kakous, still esteemed among the peasantry of Bretagne an accursed one.

"You carry yourself mighty high!" continued Anaik, "because a young man of the village took it into his head to like you—because you have a young child. I, too, had a husband and children! But wait a little; it is just a year since I foretold you evil days——"

"Why do you wish me ill, Timor?" asked Dinah, in a gentle, timid voice.

"Why? do you ask me why? Has not your husband chased me from his door?"

"Because your taunts made me weep."

"My taunts!" repeated Anaik. "I called you the ropemaker's daughter! Was it not true? And yet Jean declared I was drunk! He threatened me—yes, he threatened old Timor! ah! ah! He thought he had set his foot on the viper; but it can sting yet. An hour is coming when I shall be revenged on all who have despised me—who have made me wait at the door! Ay, ay, good folks, your pride will have a fall, and your misfortunes will come from Tréguier."

"From Tréguier?" repeated Dinah, quickly. "Have you seen any one from there?"

"I have," replied the beggar.

"What! this night?"

"Just now."

"And did you hear any news?"

"A ship has arrived."

"The Saint Pierre!" exclaimed every voice. Anaik glanced wickedly around, and laughed aloud.

"No; a Saxon ship." The Bretons call the English Saxons. The spinners uttered an exclamation of disappointment. "Heaven confound those pagan islanders!" spitefully exclaimed one: "I thought it had been our people."

"These Saxons have also been to Newfoundland," observed Timor.

"Do they bring any news of the Saint Pierre?" asked Dinah, disturbed by the beggar's malicious smile.

The latter did not appear to have heard her.

"They stopped to drink at Marechs; and as the captain could speak French, I heard what he said."

"And what was it about?"

"He talked of pieces of ice as large as mountains, which float in those seas and crush the vessels."

"And he has seen such?"

"He has seen them."

"And he has heard of shipwrecks?"

"No; but on his way home he met with spars and masts."

"The wreck of ships?"

"And on one of the planks he found the words Saint Pierre!"

This speech of Anaik Timor's fell like a thunderbolt among the spinners, who dropped their spindles.

"The Saint Pierre!" they all exclaimed; "he said the Saint Pierre?"

"Of Tréguier."

"You quite understood, you are sure!"

"Sure."

Then their despair burst forth. I, too, had been startled by this announcement; but the beggar's smile excited my suspicions.

"Do not believe her." I cried; "she is trying to terrify you; she is tipsy!" and addressing Timor, "You did not see the English captain, nor did he say that the Saint Pierre had been wrecked. You lie, you wicked *groach*!"

At this name, which in Bretagne signifies the worst of sorcerers, the beggar's eyes glared, and she rose with a savage growl. "Ah! hearken to him!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot upon the hearth, "hearken how the gentleman speaks to old Anaik! I lie, and I am drunk! good. Let the women consult the warnings; let them listen if the sea-water does not drip drop by drop at the foot of their bed; let those who have broken their twelfth-cake look and see if the share of the absent is not spoiled. Ah! Timor is a *groach*—good, good! God will answer both the gentleman and the women of Loc Evar. God has his own signs, and drowned men can speak!"

"Listen!" interrupted Dinah, who had risen, pale and trembling.

We listened, and distinguished, mingling with the bursts of the tempest, the notes of a hymn. It soon became more distinct, and as it approached we were able to distinguish the voices, which were singing the *Cantique des âmes*.

At the first sound of this most lugubrious hymn the women all crowded together in an agony of terror; I, myself, struck by this apparent answer to Timor's appeal, remained motionless, as if fascinated; but as the voices began to die away, I darted to the door of the hut, and took several steps outside. As far as my eye could penetrate the darkness, the valley was entirely deserted, the snow continuing its silent descent, and the hurricane still raging upon the mountain.

During this scene Anaik Timor was the only one who remained unmoved. On re-entering I found her standing erect, gazing triumphantly at the frightened women. Suddenly her eyes rested on me.

"Ah! ah! I was a fool," she cried: "just now some one said that old Timor lied!"

"And she has not yet given proof to the contrary," I replied, making a strong effort to regain my composure.

"Has not the gentleman heard the voices?"

"I have heard some pilgrims, who, as they passed, were chanting a hymn." She looked at me fiercely, and shook her head.

"Good! that is the way they talk in towns. No one in the town believes in the soul; they treat their dead as so many dogs that rot entirely in the hole in which they are flung. Well, well! God will yet teach the heathens what he can do. Perhaps the gentleman means to deny that those who have just passed are the drowned sailors of the Saint Pierre."

"And the gentleman would be right," interrupted a grave voice. I turned: a priest stood on the threshold.

The women rose, exclaiming—"The recteur!"

The latter advanced slowly into the room, and fixed a severe look upon Anaik Timor.

"What business have you here?" he asked abruptly.

"The poor have a right to go wherever there is a morsel of bread to be found among Christians," whined the beggar.

"It was not hunger," replied the priest, "but your wicked delight at being the bearer of evil tidings, that brought you so late along our road."

"Then the beggar has told the truth!" cried Dinah, with a palpitating heart.

"No, not entirely," replied the priest.

"Then, what is the news?"

"The English vessel which is now at Tréguier has not only brought news of the loss of the Saint Pierre; it has brought also those whom it saved."

"Saved! They are saved?"

"At least a part of the crew," replied the priest. "When the wreck occurred six men made a vow, that if it pleased God to save them they would come, barefooted and veiled, to hear the mass that I should say for them at the altar of the Holy Virgin."

"And those six—"

"Are saved."

"Where are they?—where are they?"

"You have just heard them pass."

The women rushed tumultuously to the door.

"Stop!" cried the recteur, barring their passage. "You cannot see them."

"Are they not here?"

"They are here; but they have all vowed not to lift their veils till after the holy service."

"Their names—at least their names," cried the excited Dinah

"It would be a violation of their oath," replied the priest; "for they have sworn that neither to wife, to mother, nor to sister, will they make themselves known till after the accomplishment of their vow. Respect their solemn promise made before God."

There was a cry of despair, and, as it seemed, a moment of hesitation. Each woman named aloud her father, son, brother or husband, endeavoring to glean some answer from the recteur's face, as name after name was pronounced; but the priest, immovable, continued to invoke the sanctity of the vow, and to entreat them to submit to its conditions. At last several, listening only to the promptings of their grievous impatience, exclaimed that, at whatever cost, they must know their fate. The recteur vainly attempted to detain them; they rushed to a second door and opened it precipitately.

"Go, then," he cried indignantly; "go, violate the sacred vow made before God. But tremble lest he punish your sacrilege, and the first who lifts the veils of the shipwrecked men seek in vain him she expects!"

Dinah, who was in the act of going, suddenly recoiled.

"Ah! I will not go," she cried, terrified.

"Submit yourself, and pray," he replied, authoritatively; "your suspense can endure only for a short time. Bear it un-murmuringly, as a punishment for your many sins. Be you one of the happy or the afflicted, endeavor to bend to His divine will. Let each of you consider herself from this moment a widow or an orphan; let her heart accept this sacrifice, and if he she mourns presently issue from the tomb, let her regard it as a miracle, for which it will be her duty to thank God as long as she lives."

The women burst into tears, and fell on their knees.

The recteur endeavored to calm them, addressing to each some special consolation. He reminded them of Mary's devout resignation, the holy patroness of broken hearts; and having announced that he was on his way to celebrate a mass for the deliverance of the shipwrecked mariners, he made them promise to accompany him to the church and join their prayers to his.

All followed, with the exception of Dinah, who, turning abruptly on her heel, ran up to old Timor, who was seated by the hearth, and seized her hand.

"You know who are saved?" she asked, in a voice choking with emotion.

"Who? I!" replied Anak.

"You must have met them at Tréguier."

"Well?"

"Jean! Where is Jean?"

The beggar sneered.

"The priest desired you to wait."

"No," exclaimed Dinah, who had sunk upon her knees, with clasped hands and wandering eyes; "No, tell me I conjure you, Anak, if you have seen Jean—if you have recognized him. Oh! a mere sign to say yes; or if he has perished—well, still let me know it! Better to die at once than wait! Anak, Anak! Ah, do not—do not refuse me?"

"And what will you give me for my news?" asked the beggar.

"All that I have," cried Dinah. "What will you have? Here—my ebony beads—my cross? Here they are."

"They are not enough."

"Well, then, take the gold ring he gave me. Take all, Anak, all that I have in the world."

And she knelt at the old woman's feet, pressing her child against her bosom with one hand, while, with the other she

offered her cross, ring and beads. Timor held her thus for several instants, as if expiring beneath her glance; then bursting into a wild laugh, she said,

"You may keep them all; for to torment you is better than anything you can offer me!"

Dinah rose with a bound, and darted out of the cabin.

I was too much interested in the result to remain behind, and followed her.

She ran through the hamlet, and we reached the church together. The women were all there, the tapers burned upon the altar, the choristers were in their places. Suddenly the door of the sacristy opened, and the six shipwrecked men appeared, enveloped in white shrouds, which effectually concealed their persons.

A smothered groan burst from the women; several names escaped amid their sobs, but the veils remained immovable.

It were vain to attempt to describe the awful solemnity of the scene which followed. The silence which reigned throughout the church was broken only by the voice of the priest; and if, for a moment, a murmur were audible, it rose as if to remind the murmurer of patience, and the sound died away!

What sublime power has the will over the human soul! Every woman there was awaiting the decree that was to influence the remainder of her life; yet each, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, knelt motionless before the altar.

I glanced round in search of Dinah, and discovered her kneeling in the porch, her face raised to heaven, her arms hanging powerless by her sides, and her babe lying before her, like a victim awaiting the blow, with no intention of evading it.

At last the recteur pronounced the blessing. A shudder ran through the crowd, and the moment that followed was one of intense agony. Every head was strained, and all arms were extended towards the altar.

"Put your trust in the Lord!" said the priest! and, taking by the hand the man who stood nearest to him, he made him step forward, and raised the shroud! There was a scream; and the next instant he folded his wife to his heart!

The priest raised the second shroud, and then the others. As each veil fell to the ground a scream of joy resounded, echoed by a sorrowful murmur; but as the last fell, loud groans and sobs of despair burst forth.

I turned quickly to where Dinah knelt. She was in the same place, in the same attitude, still gazing intently in the direction of the altar. All the veils had been raised, and still she sought Jean.

I passed the rest of the night at the parsonage, while the recteur occupied himself in offering consolation to the orphans and widows. At break of day I resumed my journey to Tréguier.

The storm had ceased; and the sun, unencumbered by mist, shone joyously in the heavens; the birds, under its enlivening influence, flew among leafless branches glittering with frost; the hawthorn hedges had shaken off their robes of snow, and displayed their ruddy berries; all creation seemed to revive under the warm breath of spring, which passed over the frozen earth.

Just before descending the hill, I turned to give a last look at the desolated village I was quitting, and perceived in the distance Dinah, Jean's widow, descending the opposite slope, her child in her arms and a mendicant's white staff in her hand.

THE mode of measuring live elephants is to calculate that twice the circumference of the print of the fore-foot is equal to the height of the beast. In some parts of Africa they attain the enormous height of twelve feet. The ear of the African elephant is nearly three times the size of his Asiatic brother.

A PARADOX.—A lady asked a veteran which rifle carried the maximum distance! The old chap answered, "A Minie, mum."

THE nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blenches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

THE extreme coolness of our western cousins is worthy of admiration. They see everything in a practical point of view, and as a general thing, they manage to get the best in matters of bargain by the cool assumption of simple unsophisticated manners. Our friend Jotham was one of these "green" ones:

A minister settled in one of our western villages, in which the primitive manners of pioneer life had not been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, was seated in his study one day, endeavoring to arrange the heads of to-morrow's discourse, when his attention was called by a loud knock at the door.

The visitor proved to be a tall, gawky, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl attired in a dress of red calico, which, from the frequent and complacent glances toward it by the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister, politely.

"Much obliged, squire, I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsey and me—that's Betsey, a fust-rate sort of gal—anyhow—"

"Oh, Jotham," simpered the bashful Betsey.

"You are now, and you needn't go far to deny it. Well, Betsey and me have concluded to hitch teams, and we wanted you to do it."

"You wish to be married?"

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before we begin, let's know what is going to be the damage; reckon it isn't best to go it blind."

"Oh, I never set any price, I take what they give me."

"Well, that's all right; go ahead, minister, if you please, we are in a hurry; as Joe's got to finish a plantin' the tater patch afore night, and Betsey, she's got to fetch the butter."

Thus abjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few minutes.

"Kiss me, Betsey," said the delighted bridegroom. "You are my old woman now, ain't it nice?"

"First-rate!" was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk," said Jotham, as he left his bride abruptly and darted out of the gate where the wagon was left.

"What's your husband gone out for?" asked the minister somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's the sausages," was the confused reply.

Just then Jotham made his appearance, dangling in hand a pailfull of sausages, which he handed to the minister, with the grin of one conferring a favor.

"We hain't got much money, and so we tho't we'd pay you in sausages. Mam made them, and I reckon they are good. If they ain't you just send them back, and we'll send you some more."

It cannot be doubted that the "softer sex" do say very severe and ill-natured things to each other, not at all in keeping with the gentle attributes with which we invest them. But they have their little tempers, and as nature never intended them to fight with their hands, they consider themselves privileged to use their tongues as weapons offensive and defensive. We subjoin a little pleasant interchange of womanly spite:

Two fashionables met in B. one morning, with several others on a morning call. They chanced to hate each other very cordially, although on apparently pleasant terms, as ladies sometimes manage to be in spite of any amount of internal malice. The parties commenced talking on that usually safe topic the weather.

Mrs. A.—"Yes—it's horrible weather. Indeed, I think the climate of our city very unhealthy—especially for the skin—producing the most disagreeable pimples and blotches."

Mrs. B. (who has these cutaneous disorders, while Mrs. A. is rather painfully asthmatic). "Yes, I do think we have a bad climate—a very raw, wheezy kind of a climate—don't you?"

The ladies smiled sardonically at each other, while the auditors laughed internally.

THE following conversation, although apocryphal, is an admissible satire upon our shamefully lazy administration of the laws, and the political bearing of the pardoning power invested in the Governor:

VETERAN BURGLAR—"Ven you get inside, Sammy, my boy, mind you look out for the spoons and forks. Them's the swag!"

APPRENTICE—"But, s'pose I'm caught?"

VETERAN BURGLAR—"You won't be caught; and if you are, the officer 'll let you go when I ask him."

APPRENTICE—"But s'pose he don't?"

VETERAN BURGLAR—"He will; and if he don't you won't be tried."

APPRENTICE—"But if I am?"

VETERAN BURGLAR—"You won't be; and if you are, the jury won't agree, and you'll be acquitted."

APPRENTICE—"How if I ain't?"

VETERAN BURGLAR—"You will; and if you ain't, we'll get you out a writ of error and have a new trial."

APPRENTICE—"But s'pose ye can't?"

VETERAN BURGLAR—"But we can; and if we fail, why we'll get the judgment suspended!"

APPRENTICE—"But if you break down?"

VETERAN BURGLAR—"We won't; and if we do, we'll get a petition signed by all the respectable people, and the Gov'n'r 'll pardon you right away. Don't be afraid, Sammy, you'll never be punished."

Exit apprentice reassured.

If there is one class of human beings who appreciate the fascinations of woman more acutely than another, it is the unfortunate class denominated landlords. Many soft-hearted men, perfectly able and willing to attend to their own affairs, are compelled in self-defence, to employ agents to protect them against the pertinacity of the sex. One of these sufferers invented a saving clause:

"I'll let you the house," said a landlord, somewhat advanced in years, and a widower, to a gentleman a few days since, "on one condition."

"What may that be?"

"That you will never allow your wife to ask me for repairs."

"Very singular request, sir."

"That may be—but I know. I have let houses for twenty years—and I know."

"But for what reason do you ask this condition?"

"I can never get away from these women-folks without doing all they wish. Why, sir, I let a little house to a widow lady, and one day she met me and said, "Mr. ———, my sink wants painting, and I think it would be economy for you to have it done." I thought so too, and I sent a painter. What do you think? before I got out of the house, she had so coaxed and bedeviled me with reasons and entreaties, that I gave an order to paint the house from top to bottom. Agree to the condition, and have it put in the lease, and the house is yours as long as you want it."

THERE is a serious and a humorous point of view for almost every question. The disgraceful fights in Congress have been animadverted on in the gravest manner by every press in the country. We give a view from the opposite point:

When the news of the late great battle in Congress reached Springfield, a coterie of congenial spirits assembled in the Governor's room at the State House for the purpose of talking the matter over. After it had been pretty thoroughly canvassed, and just as a portion of the company were about to retire, a well known Ex-Congressman—the one who is to be elected to the United States Senate next year as Douglas' successor—dropped in. Of course everybody in the crowd desired to know his opinion, for he always has an original way of illustrating it.

"Well," said Governor D. as the gentleman addressed familiarly doubled himself into a vacant chair, "what is your opinion of the knock down in Congress? We have just been talking it over a little."

"It reminds me," said ———, "of a case I once had up at Bloomington."

"Let's hear it," all said.

"Two old farmers living in the vicinity of Bloomington had, from time immemorial, been at loggerheads. They could never agree except to disagree; wouldn't build division fences, and in short, were everlastingly quarrelling. One day one of them got over on the land of the other, the parties met, and a regular pitched battle between them was the consequence. The one who came out second best sued the other for assault and battery, and I was sent for to defend the suit."

"Among the witnesses for the defendant was a remarkably talkative old fellow, who was disposed to magnify the importance of the affair to my client's disadvantage. It came to my turn to question him."

"Witness," said I, "you say you saw this fight."

"Yes, stranger, I reckon I did."

"Was it much of a fight?" said I.

"I'll be darned if it wasn't, stranger, a right smart fight."

"How much ground did the combatants cover?"

"About an acre, stranger."

"About an acre," I repeated musingly. "Well, now, just tell me, wasn't that just about the smallest crop of a fight off an acre of ground that you ever heard of?"

"That's so, stranger; I'll be darned if it wasn't."

"The jury," added ———, giving his legs an additional twist, after the crowd had finished laughing at the application of the anecdote, "the jury fined my client just ten cents!"

A PRACTICAL and witty illustration of a leading personal peculiarity will often effect a more permanent cure than the gravest and most earnest remonstrances. The following instance is both curious and amusing:

A judge, Lord Avonmore, had one great fault; he was apt to take up a first impression of a cause, and it was very difficult to obliterate it. The advocate, therefore, had not only to struggle against the real obstacle presented to him by the case itself, but also with the imaginary ones created by the hasty anticipations of the judge. Curran was one day most seriously annoyed by this practice of Lord Avonmore, and he took the following whimsical method of correcting it. (The reader must remember that the object of the narrator was, by a tedious and malicious procrastination, to irritate his hearer into the vice he was so anxious to eradicate.) They were to dine together at the house of a common friend, and a large party were assembled,

many of whom witnessed the occurrence of the morning. Curran, contrary to all his usual habits, was late for dinner, and at length arrived in the most admirably affected agitation.

"Why, Mr. Curran, you have kept us a full hour waiting dinner for you," grumbled out Lord Avonmore.

"Oh, my dear lord, I regret it much; you must know that it is not my custom; but I've just been witness to a most melancholy occurrence."

"My dear sir, you seem terribly affected by it; please take a glass of wine. Why, what was it? what was it?"

"I will tell you, my lord, as soon as I can collect myself. I had been detained at court—in the Court of Chancery—your lordship knows the chancellor sits late."

"I do—I do; but go on."

"Well, my lord, I was hurrying here as fast as I could—I did not even change my dress—I hope I shall be excused for coming in my boots."

"Poh, poh, never mind your boots; the point—come at once to the point of your story."

"Oh, I will, my good lord, in a minute. I walked here; I would not even wait to get the carriage ready; it would have taken time, you know. Now there is a market directly in the road by which I had to pass; your lordship may perhaps recollect the market, do you?"

"To be sure I do; go on, Curran—go on with the story."

"I'm very glad your lordship remembers the market, for I totally forgot the name of it—the name—the name—"

"What signifies the name of it, sir? It's the Castle Market."

"Your lordship is perfectly right, it is called the Castle Market. Well, I was passing through that very identical Castle Market, when I observed a butcher preparing to kill a calf. He had a huge knife in his hand; it was as sharp as a razor. The calf was standing behind him; he drew the knife to plunge it into the animal. Just as he was in the act of doing so, a little boy about four years old—his only son, the loveliest little boy I ever saw, ran suddenly across his path, and he killed—oh! he killed—"

"The child! the child! the child!" vociferated Avonmore.

"No, my lord, the calf!" continued Curran, very coolly: "he killed the calf; but your lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

The universal laugh was thus raised against his lordship; and Curran declared that, often afterwards, a first impression was removed more easily from the Court of Exchequer by the recollection of the calf in the Castle Market, than by all the eloquence of the entire profession.

BRAGGING is a game at which two can play, as our Illinois farmer found to his utter discomfiture:

The Illinoisian was boasting of the superior yield of prairie land, telling large stories, as all western men do.

"I'll tell you what, stranger," said the Texan, "they make large corn in your clearing, but it ain't a circumstance to what we raise in the Colorado bottoms. Why, the corn there averages thirty feet in height, with twelve ears to a stalk, and a gourd full of shelled corn on the top."

Which was first?

Ignoramus.

Whether first the egg or the hen?
Tell me, I pray, ye learned men.

First Scribe.

The hen was first, or whence the egg?
Give us no more of your doubts, I beg.

Second Scribe.

The egg was first, or whence the hen?
Tell me how it came, and when.

THE difficulty of doing two things at once is admirably illustrated by a pleasant remark made, by way of condolence we presume, by one friend to another:

An author, complaining of the injustice of the press in condemning his new tragedy, said the censures were unjust, for the audience did not hiss it. "No," replied the friend, "how could they yawn and hiss together?"

PLAYING upon the credulity of others is a weakness common to most of us. We cannot defend the practice upon any ground, but some humorous scenes are the result, which all enjoy but the dupe—such is the malignity of human nature:

An old woman who lived near the frontier during the last war with Great Britain, and possessed a marvellous propensity to learn the news, used frequently to make inquiries of soldiers. On one occasion she called to one of those defenders of our rights, whom she had frequently saluted before.

"What's the news?"

"Why, good woman," said he, "the Indians have fixed a crowbar under Lake Erie, and are going to turn it over and drown the world!"

"Oh, mercy, what shall I do?" and away she ran to tell the neighbors of the danger, and inquire of her minister how such a calamity might be averted.

"Why," said he, "you need not be alarmed—we have our Maker's promise that he will not destroy the world by water."

"I know that," returned the old lady hastily, "but he's nothing to do with it, it's those plaguy Indians."

It is well to understand the currency of a new place before you begin to trade, or you may come out of the little end of the horn, as our friend Notions did at Spencerville in Western Indiana:

Notions drove into town and commenced trade, when a merchant stepped up and selected goods to the amount of one dollar, and carried them into his store, and returned with a coon skin, and says, "Sir, here is the pay for your goods." "But hold on," says Notions, "I don't take coon skins for my goods." "Can't help it now," says the merchant, "the trade is made, and a coon skin is a dollar here—legal tender." "Well," says Notions, "if them are your laws here, I guess I can stand it," and at once concocts a plan to get his coon skin into something available. Getting the coon skin into as small a compass as possible, he makes for a saloon and there concludes to spend a quarter. Holding one hand under his coat, with the other he beckons three or four suckers, and drinking all round, throws down the coon skin and demands seventy-five cents in change. "Yes," says Boniface, "that is a good dollar," and hands him out three musk rat skins, and says: "Here, sir, is your change." Notions took his change and started.

It is sometimes necessary to be verbally rude to save ourselves from the annoying pertinacity of fools. What follows can hardly be excelled for quaint yet cutting satire. The opportunity was offered, and the sting was ready at the moment:

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said the Prince of La Roche to a talkative person who was constantly suiting the action to the word, as he sat next to him at dinner.

"Indeed, my lord," replied the babbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I don't know where to put my hand."

"Place it upon your mouth, then," said the prince.

CHILDREN and fools, they say, speak the truth, but they also say that truth is not to be spoken at all times. We can well imagine the mortified feelings and terrible embarrassment of the unfortunate subject of a playful remark of an innocent little cherub:

Rev. Mr.—— is an exceedingly plain-looking man, and exceedingly sensitive, too, of his personal appearance. While about to proceed with his sermon, not many Sundays ago, he was interrupted a moment by a little girl in the audience, who had been restless for some time, when her mother placed her on her feet. She got a good sight of our modest friend in the pulpit, and sang out, loud enough to be heard by the entire congregation: "I can see him! Ain't he real homely, ma?" The minister failed to come up to his usual standard that afternoon. Children will sometimes unconsciously hit home.

THE pride of scientific wisdom lend us great assumptions. Plain questions are sometimes difficult to answer, and call forth an ingenious sophistry which amuses if it does not convince:

A scientific gentleman was recently descanting upon the physical improvement of the human race.

"Do you suppose, sir," said a friend to him, "that you are a finer looking specimen than Adam was?"

"Well—ahem! yes—that is to be sure I do, goose."

"Well, the Bible tells us that Adam was made in God's own image, and I should like to know what better image you think you are made in yourself?"

"Which, taken at best, is but a figurative expression. But the Bible don't tell us everything. Does it tell us that the crab came first, and subsequently the pippin? Guess Adam hadn't pine-apple on his breakfast table neither."

AN Irishman never acknowledges to ignorance upon any subject. If he wants a job, there is nothing he will not attempt. How he will succeed is another thing:

"Can you prune apple-trees, Patrick?" inquired a farmer. "That I can, sur, indade, sur; that is what I foiled in the ould country." "Do you see that orchard on the hill," said the farmer, pointing to where a noble orchard stood with the delicate tint of spring just beginning to gleam among the boughs. "Yes I do, sur, and ye have a fine sight o' threes, yer honor; and sure, I'm thinking it's an all day's work." "Well, it is a rather hard as well as a difficult job, Patrick, now mind and do it well." "Oh, no fear of me, sur, sure don't bodder your head, I'm an out-an-out hand wid an axe, or a shillaleh," and with an Irish "whoop," Patrick was soon far on his way.

At the noon-day meal, Pat made his appearance, with his arm bare, and the big drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead. "I've it half done, sur, and it's a mighty sweaty labor, anyhow," said the poor fellow, as he wiped his glowing face, "and begorra but some of them ould trees are as tough and hard as old Father Malooney's heart, and that were tougher than an oak saplin'."

At night Pat punctually made his appearance again, this time with a triumphant grin on his face. "Hooray," he shouted, whirling his axe over his head; "the hardest day's work I've done since I came to America is completed at last. Well Mistor, yer threes are finally pruned, I'm thinkin', every divil of them is lyin' lower than I hope you'll lay this moony a day." "What?" exclaimed the

horror-stricken farmer, "you Irish numscull, you havn't been cutting them down?" "What should I be doin' sure?" responded Pat, with unfeigned astonishment; "didn't I cut them all flat, as ye tould me, and washn't it a cruel day's work! me arrums is all but off me shoulders, and me two legs are as wake as a baby's!"

The farmer half crazed at what he heard, rated Pat soundly. "Oh, listen to the man," cried Pat, "did ye ever? whoo! what'll come next? will I do another such a big day's job for yees? no sur, I woont begorra. I've pruned your threes for ye, sur, and now ye go on like you wasn't a Christian, och! och! who ever heard the likes!"

The seeming innocent witnesses are the hardest customers that lawyers have to deal with. They are imperturbable, and the laugh is always on their side:

A few days since a learned counsel deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. A witness being called to the stand, the lawyer commenced:

"Do you know Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes."

"What is Butterworth?"

"Butterworth—let me see—about two and tenpence a pound, sir, although I have paid as high as—"

The lawyer stared. "Yes, that will do, sir. You can take your seat."

MR. QUINCY was rather too hard upon the doctor:

Dr. Jackson, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend, Josiah Quincy (both past eighty years of age) on the sidewalk, accosted him with:

"Well, Mr. Quincy, how much longer do you intend to live?"

"Till I send for a doctor," was the quick reply.

"And when did you send for one last?" inquired Dr. J.

"Just eighty-six years ago!" answered Mr. Quincy, adding the precise date of his birth.

We make a point of never doubting a fish story. We know the vicissitudes to which fishermen and sailors are subject, and listen with reverence to the outpourings of their imagination, upon which their draughts are copious and unblushing. They are expected to have seen strange things, and to keep up their character they endeavor to supply by fiction what they lack in facts. We, therefore, respect fish stories, for we can imagine how the ingenuity of the relator must be taxed. We even believe the following:

An incident was related the other day by an old sea captain, who swore to its authenticity in the most vehement manner. He was speaking of the famine which occurred some years ago in the Azores and other neighboring islands, and in Madaira also, and of the straits to which the inhabitants were reduced for a supply of food.

"You see," said he, "I was laying off Funchal with a cargo of hardware—vine shears, cultivators and such like. I sailed the brig Skylark from New York. Well, our provisions gin out, and I calculated to lay in a supply at Funchal, but there warn't none there."

"What!" asked we, "none?"

"No, none. The cattle had all died, consequence there warn't no beef; sheep all dead, and there warn't no mutton; hogs all got the measles, so there warn't no pork; chickens all eat up by foxes, so there warn't no fricasees."

"That's rather a dismal picture," was our reply, "how did people procure food?"

"Food! well, they kind o' lived on yarbs and roots, stole mules—the only thing that didn't die—and eat them."

"How about fish—couldn't they take fish, as usual?"

"Nary fish; fish all went out o' them air latitudes. There warn't even sharks left, let alone anything worth catchin'!"

"Why, that is strange."

"Yes; the only thing left in the harbor was the mermaids, and they was nigh onto starvation, too."

"The what?" we asked in surprise.

"The mermaids! Can't you hear?" yelled the captain, angry at even a hint of scepticism.

"What! do you believe there are such creatures as mermaids?"

"Do I believe it? No, I don't believe it, I know it! I reckon, stranger, I've seed a dozen o' 'em at a time tumblin' in the surf like a lot of monkeys among the riggin'!"

"Indeed! and what do they feed upon?"

"Well, I reckon, principally fish. I've seen 'em catch herrins, stranger, and eat 'em up raw, as fast as a Dutch baby kin eat pickles."

"But how did they get along at the time you speak of?" we inquired, endeavoring to assume an appearance of credulity. "You said the fish had entirely disappeared."

"I did, and the poor mermaids suffered badly. Why, one night as I was comin' down from the town to the quay where the brig's boat was tied up, I seed a fire burnin' on the beach. I reckoned first it was a lot of drunken sailors makin' punch. Well, I bore up towards it, and what d'ye think it was?"

Of course we gave it up.

"Well, I'll tell you, and then you can see the state of starvation folks was in. Stranger," and here the captain pulled a solemn face, "it was a mermaid sittin' over a fire a cookin' her own tail for supper!"

We think that Mr. Glover, of the Patent Office, was fairly "sold," and doubtless owned up without hesitation. He was travelling south, upon a tour of observation, examining into the diseases of the cotton plant, and one day the following conversation occurred, which considerably enlightened him:

He was travelling from Holly Springs on the cars, when they passed through a section of country where the land was entirely sterile, the cotton being only a few inches high. An overseer was sitting on the seat before him.

"Why, what do you call this?" asked Glover.

"Why, that's cotton."

"Cotton?" he asked again, in surprise.

"Yes, a new kind of cotton sent out by the Patent Office."

This was a matter of interest to Glover, so he opened his eyes wider.

"What is the name of the cotton?"

"The bumble-bee cotton," quietly remarked his companion.

"Why that name?"

"Because it grows so small, a bumble-bee kin sit on his tail and suck all the blossoms without moving."

PLAYING with edged tools is said to be dangerous, and to those who do not know how to handle them there certainly is danger. Trying your strength against acknowledged wits is also a dangerous thing, for they are cunning of fence and one knows not where to have them. An instance in point:

As Mr. H— was passing down one of the streets of a large village in this State, where he was settled, he was observed by some waggyish hangers-on at a public house which he was approaching. One of these fellows, knowing that the reverend gentleman was a "hard case" at a joke, said that he would bet the drinks for all hands that he could head Mr. H—. "Done!" was the response from a number. As Mr. H— came opposite to the merry group, the proposer of the bet called to him. Mr. H— halted and drew near, whereupon the confident chap thus addressed him:

"Mr. H—, we have a dispute here of some importance, which we have agreed to leave to you as one competent to give a correct decision."

"Ah! what is it?"

"It is in relation to the age of the devil—will you tell us how old he is?"

"Gentlemen," said the imperturbable minister, "how can you presume me to be acquainted with matters of that sort. *You must keep your own family records!*"

READY wit very often gets its possessor out of serious difficulties, but it is not often, as in the following instance, that it is taken as an equivalent for the circulating medium:

A well-dressed man and genteel-looking person, in New Orleans, who was curious to see the giraffe, stepped up to the man that received the money, with:

"Is the giraffe to be seen here?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to see him."

"Very well, sir."

"It's fifty cents, isn't it?"

"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for servants."

"Well I am a servant."

"You a servant!"

"Yes, sir."

"The devil! Whose?"

"Yours, sir, your humble servant."

"Walk in and take a seat."

The joke was worth the price of admission.

A CERTAIN Irish attorney threatened to prosecute a Dublin printer, for inserting the death of a living person. The menace concluded with the remark, that "No printer should publish a death, unless apprised of the fact by the party deceased."

"So here I am between two tailors," said a fellow at a public table, where two young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly "how-come-you-so" state. "You must be dreadfully tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles."

"Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the length of the way, at all, that fatigued me—'twas the breadth of it."

"DID the defendant approach the plaintiffs *seriatim*?" inquired an attorney in a case of assault and battery. "No, sir-ee," was the reply, "he went at 'em with a poker."

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius.

"No, indeed," answered Tibe; "they have got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

"DOBBS, on being asked if he had ever seen the Bridge of Sighs, replied, "Yes; I have been travelling on it ever since I was married."

A RICH officer of revenue the other day asked a man of wit what sort of a thing opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give a rascal the advantage over an honest man."

POPULAR SPORTS IN NEW YORK.



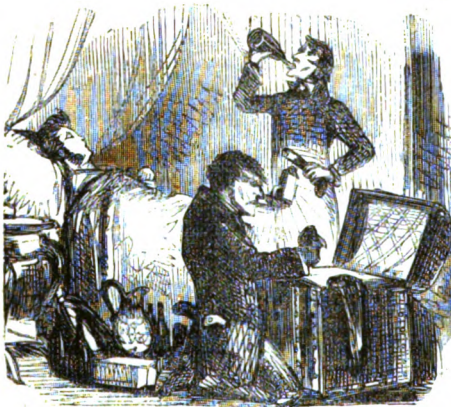
This sport is called Murder. It was considered in the dark ages a damnable offence; but now it is countenanced by the Government, and only a few prejudiced and timid persons disapprove of it.



This sport has occupied the public mind for some time, and is getting tiresome. It is done by two naughty boys who fight for the whistle that plays to the tune of \$5,000, &c., a year. It requires a considerable amount of cheek to play such sports well. There is a great deal of DEVILIN pro and CON-OVER the subject.



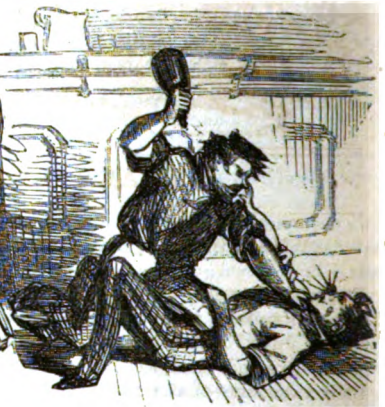
This sport consists simply in putting at the end of you vouchers or accounts two or three 000. Thus \$565,976 and 000—\$365,976,000. This sport requires skilful management to escape detection. You will probably require the assistance of some large contractor in this agreeable and remunerative sport. It has been practised with great success at the City Hall, &c.



This sport consists in entering a gentleman's house by the most available means (taking care previously to make arrangements with the police), and drinking his champagne and making off with whatever things of value can be moved. This is considered a most delightful sell—very popular just now. Some people take offence at it, but that doesn't amount to anything.



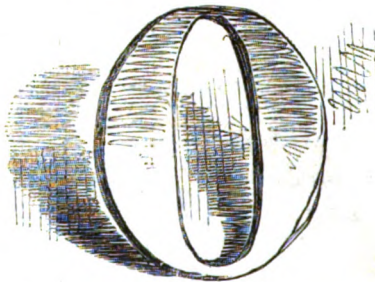
This sport is light, agreeable and remunerative, and is generally practised by young men and women of great promise, and likely to become elevated members of the community. Large crowds, stages, cars, depots and the public assemblies are the places where this class of persons are generally found; sometimes you may find one in the Tombs, but they are never there long.



This primitive style of sport has been long in use. It consists simply in seizing a decanter or bottle of some kind and smashing your opponent's head, after or before you have him floored, according to circumstances.



THE IMPORTED PUMP-HANDLE CO. This is of course an incorporated company, of an immense capital (of brass), offering peculiar advantages to those who wish to become agents. A large quantity of the Handle will be forwarded (over the left) to those that enclose \$25.



This represents the equivalent persons generally get who spend their money in Pump-Handle Cos. and Boot Enterprises



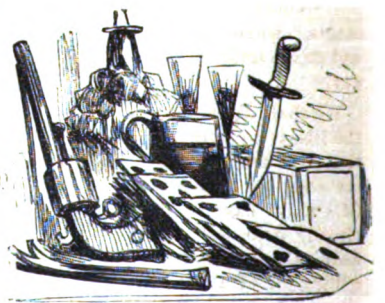
These boots are actually given away! and a gold watch to boot. Send on your money, now is the time to double it!



The sports of the "Horse Police," showing the great benefit and amusement to be derived from that "institution."



This represents the bright future consequent to these sports



&c.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JUNE.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

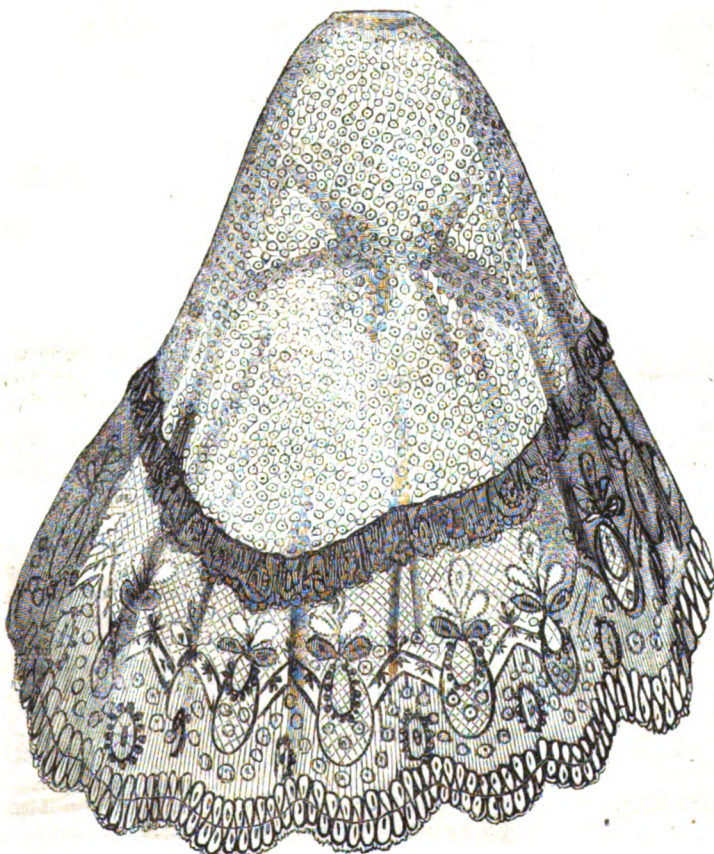
BRIGHT skies, sunny days, a wreath of floral treasures, and the lovely promise of a rich harvest in aftertime, this is thy heritage, O June! and these the attractions, in comparison with which silks and laces, satins and tissues seem utterly and entirely valueless—that is, they would if we were compelled to sacrifice one or the other; but by a charming arrangement we can enjoy both at the same time, and a lovely woman never looks so perfectly enchanting as when presiding, like a tutelary divinity, over a domain of flowers, her light flowing garments, disposed in picturesque and graceful fashion, adding to the effect of the illusion. Indeed, nature always contrives to have everything in keeping, so it would seem like an insult for the fairer portion of creation to array themselves in heavy sad-colored garments, when earth and air are smiling and gay.

We shall then take the liberty to imagine that our fair readers are about to abandon (if they have not already done so) the heat, the dust, the stifling air of a great city, and spend the summer months roaming fancy-free among

the pine-clad hills and delightful groves of the rural districts, or perchance, coasting along the banks of our great eastern rivers, occasionally refreshing the memory by a little effort at flirtation in the crowded hotels of Newport and Saratoga. Those then who have the misfortune not to be thoroughly posted by having read the previous number of this Magazine, which is the most reliable and authentic in the world, will

need to be informed upon travelling dresses in all their varieties—the pleasant cool lawns, jaconets and piqué cloths, suitable for the rural breakfast table; the rich silks and more delicate tissues, adapted to the formal dinner dress and evening re-union; and to make the list as complete as possible, the decorations for the hair and the coverings for the pretty feet shall be included in our category.

And first, in regard to summer morning robes, concerning which we hope our fair friends are especially careful, as nothing gives such an idea of beauty and purity in a woman as delicacy in her matinee appearance. Plentiful ablutions, which impart an eternal freshness to the complexion, hair nicely arranged, and a pretty, graceful costume are necessary to harmonize with the dewy sweetness of a



MANTILLA. DULPIN. PAGE 562.

bright summer morning, and possess attractions greater than any that gaslight and the most bewitching ball toilette can give.

Ladies who desire to obtain them ready-made of the newest and most approved fashion, will find exactly what they require at GENIN'S BAZAAR, under the St. Nicholas. This establishment, which has obtained a world-wide reputation, is composed of all the different departments which constitute the entire family wardrobe, conducted on a principle of liberality and magnitude rivalled by no other in any country. In morning robes for instance, every kind and quality may be found, from the plainest print to the most richly embroidered muslin, or the costliest silk.

There are pretty small figured lawn skirts and sacks, made up at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents. There are also higher priced small figured French lawns, in exquisite shades of violet and rose-color, trimmed with fine narrow needlework, or a pretty white flat trimming and oval drop buttons. But the one to which we specially desire to call attention, from its extreme grace and beauty, is designed expressly for a summer *matinée* toilette, and just the thing to look charming while enjoying a shady lounge on the back piazza. It consists of fine white Swiss muslin, very thin and clear, with full wide sleeves, a surplice waist and skirt, made with one deep flounce two-thirds the entire depth of the skirt. This is attached to the upper part by a puffing of muslin, through which a pink ribbon is run, and this decoration forms a charming border to every part of the robe where it is needed. The sleeves are very *distingué*, with a round cap over the fulness at the top, also edged with the transparent puffings, and confined at the wrist with a cuff and pink bow and ends.

We should also mention the mantilla department, which contains some very superb and distinguished specimens of taste and skill, both imported and of home design; among these the "Marie Louise," is deserving of especial notice, both from its admirable design and the rare quality of the lace of which it is partly composed and which forms its most elegant decoration. It is well to remember that although rich lace seems costly at the outset, yet in the end it is more economical than cheaper materials, because it can be put to a great variety of purposes when it is no longer needed for its original use.

The children's department is too well-known to need more than a mere allusion, and we should not do it in this connection were it not that it is the only house where a perfect supply of all kinds of ready-made garments of this description can be found. The fashionable styles in girls' mantles, circulars, &c., cannot be obtained at the stores where these articles are the *spécialité*, and are among the most frequent wants of the temporary sojourners in the metropolis.

It is but a step from this temple of fashion to another called the "Ville de Paris," by the enterprising proprietors, CHARLES STREET & Co., and situated at 475 Broadway. At this establishment one is sure to find the latest Parisian novelties, those exquisite productions which accord so well with the luxurious climate and brilliant *coquetterie* of the French ladies, and are no less becoming to the piquant grace and beauty of our own countrywomen. One of the latest of these styles is the "Empress of France," a summer cloak of fine white barege or grenadine, with a border of rich variegated ribbon, barred with narrow black velvet in checks. The hood is made to match, and terminates in a tassel surmounted by three balls, black, rose-color and white. Instead of ribbon, the border sometimes consists of white silk, checkered with narrow black velvet—the hood ornamented in the same manner, and the balls surmounting the rich white silk tassel consisting of two white and one black in the centre. The designs employed in this establishment are many of them exclusive, and the materials of the finest description.

The millinery department connected with it, though only initiated for a short time, is already well-known from the magnificent scale upon which it was commenced, and the reputation of its superintendent, Madame DE BOS, as an artiste of the highest class. The repertory contains all the most striking and novel designs, illustrated with the grace and beauty for which this lady was always distinguished. We should have noticed before at this house the summer Raglans of fine white cloth, with deep pointed sleeves, terminating in a silk tassel at the

centre, the nicest of all travelling garments; but doubtless our sharp-sighted lady readers will discover them.

Mantillas are a great feature this season, in every sense of the word, and the *furore* for them has driven shawls quite out of the field, or at least made them retire to the background. Mr. GEORGE BULPIN, whose establishment at 361 Broadway has been so long and favorably known to lady-shoppers, is at the time we are writing making extraordinary preparations for his removal to 415 Broadway, on the 1st of May, and will have opened ere this number reaches the hands of its readers, with a great variety of exquisite summer novelties in this line. Some of these will be found among the illustrations on another page of the GAZETTE, and one other which we have seen, intended expressly for the rosy smiling month of June, we will endeavor to convey an idea of to our fair friends. The design is the new and favorite one of longitudinal stripes, alternating in two puffs of black silk net, edged and ornamented down the centre with rows of fine narrow guipure and stripes of black velvet flowered tissue, which contrasts with fine effects. The shape is the round mantle, and the stripes are broad at the base and become narrow towards the top.

All the tendencies are towards an increase in the size of mantillas, although it would seem as though they must have reached an ultimatum in this respect. On their first introduction they were extremely minute, in small shawl and scarf shapes, which only reached below the waist; now, on the contrary, in many cases their immense sweep covers the entire skirt. The circumference of some of these is something enormous; one we have seen made to order at the establishment of JAMES G. AITKEN, 303 Canal street (successor to Molyneux Bell), which was five yards round the lower part. The design was a scarf, alternating in silk puffs and lace, trimmed with Imperatrice chenille, narrow guipure and velvet. A transparent flounce, richly trimmed, was three quarters of a yard in depth and five yards round. It is called the "Maintenon," and is perfectly regal in its appearance and proportions. A great variety of very beautiful scarf styles are to be seen at this house, some semi-transparent and others entirely of lace. They have also a fine quality of summer travelling circulars and Raglans, with a very stylish pointed hood, not found at any other establishment.

We commenced with summer morning robes, and will now return to dress goods, which offer always the strongest temptations to extravagant purchasers, and never more so than this season. Several novelties in fabrics have appeared, and new combinations to produce a certain color, which excite great admiration; but after all, nothing can exceed the favorite organdies and grenadines, especially in the new designs introduced this season to our notice.

At the establishment of USSDELL, PIERSON & LAKE, 471 Broadway, we find a very pretty novelty called *mousselin de soie*, or silk muslin, very fine and clear as the purest Swiss, and at the same time exceedingly lustrous. The design is a small check or plaid, in single or contrasting colors, with a rich chintz side stripe. Here also are displayed an unusual assortment of very fine organdies, both in robes and those which are sold by the yard, the latter being generally observed in the gorgeous striped patterns which were introduced and became so popular last season. The robes, on the contrary, are most of them entirely new, and those with the double pipe *à quille* especially beautiful, the quilles only extending upon the upper skirt. This style is extremely admired at the South, and southern merchants monopolized all the first importations before they had a chance of being submitted to city trade. A great variety of excellent travelling dress materials are found here, and numerous styles of French foulards at very moderate prices. Those who desire to obtain a pretty and cheap fabric for morning dresses, may also be exactly suited in their fine jaconet robes, with the side stripe for the skirt.

With some persons no material however delicate, and no fabric however costly, can ever take the place of the silk proper. And for something very *recherché* we commend them to ARNOLD & CONSTABLE'S excellent and well-known establishment in Canal street, corner of Mercer. The "Oriental" silk is a fine chiné, with a most exquisite blending of delicate colors, and would make a charming "dinner dress" for the gay belle of Newport and Saratoga. We have seen here also very beautiful robes in entirely new designs, with double skirt *à quille*, and

varied with infinite ingenuity, skill and taste. With these might be properly worn some of the superb imported laces for which this house is so famous. In costly grenadine robes they have also many of extraordinary beauty, including moss and silk flounces, with borders in simple colors or chintz figures. The moss borders are in small blocks of rose and white, green and white, or blue and white, and have an indescribably soft and luxurious effect upon the white transparent surface. Besides these there are an infinite variety of tissues, consisting of a combination or a novel application of old favorites, but which it would be impossible to describe in a paragraph or even a page, and therefore we can only recommend an examination of them to our fair readers.

Since the marriage of the Princess of Prussia, all the fair *fiancés* of this and other countries have been ambitious of rivaling her magnificence in bridal attire, and specially desirous of obtaining the real Honiton guipure lace, like that which adorned her robe. But unfortunately for their hopes, this is very scarce and hard to be found, and many bright eyes have been dimmed by the necessity of procuring a "substitute" for the costly luxury upon which she has set her heart.

A. T. STEWART & Co., with ever ready benevolence, have this season imported some "bridal sets," which are precisely intended to meet this emergency, and though reaching a pretty high figure, are not at least as costly as the real point. The "sets" comprise two deep flounces, bridal veil, handkerchief and berthe, and are in exquisite designs. The cost is fifteen hundred dollars each. Last year at this house we saw a bridal veil alone offered for fifteen hundred dollars, the fabric being *point Blaise*.

A pretty novelty in application capes is also to be obtained here, with a volant a quarter of a yard deep, attached to a small round centre without tabs; they are very becoming over a low necked silk or moire antique dress. We also noticed a variety of black and white talmas in lace and embroidered muslin, some of them decorated with bows of cherry or blue ribbons, and all presenting the fresh, charming appearance so peculiar to a summer toilette.

It is a matter of great surprise to us that among thin summer materials pineapple cloth is not more universally known and appreciated. There is a great deal of difference between the real and the imitation, and perhaps the introduction into the markets of a worthless article may have injured the original in the estimation of those persons who are ignorant of its merits. The safest way is to go to FOUNTAIN'S INDIA STORE, 653 Broadway, nearly opposite Bond street, where all goods of Chinese or India manufacture may be relied upon as being genuine, the establishment having been long and favorably known as devoted to the importation of Eastern luxuries and curiosities. It is, indeed, a perfect museum, and well worth a visit if only as a matter of curiosity.

But to return to pineapple cloth. Its qualities are an exquisite delicacy combined with durability and insensibility to atmospheric influences. It is admirable for the seaside, no amount of damp air being able to disturb its graceful flow or symmetrical outline, and in weight it is capable of being balanced by a feather. Its extreme lightness suggested the idea of making summer bonnets of it for the country, which is now done to a very great extent, the weight being no more than that of an illusion, without the liability to spoil which is constantly encountered by a bonnet of white lace. They are besides cheap, and especially desirable for travelling purposes. Pineapple cloth comes in colors, which are rarely very bright, but frequently remarkable for a delicacy of tint not to be found in northern manufactures. The black and white are, however, generally preferred, and the white is sometimes so exquisitely embroidered as to be superior in beauty to the daintiest embroidered muslin. The small check real India silks are also imported by Mr. FOUNTAIN, and are not to be surpassed in usefulness as travelling dresses.

It is time now to speak of the ornaments and adjuncts of the toilette, which are quite as necessary to the production of a perfect effect, as the selection of apparently more important parts of the wardrobe. A lady is much more readily detected by her laces and ornaments than by the material or make of a dress, nothing being more commonly worn by vulgar people than costly silks fashionably made, the taste being altogether

directed by the prevailing mode. In all cases, however, it is best to go to an establishment which is the best of its kind, and then there is no danger at least of going very far wrong, whatever may be the faults of a natural or acquired taste.

S. M. PEYER, corner of Broadway and Broome, who is celebrated for his constant importation of fine French family articles, has some pretty things which deserve honorable mention. Among these are side trimmings for silk dresses, consisting of black velvet and others of chenille. The chenille bands are composed of a central stem, from which long oval leaves branch out on either side; these become smaller as they reach the top of the skirt, thus forming a graduated side stripe, which is very novel and attractive, and may be applied to any dress. These are ten dollars the pair, but the velvets are only four and a-half, and are almost equally pretty, more durable, and capable, like the others, of being applied to any costume. Here also are to be found the "Shetland" veils netted in fine black wool, and presenting an effect almost as becoming to the face as one of fine guipure. The price is one dollar and a half each. Mr. PEYER has also recently received a very beautiful variety of the splendid Moorish and Spanish hairpins used for fastening veils and head-dresses, and which are now considered so distinguished and *recherché*. The price varies from two dollars up to ten the set.

Among the other applied decorations, perhaps none rank higher or are more universally admired than elegant ribbons; especially has this been the case during the past and present season; and for a superb variety which must combine something to suit all tastes, we refer our readers to LICHTENSTEIN'S, 387 Broadway. Mr. LICHTENSTEIN has just returned from Europe, and presents among his styles very rich ribbons for side stripes, flounces, sashes, head-dresses, mantillas and other purposes, all excellent in quality and novel in design. He has also a thousand varieties of the pretty, delicate, variegated and broché fringes, so nice for trimming barege and tissue dresses, and now used for an infinite variety of purposes. Indeed, it would be impossible to enumerate all the pretty fancy articles which are to be found in this establishment. Among others are some remarkably handsome tasseled coiffures in single and mixed colors, now so fashionable for the decoration of straw and chip bonnets, besides flowers for head-dresses in the beautiful styles which are this season worn in Paris.

We have a great many inquiries for the puffed and "balloon" sleeves in all their varieties, which are indispensable at present for a full toilette. We know of only one establishment where they can be procured and their accuracy fully relied upon, and this is the house of BAILEY, FARRINGTON & LESLIE, Broadway. This establishment is decidedly the best in the city for made up lace goods, the designs being always novel and *distingué*, the materials exquisitely adapted to their specific use, and the workmanship very fine and artistic; very elegant puffed and balloon sleeves are found here, some separated into puffings by bands placed lengthwise, and others forming a deep gauntlet cuff, over which is another of medallion embroidery edged with Valenciennes.

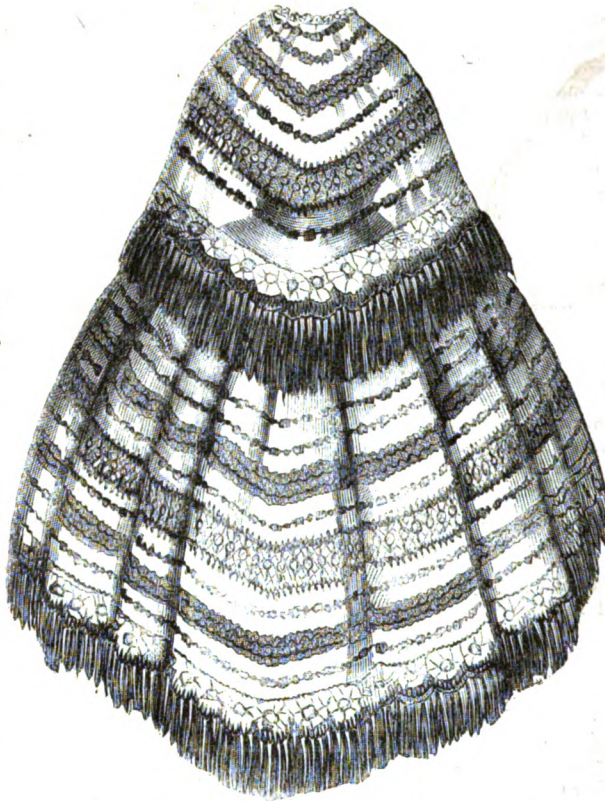
The children's department also is very perfect, the pretty caps, robes and other tiny garments presenting evidences of the same rare and delicate taste which distinguish the designs for adults. The caps especially, the crowns composed of applications of Valenciennes, medallions and the finest embroidery, with a Marie Stuart front and full wreath of narrow satin ribbon bows; we think them charming, and quite irresistible to a young mother at least. There is great variety also in the designs, each one containing peculiar features which are deemed particularly attractive.

We have already alluded to bonnets, but must say another word respecting the imported styles of Madame R. HARRIS & Son, 571 Broadway. Those who can recognise a pure Parisian creation will be delighted with the superb nonchalance of the "Pompadour," with its crown of tulle puffings, shaded by a careless fall of rich blonde, the saucy droop of the front, and the wreath of wild wood roses, which look as if just snatched from their rural resting-place. Fine straws and leghorns are also ornamented with exquisite barbes of real blonde in checks, some of which, after surrounding the front and curtain, droop down below the waist, the decorations being completed by a cluster of ostrich feathers or a half wreath of wild flowers. In

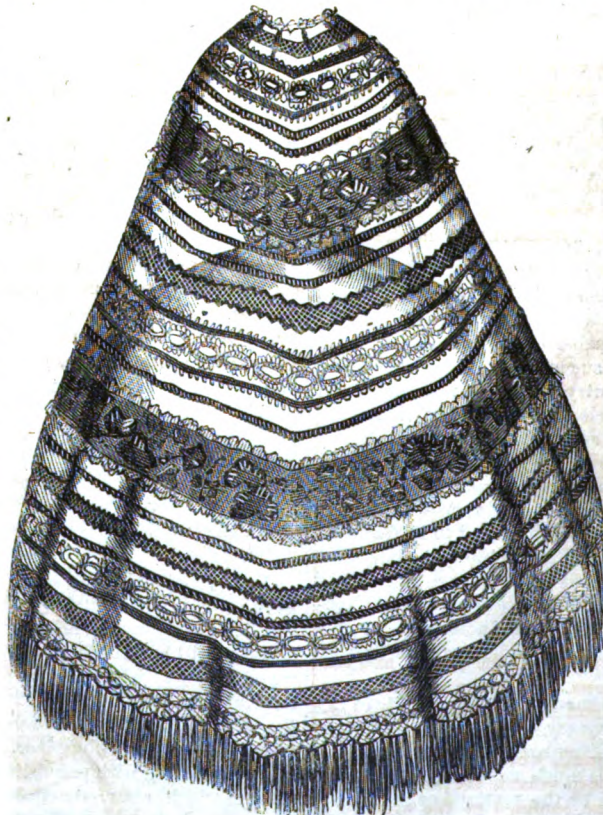
travelling bonnets, they also have at this establishment peculiar and exclusive styles. These are from ERARD'S, Paris, and consist of a fine fancy straw front, with a cap crown of variegated plaid or checkered silk. The trimming is simple and *distingué*, and the wide strings have a checkered edge to match the crown.

We also refer our readers with much pleasure to the novel and charming illustrations from the superb millinery department of GENIN'S BAZAAR, which adorn the present number; they are perfect models of distinguished beauty and elegance. There is no part of the wardrobe which requires more care in the selection than a fashionable bonnet. The high prices which are necessarily affixed to the first-class imported article, become the standard for all that class of milliners who incur none of the enormous expenses attendant upon the importation of goods from the best French houses, and whose only merit is their pretension and an assumption of the credit due to the enterprise of others. Of this class are the establishments of Mrs. FURLONG, Madame FERRERO, Miss MITCHELL, &c., who palm off upon their customers absurdly old styles, at a price which only the assurance acquired by long practice would have the audacity to ask. Without the originality to invent new and tasteful designs, or the liberality to obtain those introduced by artistes in the profession, they still plod along in the beaten track, until the demand for a new mode is universal, and its publicity makes it easy to adopt it without trouble or expense.

Quite opposite to this is the course pursued by R. T. WILDE, 251 Broadway. This immense establishment, devoted wholly to the importation and manufacture of whatever pertains to a first-class millinery emporium, has attained its wonderful popularity by a system of supplying the best goods at very low prices, constantly undergoing a large outlay with small profits, trusting to the appreciation of the public to make it pay, and the result in their large and elegant establishment shows that confidence was not misplaced. We have seen very pretty tulle and lace hats at this house, in exclusive styles, at very low prices. Those in fine puffs, relined by narrow blonde points, are charming, the decorations consisting of clusters of wild flowers, or drooping branches of June roses.



MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 562.



MANTILLA. BULPIN. PAGE 562.

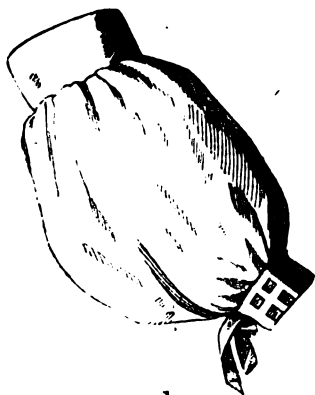
These can be obtained for six dollars each.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our lady friends an elegant fashion plate for June, illustrating one of the beautiful styles of organdie robes which have been introduced this season.

Fig. 1. Robe of fine organdie muslin, with a small chintz figure upon the white ground. Double skirt with side stripes, printed in a very rich design, and extending upon the lower one. Body plain with four points, one on each side, one in front, one behind. Very small collar of fine needlework, with Valenciennes edge. The sleeves are cut square, laid in plaits at the top, and fastened down three inches. From this point they are left open at the seam, disclosing the full puffed undersleeve of mull, separated by straight bands of velvet, edged with narrow Valenciennes. The trimming is a flat border which accompanies the dress to match the side stripe on the skirt. We think if simply gathered in at the top without being fastened down, and surmounted by a round cap, which is also trimmed with the border. The bonnet is of puffed tulle lavender [silk and blonde, with cluster of June roses, and plain lavender strings.

Fig. 2. Robe of plain lavender taffetas, of the "Ophelia" shade, with a full double skirt and quilles, composed of pointed velvet bands of a somewhat darker tint, terminating in pendant balls, and extending from the waist to the bottom of the lower skirt. These graduate in size, commencing a quarter of a yard in width at the base. The low corsage waist has six points, two on each side, one in front and one behind, and is trimmed with bands across the front, which is cut square over the bosom, brought up on the shoulder, and remains square across the back; above the edge is a row of English point lace. The sleeves consist of one puff, which deepens towards the centre, and flows over a short puffed sleeve of mull. Three bands of velvet are placed across the upper side to match the waist and skirt, the lower one of which terminates in a long floating end, which droops over the upper part of the sleeve. Broad gold bracelets of a novel pattern, one of which is called the "Cres-

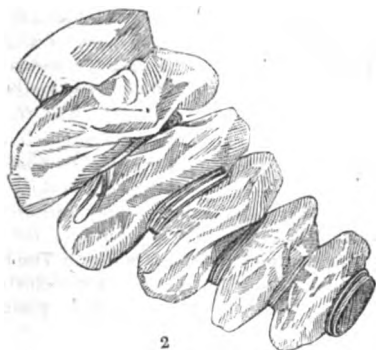


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cent," and the other the "Imperatrice," from the fact of its being a favorite design of the Empress Eugenie.

DESCRIPTION OF SLEEVES.

No. 1, "Matinée." This consists of Victoria linen, made full, and gathered into a band at the top. Square blocked cuff, set upon a narrow band, and fastened with blue bow and ends.



2

No. 2, Dinner Sleeve. This is a very stylish undersleeve for a rich dress of taffetas, or moire antique, made with an open sleeve. It is composed of mull a yard wide, separated into full graduated puffs by bands, upon which are three rows of narrow velvet. This is continued at the waist, to which is added an elastic which confines the band with complete exactness.

No. 3 is a flowing sleeve of fine Swiss muslin, upon which is placed two full puffs of illusion, terminating in needlework



3

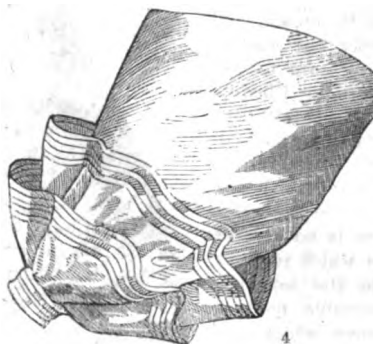
bands which flow over the under part of the sleeve, and are looped up in front with velvet bows. Upon the seam are four rows of narrow velvet, which extend from the top to the bottom of the sleeve.

No. 4 is a handsome sleeve of mull, which may be appropriately worn for mourning. Two deep volants are bordered with fine folds of white crape, and are confined at the wrist by a band, upon which crape folds also are placed.

No. 5 is composed of illusion, with a very deep puff, which

forms a gauntlet, over which is another of fine embroidery. A narrow puffing, through which ribbon is run, confines the wrist, and is completed by a bow and ends of lilac ribbon.

No. 6. This is a new and very stylish morning sleeve. The material is mull, with a deep fan cuff, trimmed with fine cords of white crape, with a narrow edge of black embroidery. A puffing at the wrist terminates in a narrow frill embroidered on the edge, and through the casing a black ribbon is run with long ends, which tie in a bow knot.



4

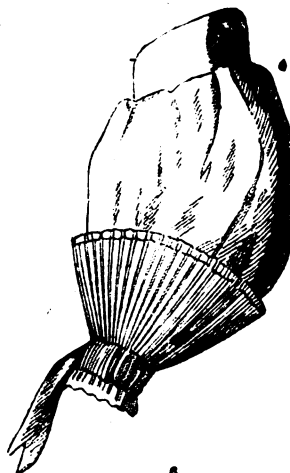
STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

These are extremely varied, and present many graceful novelties. In mantillas for example, which during the spring were made in solid silk, almost exclusively a revolution has taken place, which has converted them into transparencies of the most delicate tissues, lovely in effect, and quite adapted to the frail but charming fabrics which compose our summer dresses.



5

The "Marie Louise" is a large circle, upon the upper part of which are two puffings of silk, with guipure lace; between these, and extending upon the lower part are alternate rows of very fine guipure lace, and insertions with a beading of jet. Below these bands of chenille an inch in width (the Imperatrice



6

style) are placed lengthwise about a quarter of a yard deep, alternating with stripes of guipure insertion worked with jet. These terminate in a very rich fringe, with a heading of costly guipure lace in a very striking pattern, at least four inches in depth.

Another of immense size is called the "Maintenon." The centre is shawl-shaped, and the flounce three quarters of a yard in depth and five yards round. This enormous space is nearly covered with an infinite variety of flat trimmings, with a border of sewing silk fringe.

The "Princesse" is composed of French lace, with a tiny scarf centre, and two deep flounces in a very striking pattern.

The "Empress of France" is a superb novelty in white barge or grenadine; it is of the circular form, and has a deep border of white silk checkered with narrow black velvet. The hood is made to match, and has a rich tassel surmounted by three balls, the central one of which is black. A border of broad rich ribbon is sometimes substituted for the silk, the ground white and barred with fancy colors in broché, with a stripe of narrow black velvet at intervals, put on in checks. The hood is then trimmed with the same. This style is less costly than the first.

"Shetland" shawls, with white netted centres and double scarlet or blue borders, are very much worn for concerts or the evening promenade. Organdies, grenadines and the various silk tissues are all in favor for dinner or evening dress, the latter more especially, as silk (taffetas) still retains its supremacy for a dinner toilette, and occasionally even *moire antique* is seen.

A very pretty dress of pale lavender silk is made with a double skirt, the upper one of which is open at the sides and trimmed with five rows of ruched ribbon of the same shade, forming a tunic. At the junction, near the waist, is a bow of ribbon with ends. The body is low and square over the bosom, and has six points, one in front, one behind, and two on each side; across the front are bands of ruched ribbon, which commence narrow at the points and become gradually broader until they reach the top, the last one extending round the neck. Within this is worn a chemisette of tulle bouillonné, with a fine Venetian lace collar. The sleeves are a simple round cap, slightly full, which deepens towards the centre, and is trimmed with three ribbon ruches. This flows over a sleeve of tulle, formed of one large puff, terminating in a deep pointed flounce of Venetian lace, and sprinkled with small flat bows of rose-colored ribbon.

A morning robe of Swiss muslin is pretty for a young lady, with a plain full skirt simply hemmed. The body is half high, square across the front, and surrounded with a bouillon, through which a pink or blue ribbon is run. The sleeves are cut square and open to the shoulder, and bordered with a puffing to match the waist. Attached to the corsage is an upper skirt, which forms a tunic, and is trimmed with a broader bouillon, through which also a ribbon is run, to match the waist and sleeves.

For evening promenades and concerts netted scarfs are worn, composed of black sewing silk or white French cotton. Their power of contraction is very great; and they will widen to an indefinite extent. They are netted double and drawn up at each end, from which is suspended handsome tassels; these are gracefully wound round the head, the tassels falling below the ears.

Checked India silks are much in favor for travelling and walking dresses, they are made with double skirts, "Pompadour" waist, which consist of a basque half round, terminating at the side seam, and a moveable berthe which crosses in front with tabs. The sleeves are the "Fuschia," through which the undersleeves are displayed, and the points are attached to an elastic which confines them to the wrist, the embroidered cuff of the undersleeve turning over and concealing them.

For this month fine straw bonnets are worn with crowns of tulle and blonde. They are much larger than formerly, decidedly "Marie Stuart" in shape, and have a *nonchalant* grace that is quite captivating. A branch of wild roses is frequently the only decoration.

THE ADOPTED CHILD: A TALE OF RETRIBUTION.

TRANSLATED BY F. G. W.

I.

DURING the summer of 1831, I met at Aix-les-Bains a young friend, Emanuel Devu—, with whom I was intimate some years before at Geneva. He came for the benefit of the water, recommended by his physician, and accompanied by his young wife, whose anxious love made her desirous of watching over the returning health of the dear patient. Among the numerous strangers who yearly flock to this favorite watering-place was a Russian prince, who was reported to be enormously wealthy. Madame Devu—, the wife of my friend, was exceedingly beautiful. She was of that prepossessing yet classical style so rarely met with—a combination of the voluptuous contour of the one with the sweet and gentle expression of the other. She was a most perfect woman of the world, well skilled in all the little arts necessary to display to the best advantage her exquisite and rare beauty, and wherever she went she was known as the beautiful Genevaise. I heard vague rumors that this young prince was desperately in love with her, but the well-known austerity of the proud Protestant lady gave him, as every one seemed to think, but little hope.

At the end of two months Emanuel became perfectly convalescent, and then we would frequently saunter out in company to view places of note in the neighborhood. One evening we were out sailing on Lake Bourget; we had taken our guns for the purpose of having a shot at the wild ducks. We were just passing the Mont du Chat, and gazing about us in all directions we observed four or five barques approaching. Emanuel, raising himself proudly and with a bitter smile of disdain upon his lips, exclaimed,

"It is that puppy! that coxcomb!" and quickly springing forward he caught up his gun and cocked it.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, "what are you about? What does this mean?"

I snatched the weapon from his now powerless hand and discharged it in the air. Emanuel had seated himself in the bottom of the boat, where he remained for a full hour without speaking. I imitated his silence. By this time we were near Chatillon, when he suddenly bounded up and ordered the oarsmen to return. Of course I accompanied him, and as the boat turned to retrace her course,

"Emanuel," said I, placing my hand on his shoulder, "you frighten me. What is the matter with you? Am I no longer your friend?"

A tear glistened in his eye. "Yes, I know you are, Paul," replied he; "but you could not fully comprehend what I suffer. She—she loves me no more. She loves another, and on the instant when we met that other I was no more master of myself. Had it not been for your timely interposition I should have killed him. Six years of untold happiness, of peace, of love that I have become habituated to: I cannot exist without it. Now all is lost! No more peace, no more love, no more happiness!"

"Take care you are not mistaken," replied I; "it is easy to commit an error, but hard to retrieve it."

"Your friendship would disguise the truth from me, because you think I cannot bear it. Thank you, Paul, but it is useless. I know all. She smiles upon me from habit; she is prodigal of her attentions to me. But it is all hypocrisy! I am sometimes tempted to smother her in my embrace, but then—then, Paul, I think of my child—my daughter. This thought brings tears to my eyes and banishes every evil emotion. And then, standing before her mother, I cry in accents of despair, 'Louise, do you love me? Oh, Louise, love me ever!' At these words I see her turn pale, her lips tremble, her hands become cold as ice; she seems without voice, without the power to move, her brow covered with a cold perspiration, her glance vacant. Oh, my friend, what think you of this? That she suffers much, there can be no doubt. I pity her from the depths of my heart. What can she hope from this love? It will kill her. When she loved me only, then she was happy. How slowly this boat goes. Shall we never reach home?"

"Why are you so impatient to return?" inquired I.

"Why, I cannot tell; but I feel some strange presentiment here," said he, placing his hand upon his heart; "an unfailing presentiment that I shall never again be happy!"

II.

It was an hour after nightfall before we landed. We walked on towards his house in silence. We found Madame Devu—seated before a table occupied with her embroidery. She seemed pale and nervous. She arose as we entered, and approaching her husband, said to him in a half-assured voice,

"My love, you have been absent for a long while?"

For an instant a bitter smile rested on the lips of Emanuel. "You must ask Paul," replied he; "it was his fault and not mine."

As it was getting somewhat late, I soon took my leave. Emanuel once alone with his wife, drew his chair near her's, and addressing her, said:

"My love, it is a long time since we have seen our little daughter, and she is constantly asking when we will return, and the reply is, next week, or the day after to-morrow, or to-morrow. But the days and the weeks pass on, and still we do not go to her. You are anxious, without doubt, to see our dear little Camille. Let us go at once, my health is almost entirely established. This isolation tires me; I long to be again in the bosom of my family and to see my friends again."

"Yes, without doubt—without doubt," replied Louise; "but are you not afraid to leave here too soon? Would it not be better to wait a few days longer, until you are fully recovered? It would render our departure more pleasant."

"Louise, you are concealing something from me. Your voice betrays you; your face accuses you. You dare not meet my glance, and you address me as *you*, as though we had met but yesterday. Oh! Louise, if you are not yet culpable, let us go at once, for heaven's sake! The air of this place is fatal to you. You suffer as though you had committed some crime."

He took her two hands in his and drew her to his breast. "Let us go, my love, let us go. Do not let us live this way any longer. Raise up thy head and look at me. Dost thou not know how dearly I love thee? Do not blush, dear one! Give me thy confidence. If thou hast been weak, I will defend and sustain thee against thyself. Tell me what grief agitates thy breast. Let me read thy heart; if one thought of estrangement has entered it, let my full forgiveness drive it away for ever."

She could resist no longer, but falling at his feet with a despairing cry, exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, let us fly; let us leave this place! Save me! save me! take pity on an unfortunate woman who has no longer control over herself."

She remained weeping at his feet. Emanuel had just raised her to his arms, when a ray of the moon lighting up the balcony, revealed the figure of a man leaning with his hands upon the balustrade, evidently measuring with his eye the distance from the balcony to the street. The eyes of Emanuel flashed fire, and grinding his teeth with rage, he exclaimed,

"Yes, madame, you say right; for the unfortunate, pity; for the false, chastisement; for cowards, contempt."

Louise comprehended at a glance what would follow, and covering her face with her hands, she again sank on her knees to the ground.

"Lower, lower still," cried Emanuel; "your bosom is no longer too pure to be soiled by the dust of the earth. Do you know for whom you have thrown away my love? Even a courtesan, be she ever so degraded, is too noble for a man so vile. Yes, stay there, you are in your proper place. It is fit that you should know and feel that he came not to raise you. Believe now in his love; take heed how exalted it is. You have forfeited a husband's love, sacrificed your honor for him, and he now sees you grovelling in the very dust at my feet, and yet he stretches forth no hand to help you! He hears me insult and revile you; spurn you from me, and all through him; and still he does not raise his arm to strike me. The coward! If I should murder you he would not try to save you. And this is the man for whom you have deserted me!"

Springing forward like some infuriated animal, he dashed open the window that led to the balcony; he exclaimed:

"Come forth! come forth, noble sir! or must I hold this loaded pistol to your ear to force you to defend your mistress!"

Instead of replying, the prince, for it was he, bounded lightly over the balustrade and reached the street in safety. Emanuel, retaining his pistols, threw open the door and rushed down the stairs after him. Louise tried to follow, but just as she had reached the chamber door the report of two pistol shots fell upon her ear, and as she fell half-fainting upon a chair her husband appeared, his face disfigured and covered with blood, a pistol in each hand.

"I told you he was a coward," said he; "and I was right. He posted his spies underneath your very windows. As I tried to arrest his progress, his servants struck me in the face, but as he passed me in his flight I discharged both pistols after him."

"Oh, Heavenly Father!" exclaimed Louise, starting to her feet.

"Reassure yourself, madam," said Emanuel, "he lives; it is only my blood that is spilt."

He folded his arms upon his breast, and regarding his wife for a moment said, in a voice full of sadness, yet not unmixed with contempt:

"Madam, you are nothing more to me. I return you your vows and your liberty. Call yourself by whatever name it may please you, but be careful not to call yourself by mine! You are not worthy to bear the name of an honorable man. Farewell, madam, and for ever!"

"For ever!" cried she. "Oh, Heaven, I am sufficiently unished!"

The incidents of this terrible scene were repeated to me by Emanuel, the next day, when he came to ask me to officiate as his second. Useless trouble, for the prince took his departure by post the same evening, without saying whither he was going! Emanuel left the same day for Geneva, where he converted his fortune into bank notes, after which he and his daughter disappeared.

One day in Paris, during the month of last December, a young man about twenty-eight years old presented himself in the Rue Rivoli, at the hotel of the Prince Count De—, and requested to speak with him regarding some affairs of importance which he could only confide to the prince himself. A valet took the request to his master, and the gentleman was admitted. The Russian count was alone. He bowed as the gentleman entered, and politely indicated to him to be seated.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" said he.

"If," replied the gentleman, "M. le Count will refresh his memory a trifle, my face cannot be absolutely unknown to him."

The prince threw a rapid glance over his interlocutor and slightly raising his eyebrows, replied:

"Really you must pardon my defective memory, but I do not recollect you."

"Ah, in that case, M. le Count, my name is Emanuel Devu—"

The prince turned pale and put his hand to his brow, as though to recall something long since forgotten.

"How many more victims have you made since your departure from Aix, M. le Count," said Emanuel, forcing him to remember what he seemed to have already forgotten.

"What is that you say?" demanded the prince in a tone of astonishment.

"I wish to say," replied he, "that if you have forgotten the crimes you have committed, those who have suffered from them have not; and I would also say, that you may not always be fortunate enough to escape the chastisement you merit, and that here at least the balcony is sufficiently high to prevent your escaping from a man whom you have deeply and basely wronged!"

The prince arose quickly and approached the bell-rope. Emanuel, seizing him by his arm, forced him back in his chair.

"Take one step, M. le Count, at the risk of your life!"

At the same moment a gleam of a poignard flashed before the eyes of the prince, and Emanuel pointed to the muzzles of two pistols which protruded from the pockets of his coat.

"Rest assured that I have not come to provoke you to a duel, for I am convinced that, let it be pride or let it be cowardice that you may assign as your reason, you would refuse me."

The prince thought that his last hour had come, and he trembled from head to foot.

"Calm yourself," pursued Emanuel, "and listen to me. You have robbed me of every earthly happiness. Of all I held most dear. But I do not come to you for pity. You can neither understand nor feel the grief you have caused. The wrong committed by you has brought forth its own fruit. You are the father of a child that by law should bear my name. Now it is necessary that one falsehood should be redeemed by another; you will take as your adopted son a child that belongs to you by nature. This is all I have to demand of you. It is very little for the wrongs I have suffered. I should demand much more."

"It is impossible," replied the count.

"I do not ask your good pleasure about the matter," replied Emanuel, "but I shall compel you to do it, here and this moment. I too have a child, M. le Count, and I will not allow that after having dishonored me and taken from me all that the world held most dear to me, that you shall be also the ruin of my daughter. Enough of words, there is no middle path for you, adopt your child or die. Choose."

The head of the count fell upon his breast, and fear prevented his answering. Emanuel rang the bell. A servant entered.

"Take the carriage of M. le Count, and bring his notary here immediately."

The servant obeyed the order, and the notary speedily arrived.

"I have been so fortunate," said Emanuel to the latter, "as to render some important services to M. le Count, in return for which he is kind enough to adopt one



MANTILLA. BULPIN. PAGE 562.

"My friend," said the prince, drily, "there are some vices of our youth which cost us very dear! Let the matter rest between us, alone."

GENIN'S BONNETS, CAPS, HEAD-DRESSES.

From GENIN'S BAZAAR we have a superb array of articles of costume for ladies and children, among which these magnificent illustrations for head-dresses will be appreciated.

No. 1 is a very graceful and becoming coiffure composed of black lace barbes, worked with jet and covered by a wreath of leaves, forming a bandeau. On one side the barbes are twisted in with rich ribbon (white ground barred with velvet), to which is added a cluster of gold and crimson petunias and drooping bell flowers; below these are floating ends of ribbon and lace. The wreath is made of completely twisted ribbon fastened to the side of the bandeau, over which hangs a branch of crystallised leaves, from which droop pendant flowers.

No. 2 is a baby hat of the finest Leghorn, with raised front, low crown, in the middle of which is a white lace star with a black centre. The ornaments are rich black and white ostrich feathers; full bows of ribbon on the side, striped with black velvet, and with pointed ends from which drop buttons are suspended. Across the front is a double barbe of costly white lace with a narrow black centre. Wide white strings edged with black velvet.

No. 3 is for a boy somewhat older, and is also of Leghorn, with an edge of handsome drop buttons. The trimming consists of black and white ostrich feathers, and wide white ribbons edged with a broad band of black velvet. Nothing can exceed the perfect and distinguished style of these hats, superior to anything else of the kind which we have ever seen in New



1. COIFFURE. GENIN.



2. BABY'S HAT. GENIN.

of my children; and it is for this reason, sir, that we have taken the liberty of sending for you."

The papers were made out according to the very letter of the law and signed by Emanuel, and the count, who was obliged to summon all his strength to enable him to hold his pen. When it was entirely completed, Emanuel bowed to the count and took his departure.

"Oh! my lord," said the notary when they were alone, "how generous, how kind!"



3. BOY'S HAT. GENIN.



FASHION'S FOR JUNE.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE 1858



MORNING DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 562.

York. In this line, as in others, Mr. GENIN seems determined to maintain his supremacy and make his name a household word.

No. 4 is one of the elegant styles of Parisian bonnets which this season has introduced to our notice. The present model is of fine chip, with a solid crown and edge, between which is an insertion of soft, fleecy tulle, in a full puff, covered by variegated chenille in checks. Below this is a coiffure of plaid velvet, with a side puff and ends of very wide velvet ribbon. The lower curtain is of white chip, with an insertion of tulle and chenille to match the front. Over this is a transparent curtain edged with plaid velvet. On the inside the only ornaments are the side ruche, with a bandeau of plaid velvet.

No. 5 is another exceedingly beautiful bonnet of white Eugenia crape, laid in folds over the foundation. Round the edge of the front and curtain is a broad insertion of tulle in fine puffs, relieved by a narrow pointed blonde. Over this is a net of fancy variegated chenille, with a fringe which extends over the edge. Superb



4. BONNET. GENIN.
VOL. II., No. C-26



5. BONNET. GENIN.

summer ostrich plumes decorate the sides of the exterior, and a bandeau of fancy chenille twisted over white ribbon to the interior, to which is added a few charming morning glories and white strings with a colored edge.

SUMMER MORNING ROBE. PAGE 561.

WE are sure our lady readers will admire this superb illustration of one of the most beautiful and graceful summer robes we have ever seen. It is from that temple of elegance and fashion GENIN'S BAZAAR, and is the exact model as made for a distinguished Southern lady, after the latest and most admired style. The underskirt consists of French cambric, across the front of which are four needlework flounces alternating with narrow stitched tucks. The material for the robe is fine Swiss muslin, the skirt consisting of one deep flounce, which is attached to the upper part by a puffing, through which a pink ribbon is run. This trimming extends down the front, which is open to display the needlework beneath. The waist is in the "surplice" style, the same decoration extending up the sides and round the neck, a rich needlework chemisette being inserted in front. The sleeves are a full "bishop," with round cap and cuffs trimmed to match the rest of the robe, and a puffing also extends up the front of each sleeve concealing the seam. Very long ends of muslin confine it in front, and are tied in a bow and rounded off at the extremities, where they are ornamented with a puffing and also with a Valenciennes edging, which forms a narrow edge to the puffing on all parts of the robe. Nothing can exceed the distinguished yet simple elegance of this charming *matinée* costume.

BULPIN'S MANTILLAS AND MANTLE.

MANTILLA. PAGE 553.

THIS illustration presents another style of the graceful lace mantillas from the fertile establishment of GEORGE BULPIN, 415 Broadway. The material is Spanish guipure lace; the centre wrought in a fine pattern now extremely fashionable in Paris, and forming a shawl mantilla. The edge of this falls over the top of a rich flounce, in a superb palm leaf design, terminating in a shallow scalloped border. There is little to describe in this mantilla; its very simplicity is its greatest beauty; enhancing its charming effect over a light summer dress.

MANTLE. PAGE 556.

This illustration presents one of those elegant transparent mantillas which have created such a *furor* during the present season, and which, although charming in appearance, are yet so strangely blended as to be almost impossible to describe. The shape is the round shawl, with a deep flounce, and the material consists of strong twisted silk bobinet, upon which are placed alternating rows of fine guipure lace, Imperatrice, chenille, tufted trimming, &c., the whole terminating in a border of rich fringe with guipure heading, which surrounds the upper and lower part. This style is particularly adapted as an accessory to a handsome organdie toilette, made with double skirt and quilles in the mode of the present season.

MANTILLA. PAGE 556.

This is also from Mr. BULPIN's new and splendid establishment, 415 Broadway, to which he has recently removed. The style is the "transparent" before mentioned, and of which we have one other specimen from the same house. This, however, is the circular shape, and has two broad bands of frosted velvet placed at considerable intervals, the spaces between being filled up with rows of guipure insertion, Imperatrice chenille, and a variety of narrow flat and pointed trimmings, through some of which runs a narrow bugle beading. The velvet bands are edged with narrow guipure, and it is completed by a very rich border of fringe with guipure lace beading.

MANTILLA. PAGE 560.

This is a very handsome mantilla of French lace, with a small richly worked centre, and is from the establishment of GEORGE BULPIN, 415 Broadway; attached to the centre is a circle

of plain net which supports the rich flounces, wrought in an exquisite pattern of half wreaths and bouquets of flowers terminating in a rich border.

PAPER VASE MAT. PAGE 564.

THE materials for this very pretty mat are simply two sheets of tissue paper, folded and cut into a deep rich fringe. They may be either mingled, or with the two colors in opposite sections of the mat. Care is required in choosing colors that are appropriate, and which will look well by candlelight. There is an art in producing the full crimped appearance of the fringe, which can be acquired only by seeing it done, no written description sufficing. A variety of these mats can, however, be seen at Mesdames PULLAN & HATTON's, 290 Fourth street, and a pattern one will be sent, post free, to any part of the United States for one dollar. For ornamenting the cake dishes for the new year they will look particularly pretty. They do not crush in carriage.

SIMPLE CONCERT COSTUME. (WORN AT MUSARD'S.)

ROBE of rich drab moire antique, with double skirt, ornamented on the upper sides with alternate lozenges of white satin and black velvet; open jockey sleeves, lined with white satin, and bordered with a *ruche* of white satin ribbon on the inside, and a double row of lozenges of white satin and black velvet on the outside. Pointed body high at the back, square across the front. The stomacher, composed of satin and velvet, in lozenges like those upon the sleeves and skirt. Over this was worn a small netted shawl of Shetland wool, with a full double scarlet border. A black silk netted scarf, drawn up at each end, to which heavy tassels were attached, was twisted round the back part of the head, the tassels descending at the sides below the ears, and the scarf fastened with gold and coral pins.

YACHTING TOILETTE.

ROBE of fine white pineapple cloth, with three skirts, each terminating in a broad hem, and a row of embroidery above the hem about two inches deep. The sleeves are square and open to the shoulder, and bordered like the skirts; the body low, and "baby" waist. The band round the neck and the belt being composed of embroidery. With this dress is worn a silk and linen Arab burnous, striped in gay colors, green, rose-color and white, the hood falling from the shoulder, and giving it the name of the "ZINGARA." A rice straw broad-brimmed hat, with white plume and long floating ends of rich plaid ribbon, completes this elegant costume.

MORNING DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

ROBE of white jaconet sprinkled with tiny maroon-colored rings. Down each side of the skirt is a breadth of buff pique also dotted with dark rings. The body is plain, and buttoned up the front with mosaic buttons, and forms a pointed pelerine cape, bordered with pique like that upon the skirt. The sleeves are a small bishop, with round cap and cuffs of pique cloth; the latter fastened with a bow of violet ribbon, and another of the same kind ornaments the front of the small collar of embroidered French cambric which is worn around the throat. A *barbe* of black lace, ornamented with violet-colored ribbons and festooned with gold pins, forms a most becoming head-dress.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

DECIDEDLY the advent of the beautiful Empress of the French has given an impulse to the fashionable world, especially in matters of dress and taste, such as it has not received from any

single individual for a century at least. Her youth, her beauty, her popularity and exquisite taste, have aided the deference due to the sovereign mistress of a great empire, and made her will law in the domain of the toilette, not only over her subjects proper, but almost over the world. What Napoleon could not do with all his standing armies, his great generals, and his acute policy, Eugenie can effect by the graceful waving of a feather, a coquettish flow of drapery, or the delicate adjustment of a neatly fitting boot.

Indeed, since the great mass of women must per force follow, and act only according to some rule or standard of authority, we ought to be very thankful that the power at present is wielded by a young and beautiful lady, who is not compelled to resort to hideous means to hide the defects in her personal appearance, but seeks only to heighten natural graces by the addition of whatever is lovely and becoming in art. Were it otherwise, doubtless we should, as in times past, swallow any bitter dose that was given us without a question; therefore we subscribe heartily to the loyalty to the Empress Eugenie.

There was never a more brilliant display in Paris than this year's exhibition of spring goods and models. The taste for the striking and novel so characteristic of the French, and which has so often led them into the *outré* and absurd, has been toned down by the illustrious example already alluded to, and only appears in a certain view of originality which is both charming and attractive.

The textures of the different fabrics are exquisitely fine and beautiful; the colors consist of the rarest shades, either solid or so exquisitely blended that they seem to have been tinted by the hand of the fairies. Nothing can be more opposite to the scant drapery of the antique than the skirts of extraordinary fullness, the wide sleeves, the frizzled curls, and general amplitude of all outer garments that characterize the summer styles.

Rich mantles of lace and muslin will now succeed the black silk and velvet scarfs, and circulars, which have formed the leading modes for the spring. The flowing Spanish mantilla, the drapery about the head arranged with magnificent pins, will doubtless be a great favorite, both from its novelty and its striking and distinguished beauty.

Guipure lace is at last and very gradually, making its way amid the mass of Chantilly and "French lace" to which we have become accustomed. Its costliness is the great barrier to its universal adoption, but this will be a merit in the eyes of the fashionable world when the stringency produced by the panic has subsided. At present there is little demand for costly goods of any description; India shawls, laces, &c., retain their places on the shelves of our merchants, and will, probably, until the fall restores the usual vigor to metropolitan trade.

The light and brilliant toilettes introduced by the Empress for *fête* and gala purposes are universally admired and imitated, and great preparations are in progress, especially among the Southern belles, for outvying each other in splendor at the gay reunions of the fashionable summer resorts. New York ladies will indeed have to look to their laurels; already their fair Southern sisters are outstripping them in their quick appreciation and keen insight of the beautiful, the novel, and the picturesque, and soon the supremacy of New York in Fashion will be but a name.

WHERE ARE WE TO GO THIS SUMMER?

An interesting question which must soon be decided. Not to Europe, that would be too expensive; the panic has left us no money with which to flutter our wings at the French capital, or join the gay band of pleasure-seekers at Baden-Baden, or in a trip up the Rhine. Doubtless the news of this or that pretty American girl changing her plain republican "Miss" into "Madame la Comtesse" or "Madame la Marquise," has created the greatest excitement in the breasts of dozens of beautiful belles all over the Union, who imagine that only the opportunity is needed to enable them to share the same brilliant destiny, and come back "my lady" to troops of admiring and envious friends. Dreadful to think that such splendid pros-

pects should be dashed by a fall in the stock market or the failure of some tobacco manufacturer, but so it is. The old merchant who has just lost twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, feels as poor as though he had not one cent, and is deaf to all entreaties of the beautiful Araminta, who feels that her refinement, wasted on these stupid republicans with no soul above their bank-books, would be appreciated by the *naute noblesse* of the Old World.

It is of no use, however, Paris and Berlin are out of the question this season, so we must think of some other locality in which to wile away the long summer days. We have been to Niagara, Lake Maopac, and even got as far once as the White Mountains of Virginia. Saratoga is snobbish, and even Newport is getting old. Cape May does very well for a little while, but becomes frightfully monotonous. Besides, at all these places it is impossible to obtain any monopoly of the, or even of a gentleman, unless you happen to be the reigning fashion, flirtation indiscriminate becoming so much a part of the atmosphere that all are infected with it.

So the best way is to go to some charming nook in the country, take some pretty muslin dresses, a picturesque hat and strong gaiter boots, rise with the lark, ride, fish, learn to manage a sail boat, jump a fence, climb a cherry tree, and come back with cheeks like the sweetest of June roses, needing no extra touch to impart the bloom of the peach to their dazzling surface.

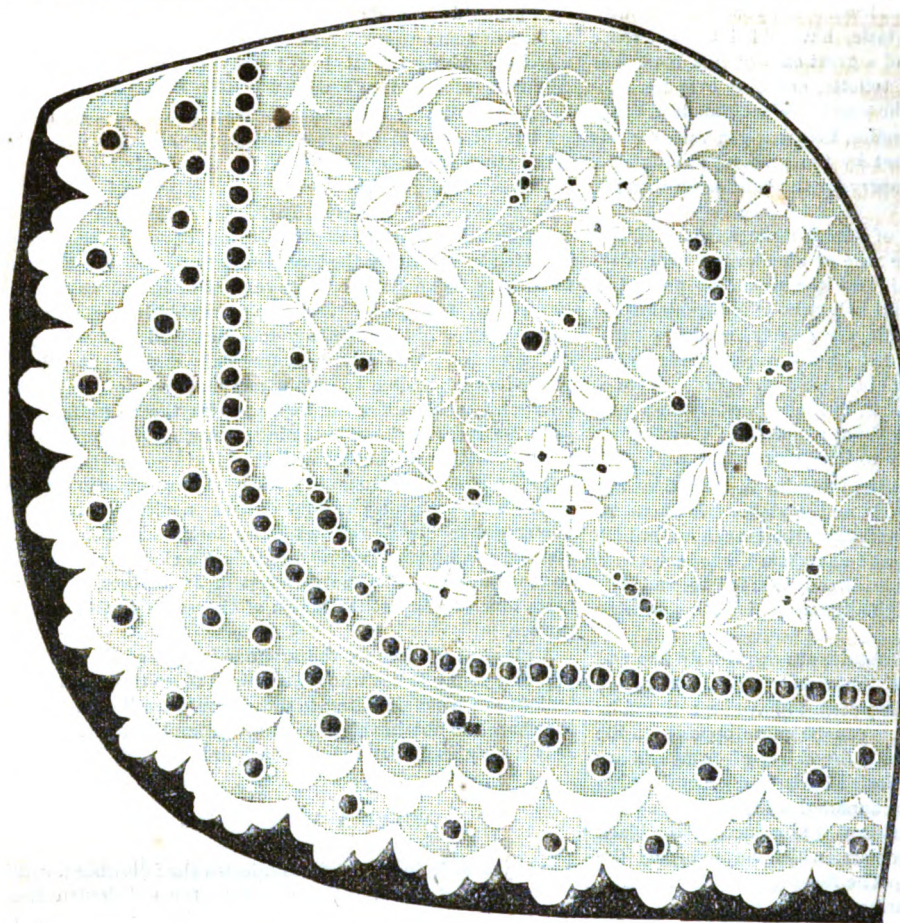
A pleasant pastime for the summer is that of Grecian painting, and young ladies who do not want to go through the usual tedious process of learning to draw should avail themselves of the chance to obtain this charming accomplishment, especially as it is very readily and cheaply acquired.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

A "LOVER of Industry" communicates the following narrative to the *Ballarat Times*: "I removed to the Caledonian Lead a few months since, and located in the vicinity of Brown Hill Hotel. In a few days after being installed in my new quarters, my attention was attracted by the strokes of an axe, plied incessantly from morning to night. On observation, much to my surprise, I perceived the indefatigable wood-chopper to be a woman. At first, however, as the stately gums and other primitive monarchs of the forest, one by one, came down with a groan and a crash, I naturally supposed that the limbs of the fallen were merely destined to supply the wood-yard of a provident neighborhood; but not so. The boughs were indeed chopped off, cut into uniform lengths, and the larger split, but not for the purpose which I had at first supposed.

"After the completion of this work, the conqueror next appeared in the field armed with maul and wedge, and with the utmost apparent good will and determination attacked the knotted trunks of the fallen trees. In a few days the last of these had disappeared in a heap of posts and rails. Immediately in front of her tent, or bark hut rather, is a low piece of ground, which at that time was partly inundated by the early rains. Of this ground she staked off the area of an acre, more or less, and after having planted her posts and erected the fence (which, by the way, is a substantial one), as heretofore assisted by any one, she very deliberately set about the excavation of a drain several hundred feet in length. After the completion of this, the spade was again brought into requisition, and about two-thirds of the enclosure turned up and prepared for cultivation. This ground, owing to its watery propensity, required the greatest ingenuity and most laborious pains in its preparation. But in time, in spite of all, industry and perseverance conquered. The marshy soil was deprived of its moisture, the ground planted, and now, in a high state of improvement, presents one of the most forward and beautiful vegetable gardens in this vicinity.

"I may furthermore add that the time of this girl (I have been told that she is single) is not undivided. With the assistance of another woman, her partner, she keeps a dairy, a lot of poultry, and a herd of pigs. I am unable to give the name of either of the persons, but any inquiries made in reference to



SIDE PATTERN FOR INFANT'S EMBROIDERED CAP.

the above in the vicinity of Nos. 70 or 80 Caledonian Lead, would be successful. Her reputation has become quite a prodigy in these parts, and every one in the neighborhood would be able to point out the garden, made and cultivated by a woman. She deserves not only the highest praise for her own unparalleled perseverance and industry, but the commendation of all, for the excellent example set before her neighbors. Hers was the first or second garden staked off in that gully, but there are now nine or ten surrounding it, all of which, now flushed with the propitious smiles of Ceres and Flora, stand as living evidence to attest the force of Australian fertility."

GRUNUS KRAVALLE.—A WONDERFUL STORY OF THE THREE NUTS.

THE King of Eiland had a son named James, who was not the best behaved son in the world. Day and night he was at the tavern, and played cards, like Prince Hal, and at last played away everything he had on and with him. When this was lost he stole from his father's treasury, from the wardrobe, or the washing-closet—it was all one to him; and he stole so much that the royal family got into great poverty at last. The king was tired of it at last, and locked him up; and then he gamed by himself, his right hand against his left. At last he was set at liberty again, and they took his cards away, and the king ordered that for the future nobody should dare to play with him any more, and declared that whoever did so should be executed.

Sad that he could not play any more, the prince went one day into the forest, and there he met a huntsman in a green coat, who asked him what was the matter? The prince told him his sorrow, and he said, "If nobody else will play with you, then I dare; but we must settle the stakes beforehand."

"Oh, of course," said the prince. "I am quite agreeable to anything."

"Well, then," said the huntsman, "when you win I will

give you every time two horses with golden saddles; but if you lose, then you are mine."

"All right," said the prince; "now tell me what is your name."

"My name is Grunus Kravalle, and here are the cards."

Then they sat down to play, and the huntsman let the prince always win, so that he led home his two horses that evening. The king was very much astonished; but he didn't say anything, for golden saddles were of great use to him, and the money they fetched the king could find room to spend.

The second day the prince was very early to the meeting-place in the wood, and Grunus Kravalle was there soon after. But this time the prince had no luck: he certainly won once or twice, but he lost a dozen times, and the end of it was that the huntsman won.

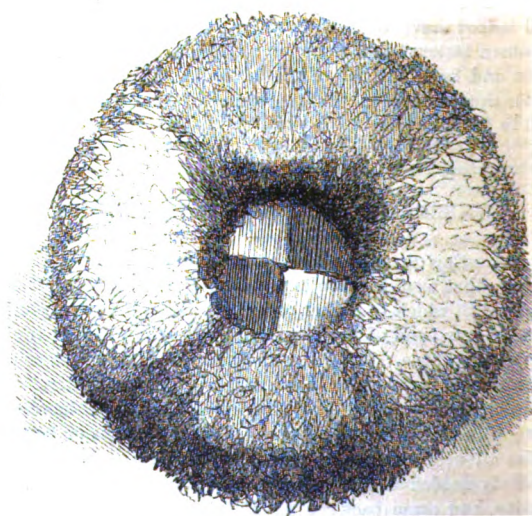
"I might take you a way with me this moment," said he, "but I like mercy rather than justice. I will give you a year and a day to find me;

if you find me, you are free; if you do not, I will fetch you, for I always know where you are."

The huntsman then disappeared, and the prince saw at once who it was he had to deal with. There was now nothing to do but to find the huntsman. The prince went away into the wood; he had been travelling in it for many a week, and then he came into a thick copse, and deep in the midst of it lay a hermit's hut. He went in, and the hermit looked up and said, "Good morning, Prince Gem of Eiland."

"Ah, how is it you know me?" asked the prince; and the hermit said, "I know everybody in the world!"

Then the prince was delighted, and said, "Then you must



PAPER VASE MAT. PAGE 562.

know the huntsman Grunus Kravalle, and can tell me where to find him."

The hermit thought for a long time, and then said, "Such a name there is not in the whole world; you must ask somebody who is wiser than I am."

Then the prince took his leave very sorrowfully.

After a long journey, on which he had asked every one about Grunus Kravalle, he came into a deep, deep forest, to a hermit's dwelling. He opened the door and found a mis-shapen old man, with such a hump, sitting inside. He greeted the prince:

"Good morning, Prince Jem of Eiland."

"Ah, how is it you know me?"

"I know everybody in the world."

"Then, I'm sure you must know Grunus Kravalle, and where he lives," said the prince.

The hermit thought, and thought, and thought, and then he said, "Such a name I do not know, but if you wait here till twelve o'clock, my son, the little angels will bring me my dinner, and they will know."

The prince sat down with the hermit, who gave him plenty of good advice, for he was a very good man. At twelve o'clock, the door opened, and the little angels—a great number of them, too—brought the hermit his dinner. When he had done, the prince asked, "Can you tell me where the huntsman Grunus Kravalle lives?"

And all the little angels answered together, "He is the devil! and a thousand miles away from here there lives a hermit who can tell you."

It was a long distance, but Prince Jem had got a little more courage, and walked away sturdily, until he came to the hermit's dwelling. He opened the door, and the hermit, who was a very old man, greeted him:

"Ah, how are you, Prince Jem of Eiland?"

"How do you know me?" said the prince.

"I know all the people in the world," said the hermit.

"Then you must be able to tell me where the huntsman Grunus Kravalle lives."

"Certainly, I can tell you," said the hermit. "Go along the path behind my house, straight forward, then you will come to a great round castle, with high walls, and neither gate nor door. Wait there until twelve o'clock, when the wall will open and two ladies in white will come out; then you must slip inside directly, and ask for Grunus Kravalle. You mustn't stay, and be sure to be out by three o'clock, or you will be lost!"

The prince promised very faithfully to do this, thanked the hermit, and hastened forward, until he came to the castle. It was quite round, and had high walls of very large stones. He went round, but there was no entrance to be seen. About twelve o'clock the wall opened, and two beautiful white ladies came out, and went into the wood. As soon as they were gone he went into the palace by that opening. He walked from one beautiful room to another, until at last he asked for Grunus Kravalle.

He came immediately, dressed in his green coat, and said, "You've been in luck, for this was the last day you had, and I should have fetched you to-morrow."

"Then give me my writing and let me go," said the prince, but Grunus Kravalle said, "Come with me, and see what you never will have an opportunity of seeing again in all your life."

Then the prince went with him, and the huntsman led him up and down, here and there, and talked a great deal, until it struck three o'clock.

"Oh, give me my writing," said the prince, and Grunus Kravalle gave it him, laughing, and said, "There it is, but now you are mine, and needn't hurry away." And he took him and put him in the ice-house, and only gave him one crust of bread to eat daisy, and that was as dry as a Babylonian brickbat.

Then Jem of Eiland had plenty of reason to cry, for nothing is more miserable than to work hard and fancy you had got something, and then find yourself quite as far behind as ever. But the youngest daughter of Grunus Kravalle saw him and took pity on him; and one night when he was eating a bit of

bread, and moistening it in some ice water, she brought him an apronful of good things from the kitchen. And wasn't he much obliged for it, that's all? He kissed both her hands, and was quite wild with gratitude; she was so touched at this, that



TOP AND BACK PATTERN FOR INFANT'S EMBROIDERED CAP.

she took him good food every night after that. Every time she went she stopped a little longer with him, and made him tell her his story, and every time she liked him better and better.

At last she said one day, "I love you so dearly, that I cannot live any longer without you. If you will be my husband we will fly together, for I do not like my father at all, and love you more than all the world."

Then the prince thought all the world was opening its greatest delight before him, his delight was so great. Every minute became an eternity, and at last she turned herself into a crow, and him into a pigeon, and then flew away together by the chimney, right away over the wood.

When the morning began to break and light up the tops of the mountains, the crow looked round and said, "Ah! there is my sister flying after us!" She sank down to the ground, and turned herself into a rose, and him into a rose-tree. Then came a great hawk flying along, and that was the elder sister, who had been sent after them by Grunus Kravalle. She sat upon the rose-tree, and smelt at the rose. Then she flew away back to the castle.

Grunus Kravalle asked her, "Well, did you find them?"

"No, said she; "I only found a rose-tree with a rose on it."

"Had the rose its proper scent?" asked he.

"No, it did not smell at all."

"Oh, you stupid! why didn't you bring it? the rose-tree would soon have followed."

Then he went to his wife, who turned herself into a kite, and flew after them.

In the meantime, the other two had flown away again. Suddenly she looked round and said, "Ah! there is my mother coming after us!"

She changed herself into a rock and him into a man breaking stones. Then the kite came and asked, "Have you not seen a young man and young girl running away along the road?"

He said, "I get up at five o'clock, and have to work very hard. I'm clip, clip, clipping, the whole day long, and one's arms get so tired, that sometimes one feels as if they were going to drop right off." Then he began knocking and hammering again.

But she said, "I didn't ask about that: I inquired if you had seen a young man and woman running away."

"About sixpence a day is what I earn; now and then a little more, but generally a little less."

Then she was quite impatient, and flew away to the palace again.

"Haven't you found them?" asked Grunus Kravalle.

"I only found a stupid stone-breaker, who was either deaf or silly," said she.

"Stupid yourself," said her husband; "had you brought a bit of the rock the stone-breaker would have come of himself." Then he changed himself into an eagle, and flew away. But the two others had made such haste on their journey, that they had got beyond the wood, and there the power of Grunus Kravalle ended. They sat down on the grass, and rejoiced at their safety. When Grunus Kravalle came and saw that they had got off safe, he said, "That is how it ought to have been; but come here, my daughter, I will give you a keepsake that you will want very much some of these days." Then he gave her three nuts which she was to crack when she got into trouble.

Now the two lovers went gaily onward until they came to the kingdom of Eiland. On the frontier there was a mill, and she said, "You must fetch me from here in princely state. I may not go farther with you, and here I will wait for you. Do not, however, kiss anybody, or you will forget me, and bring me to great misfortune." The prince promised her, and after saying that he would fetch her home before the evening, he set out.

When he came to the neighborhood of the castle, his faithful old poodle came running and leaping to welcome him, and he jumped up and licked his lips; then the prince lost all memory of what had been going on, and his captivity and deliverance, and he forgot the beautiful lady who had saved him from death altogether. The joy which every one had at his return you cannot imagine. Great feasts were made directly, and as there was a very beautiful princess on a visit to the family at the time, the father thought there could be no better opportunity of crowning the feast with a wedding.

The young maiden had waited in vain for her bridegroom to fetch her from the mill. In the evening she went into the mill and inquired if they wanted a servant.

"What can you do?" asked the miller.

"I can spin and sew," said she; and as they just happened to want a servant, they took her into the mill. The miller's man took flour to the palace every day, and when he came home he related what was going on in town; thus the young girl learnt about the bride the prince had got, whom he was going to marry in three days' time.

In this extremity she opened one of the nuts that her father had given her, and drew from it a beautiful silver dress, which she put on, and went to the palace in. When she got there she walked up and down before the windows, where the bride just happened to be looking out. When she saw the dress, she said to her maids, "Go down and ask if that dress is to be sold; I will buy it at any price."

The servants told the young maiden what the princess said, but she only replied, "It is not to be sold for money, but it may be earned. If I may stay one night in the prince's chamber, I will give the dress." The bride did not like this, but she soon thought of a way to cheat her, as she wanted the dress very much indeed.

She put a sleeping powder in the prince's wine at supper, and he slept so soundly, that you might have bombarded the house, and he wouldn't have been disturbed. When the poor young girl sat there, weeping and sighing, she could not make him hear.

"Have you forgotten how I brought you out of the ice-cellar, and how you carried me next your heart, as a rose; and beat upon it with a stonebreaker's hammer; and how I am waiting for you in the mill, spinning hemp with my poor thin fingers, so that the blood runs down? Oh dear; oh dear! what falsity there is in this world, to be sure!"

And so she went on crying and lamenting, until it was broad daylight, but the prince never heard one word of all she said. The sentinels at the door had heard it all, though, and they were very sorry, and wished to help the poor girl very much. They thought that the prince must have heard it all, and paid no attention, and they hated him very much.

The young maiden was quite wretched, when she had to come away in the morning before the prince was awake. She went into the forest, and then she thought of her other two nuts, and opened the second. From it she drew a dress of pure gold, much, much more beautiful than the other, and not to be compared with it at all. She put it on, and went up and down before the palace again. The princess was looking out of the window, saw the beautiful dress glittering in the sun, and said to her maids, "Go down and offer to buy that dress, cost what it may."

The maiden said that the only price was that which she had asked for the silver one. The bride was content, and mixed another powder in the prince's wine, much stronger than the other. When the deserted maiden came to him, she cried and pined the whole night through again; and when the sun peeped in at the window, she was obliged to go again, and the prince never heard her at all; but the two sentinels had, and they got so angry with the prince, that they went to his bedside, and told him to prepare to die. The prince was frightened, and asked why they were going to put him to death?

They said, "Because you have such a hard heart, and have betrayed the poor young girl that was in your room last night; and you heard all her sorrow and misery, and never pitied at all."

The prince replied, that he did not know anything about it, and had not heard any one all night. Then the sentinels told him everything that she had said; but, as he was lying under the ban of the kiss, he did not understand them, and said, "Let me live this day only. I slept so soundly, that it could not have been a natural sleep. To-morrow I will keep awake, and see and hear her myself!" The sentinels then said how it was, and warned him not to eat or drink anything at supper.

The maiden, however, was quite in despair, and opened her third nut; and she complained to the forest, and to the rocks, and to the beasts of the fields, most pitiful to hear. In the last

nut she found a splendid robe of diamonds, by far the most beautiful dress of any. She sold it to the princess again for the same price, and she could scarcely help bursting into tears when the bargain was made.

The prince followed the advice of the sentinels, and did not eat or drink at supper, but poured the wine away, without any one seeing. Then he went to bed, and pretended to be asleep. When she was led to his room, she began to cry and lament, "Have you quite forgotten how I delivered you from the ice-cellar?" He turned round, and looked at her with astonishment, but could not recollect her. "Give me water," said he; for I am dying of thirst."

Then she poured out some water, and threw the shells of the first nut into the glass. When he had taken the water, he began to remember, and gave her his hand, and said, "Ay, that was at the house of Grunus Kravalle!"

"Yes," she said; "and have you forgotten how you carried me at your heart, as a rose?"

"Give me water," he said again: "I am dying of thirst."

She gave him water, and threw the shells of the second nut into it. He drank, and said, "Ay, that was when your sister followed us."

"Yes," said she, "and have you forgotten being turned into a stone-breaker?"

"Give me water," said he; and when she put in the last nut, he remembered everything, and embraced her; and said that she was his dear bride, and that he begged her pardon for all that he had done.

"The joy of finding you again," she said, "is greater than all my sorrow, even if it had lasted a hundred years."

And then he led her to his parents, and told them everything; and the other bride was that instant sent away, and the next morning at the wedding breakfast I only wish we had been there to have had a bit of the wedding-cake, and propose the bride's health, with all the other stock toasts.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER WARDROBES.

RAGLANS are the most stylish over-garments for little girls, and are made of black silk or light waterproof tweed. The sleeves are quite wide, plain at the top, and deepen towards the centre; the hood plain and pointed, and finished with a handsome silk tassel. The tweed Raglans are simply bound with a silk braid, the silk ones are ornamented with several rows of narrow flat trimming terminating in narrow fringe. Upon the hood, instead of fringe, is a row of drop bugle trimming.

Charming summer dresses are made of plain chambray, a fine shade of buff being the prettiest and most fashionable. We have seen one with double skirt, the upper one trimmed up the sides with three puffings, separated by rows of narrow white flat trimming. Plain low body with braces formed of two puffings, intersected and edged with rows of white trimming, and round cap sleeves, slightly full trimmed to match.

Another for full toilette was composed of summer silk in a large mixed plaid. The skirt was double, with side stripes upon the upper one, consisting of alternate bands of narrow velvet and fringe placed across in the form of a pyramid—broad at the base, narrow at the top. In front of the waist was a little stomacher, composed of narrow velvet in a checkered open work, and a point of the same was inserted in the centre of each of the short sleeves. Under these were little sleeves of lace, and under the stomacher lace also, consisting of narrow rows of Valenciennes upon a foundation of net. Small pointed bretelles trimmed with velvet and fringe, completed this elegant costume.

Very pretty suits are made for little boys of pique cloth, white bound or bordered with buff being an attractive combination. They consist of short pants buttoned on the sides, "fly" jacket and skirt, which forms a "kilt."

Leghorn hats trimmed with broad white ribbon, with a satin edge of blue or black, and white and black, or white and blue ostrich feathers are very *distingué*.

A very becoming style for a girl is a fine brown straw hat

turned up at the sides in the "English" style, and decorated with white ribbon with a brown satin edge and long white plume. A border of pendent straw buttons is a universal accompaniment.

"Lace turbans" are the latest introduction for babies, made of "hair" lace over white satin and a standing rim, inside of which are a mass of fine soft ruches and delicate white satin ribbon. These can be slept in with perfect ease, and no amount of jamming can impair them. The medallion style in lace is still the favorite for caps and robes.

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.—Should any of our readers be sceptical upon this point, perhaps the following illustrations of superherculean strength with which the commonest insects are endowed, selected from curious sources, may prepare us to credit more easily the facts which we shall have to record in subsequent lines. The common flea, as every one knows, will, without much apparent effort, jump two hundred times its own length, and several grasshoppers and locusts are said to be able to perform leaps quite as wonderful. In the case of the insect they scarcely excite our notice; but if a man were coolly to take a standing leap of three hundred and eighty odd yards, which would be an equivalent exertion of muscular power, perhaps our admirers of athletic sports might be rather startled at such a performance. Again, for a man to run ten miles within the hour would be admitted to be a tolerably good display of pedestrianism; but what are we to say to the little fly observed by Mr. Delisle, "so minute as almost to be invisible," which ran nearly six inches in a second, and in that space was calculated to have made one thousand and eighty steps? This, according to calculation, is as if a man whose steps measured only two feet, should run at the incredible rate of twenty miles in a minute. Equally surprising are the instances of insect strength given by Mr. Newport. The great stag-beetle, which tears off the bark from the roots and the branches of trees, has been known to gnaw a hole, an inch in diameter, through the side of an iron canister in which it was confined, and on which the marks of its jaws were distinctly visible, as proved by Mr. Stephens, who exhibited the canister at one of the meetings of the Entomological Society. The common beetle can, without injury, support and even raise very great weights, and make its way beneath almost any amount of pressure. In order to put the strength of this insect-Atlas to the test, experiments have been made which prove that it is able to sustain and escape from beneath a load of from twenty to thirty ounces, a prodigious burden when it is remembered that the insect itself does not weigh as many grains: in fact, once more taking man as a standard of comparison, it is as though a person of ordinary size should raise and get from under a weight of between forty and fifty tons. This amount of strength is not, however, confined to the short thick-limbed beetles. Mr. Newport once fastened a small *Curabus*—one of the most active and elegantly formed of the beetle tribe—which weighed only three grains and a half, by means of a silk thread, to a small piece of paper, upon which the weight to be moved was placed. At a distance of ten inches from its load the insect was able to drag after it, upon an inclined plane of twenty-five degrees, very nearly eighty-five grains; but when placed upon a plane of five degrees inclination, it drew after it one hundred and twenty-five grains, exclusive of the friction to be overcome in moving its load—as though a man was to drag up a hill of similar inclination, a wagon weighing two tons and a half, having first taken the wheels off.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS FLORENCE LINWOOD, Memphis, Tennessee.—We have not been able to learn anything of Professor Roland or his preparation for curling the hair, and know of nothing which is not deleterious that would have the effect desired. There is a composition called "Curling Cream," which is highly recommended, but we would not venture to send it as it is possible that you could obtain it near at hand, and the additional expense of transit would be useless.



GIRL'S DRESS.

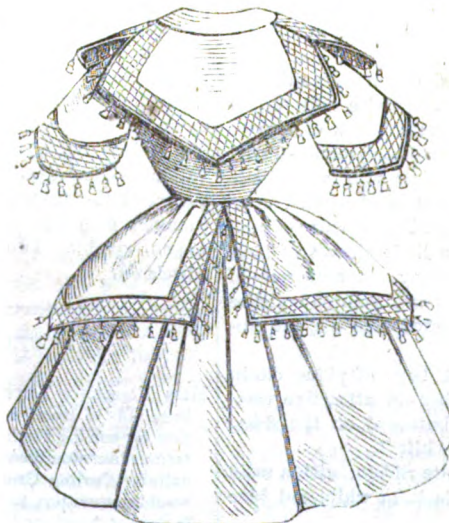
GIRL'S DRESS.

THIS dress makes up exquisitely in violet-blue summer poplin, with a checkered border of white and blue, edged with small blue pendant tassels of the same shade as the poplin. The under-skirt is quite plain, and the over-skirt which is short in front and behind, and deepens to a point at the sides, forms a sort of tunic by being open at the centre, while the effect is that of a polka waist behind. The body is high, and ornamented with a pointed berthe cape open in front and also on the shoulders, but not at the back, as will be seen by the illustration. The sleeves are simply a plain round cap, trimmed like the cape and upper skirt, with a border of checkered velvet upon a white ground, edged with pretty fancy tassels pendant.

PAYING FOR PRIORITY.—A rather good story is told of the late Dr. Watt, of Old Deer, characteristic alike of his eccentricity, genuine humor and good sense. He was celebrated in his day, and generally, before going out to his professional visits, had to attend a crowd of patients in his surgery. Among the host of smitten visitors there sat one morning a young servant girl pining with the toothache, but waiting her turn as patiently as circumstances would admit of. Meanwhile a more dignified sufferer came in, and, seeing there was no one

above the rank of commonalty in waiting, announced herself as "the Gudewite o' Auchyoche," and, of course, that she would have to be immediately relieved of a very troublesome tooth, forgetting that the other patients had also their feelings and rights to be respected. However, the surgeon meekly extracted her tooth on demand, and as meekly extracted half a guinea for doing it, which was paid there and then, but not in a like spirit. After she had left, the servant girl, who had shown strange symptoms since the mention of the half-guinea,

also rose to leave, saying, "She was growin' better noo, and widna seek hers drawn." "Na, na, lassie," said the doctor, "we ken fat's makin' ye better. Sit ye doon there, an' we'll tak oot your teeth for nothing—the Gudewife o' Auchyoche paid for herself and you too."



GIRL'S DRESS. REVERSE.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—The Bishop of Ferns, when he had read to the end of "Gulliver's Travels," closed the volume, and said, as he laid it down, "I don't believe a word of it!" He was more incredulous than the learned Mr. Bagley, who, lately, in the London Bankruptcy Court, when "Will's Coffee-house" was named, gravely informed the judge, to the edification and astonishment of all present, that this was the celebrated horse "frequented by Sir Roger de Coverley!"